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CLASSICAL

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
HORACE · WITH INTRODUCTION
BY DR. JOHN MARSHALL

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The COMPLETE WORKS of HORACE

Translated by Various Hands

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INTRODUCTION

It is not proposed here to attempt an exhaustive life of Horace; there are many details which are of no special interest to an English reader. Rather it is desired to give something of a picture of the *man*, and for that purpose to draw almost exclusively on Horace himself. He has given us various details of his own life in the Odes, but he gives a much fuller picture of himself in his less elaborate and ambitious works, his *Satires* (or *Conversations*, as he sometimes calls them) and his *Letters*, or *Epistles* as they are officially called. These are written in a sort of verse, but he does not pretend to rise much above conversational prose in them; their merits are their perfect candour, their shrewd common sense, their humour, their truth of view concerning men and literature. Little more then will be done here than to give, in the spirit rather than in the letter, some extracts from these familiar works of Horace, which will enable the reader to understand and, it is hoped, to feel a kindly regard for Horace the *man*. It was part of his design in these writings to let the world know all about himself: in this, as he says (Sat. II. i. 27) he followed the example of an older poet, whose works have not come down to us, *Lucilius*. "There are many men in the world," he says, "and just as many varieties of taste and ambition. My own personal pleasure is to string words together in verse, as Lucilius, a better man than you or I, did before me. It was his way to tell all his secrets to his poems, which he regarded as his trusty and faithful friends. Whether things went well or ill with him, he always flew to his own lines for sympathy. Thus it comes about that the whole life of the old bard is there set down for all the world to look at as in a picture."

We know from the Odes (III. xxi. 1) that Horace was born B.C. 65. From one of his Epistles, to be quoted later, we know that the month was December, and an old bio-

grapher states the day as the 8th. We know from various references in his Satires and Epistles that his birthplace was Venusia, an old Roman colony among the Apennine Hills, which, standing as it did on the Appian Way, the Great High Road from Rome to Brundisium and so to Greece and the East, was regarded as a very important stronghold; and down to Horace's time it was a busy and prosperous place. Through a gorge a few miles off, the river Aufidus comes plunging down from the hills into a broad plain, across which it slowly winds to the Adriatic Sea, some fifteen miles distant. Horace frequently alludes to the noisy rush of this river. Towering high a few miles from the town is Mount Voltur, 4500 feet high, conical in shape, and with an extinct crater, indicating its volcanic origin. The hills behind the town are and were wild and bare, save here and there where forests cover them; and boars and other wild animals are still abundant.

His father, as we shall read further on, was a freedman, *i.e.* he had been a slave, and therefore a foreigner, possibly a Greek. Slaves were not infrequently manumitted by their masters for good service; and what Horace tells of his father makes such a reason for his liberation probable enough. He must have been a man of some little education, as he was a tax-collector by profession; he had at least enough of education to make him wish for more, at any rate for his son. He must have been a thrifty man, for he managed to acquire a small farm, and to make such savings as enabled him to do for his son what we shall hear presently. Horace nowhere alludes specially to his mother; she probably died while he was an infant. We read of his residing with a nurse, Pullia (if the reading is correct), in a country place near Mount Voltur (Ode III. iv. 10), and of his wandering off and falling asleep in the woods, where, to the wonder of the country folks, he was found covered over with laurel leaves, which the doves had dropped upon him.

If his father could not help young Horace in technical learning, he early sought to train him by example and precept to ways of prudence and virtue. As Horace says (Sat. I. iv. 104): "If you find me rather free in my criticisms of this one or that, if I am a little over-ready with my

joke, you will have to thank my father for this. For it was his way, if he wanted me to avoid any particular fault or vice, to pick out this man or that whom he knew to be addicted to it, and show how it fared with them in consequence. Or if he wanted to preach thrift or prudence to me, or contentment with the little fortune he had managed to put by for me, he would say: 'Look at Albius' son, what a wretched life he leads: Just see Barrus, how poor he is now. Let them be warnings to you not to throw away your patrimony.' And so with other vices. 'The philosopher,' he would say, 'will give you all sorts of theoretical reasons why you should avoid this, or seek that. But I shall be quite content, if I can keep the good old ways of earlier times, and as long as you need some one to look after you, if I can keep your life and honour stainless. When time has hardened your muscles and your brain, you will be free to swim without a cork.' Thus did he mould my boyish mind with his wise words. . . . And so even now, as I lie in bed, or stroll by myself, I am my own Mentor, as I call to mind the ways and experiences of others, and of myself."

In another place he tells us (Sat. I. vi. 1): "For whatever of good there is in me, for whatever affection I have gained from friends, my father alone must have the credit. Though his little farm was poor enough, and his means but scanty, he could not bear to send me to the provincial school, to which the fine sons of our fine garrison officers went, with their satchels and their note-books slung over their arms, and their monthly fee in their pockets. But while I was still a boy he had the courage to carry me to Rome, so that I might get an education as good as any knight or Senator could give his sons. If any one had noticed my dress and my attendants, amidst the crowd of a great city, he would have certainly imagined that some old family estate must provide for such an outlay. But my chief attendant was my own father, a guardian not to be bribed or tricked by any one; and he trudged contentedly along beside me as I went from one professor to the next. And so he kept safe for me that first element of goodness, a mind unstained not merely with deed of evil,

but with the very suspicion of it. Nor was he afraid lest some day his extravagance might be cast up to him, if, after all, I had to earn my living in some paltry office, or like himself as a tax-collector. I at least should not have complained, if that had been the end of it. But as things have turned out, the more praise, the more gratitude I owe him. I hope, as long as I keep my senses, I shall never blush for such a father. Nor shall I seek to excuse my faults and failings, as one hears many do, on the ground that I have not had the advantages of birth. On the contrary, were the choice given me to relive my life, and choose what parentage I pleased, I should still be content with my own, preferring it to any other, however illustrious in the world's ranks and dignities."

Not content with such sacrifices as these, Horace's father sent him to Athens, — the intellectual centre, the university of the world. There he studied at the fountain-head Greek Science and Greek Philosophy: there, an equal among equals, he mixed with other Roman youths living a university life. While he was at Athens, Julius Caesar was assassinated at Rome (B.C. 44), and the civil wars broke out that were to end in the downfall of the Republic, and the establishment of the Empire. The cause of the Republic was popular with the young bloods of the Athenian university, and when M. Junius Brutus, the "Liberator" as he was called, visited Athens shortly after the assassination, Horace among others was offered and accepted a position as tribune in the army which Brutus was collecting, to resist the party of Caesar's avengers. Such a position (equal perhaps to our "colonel," if not to something higher) doubtless flattered Horace's youthful vanity, but it suggests doubts as to Brutus's prudence. For Horace was not only little, and somewhat of a weakling, but he tells us himself he was neither fond of, nor fit for, fighting. At any rate he took his part in marching and drilling in Thrace and elsewhere, till at last the battle of Philippi (B.C. 42) crushed the hopes of the Republicans, and ended the lives of Brutus and Cassius. Horace himself tells us, humorously enough (Ode II. vii. 9), of his own inglorious flight. He managed ere long to find

his way back to Rome, as he himself puts it (Epist. II. ii. 49), "a miserable object with draggled wings, my father's land and property all gone." His father had probably died in the interval; and now that he was thrown on his own resources, he was driven to write verses for a living. There was a market then for literary wares; we know from Horace himself that two brothers named Sosius were his publishers, at least in later times. But as in our own country in the early eighteenth century, the chief hope of literary men was in the patronage of the great. Fortunately for Horace, his poetry brought him the friendship of the poet Virgil, and of the would-be poet Varius (see Odes I. iii. and vi.), and through them he was introduced to the great patron of letters, Maecenas, the chief political adviser of Octavian, or as he came later to be called, Augustus. Horace tells the story himself. In a Satire addressed to Maecenas (I. vi. 45) he says: "Every one carps at me 'the son of a freedman father.' Their present reason for doing so is because you are kind to me, Maecenas; their former one, that I was given command of a Roman legion. . . . For my friendship with you, I cannot give the credit to luck. It was no mere chance that made me known to you; it was my noble Virgil, and after him Varius, who told you about me. When I came into your presence, I managed to stammer out a word or two; a dumb bashfulness would let me say no more. But at any rate I did not talk to you of a high-born father, or of my cantering round my estates on a Tarentine thoroughbred. I told you just the plain facts. You answered, as you usually do, very briefly, and I withdrew. Nine months after you summoned me again, and bade me reckon myself among your friends. And proud I am that I pleased a man like yourself, one who measures the noble and the ignoble, not by the rank of their father, but by their own character and honesty of heart." This introduction took place in B.C. 38. From that time Horace's position was secure. Maecenas was wealthy and generous; and the works written largely at his instigation, the Satires, the Odes (i.-iii.), the first book of Epistles, all dedicated to Maecenas, were, we may be sure, liberally acknowledged.

With Maecenas he seems to have been a spectator of the battle of Actium in B.C. 31 (Epod. i. and ix.), which finally settled who should be the world's sovereign; and he had already probably received from Maecenas the gift he most valued, a little estate among the Sabine hills, not far from Tibur.

In his Epistle I. xvi. he gives this description of the place to a friend: "There is a range of hills, broken only by a shady valley; not so shady however but that the rising sun can shine on its right slope, and the setting sun warm its left. The climate would delight you. Even the sloes and ruddy cornels bear their fruits more abundantly here than elsewhere; and the oaks and ilexes feed my herds with their acorns, and rejoice me, the master, with their shade. In fact you would imagine a slice of leafy Tarentum had been transported hither. There is a spring too, abundant enough to give name to a stream. Not cooler or more clear the Hebrus winds through Thrace; and its water is good for head troubles and stomach troubles too. The pleasant, nay I can call them the quite delightful nooks about it, keep me strong and well through the September heats."

This little estate was within an ace of being the death of him, when a tree suddenly fell and came near to crush its owner (see Odes II. xiii. and xvii.). He has several semi-humorous allusions to this escape which he classes with his escape from Philippi, and another from shipwreck off Palinurus (see III. iv. 28), as the three crowning mercies of his life. If he was a poor soldier, he seems to have been a worse sailor; he never has a good word to say of the sea, except from the shore, and as viewed from a pleasant watering-place, like Baiae or Tarentum. In fact, Horace was in no way heroic as the world understands heroes; he had bad eyes, and a poor stomach, and he, and Virgil too, detested athletics and sport. When in the course of a journey which they made with Maecenas and other great folks, very humorously related in Sat. I. v., Maecenas and the others went off to play tennis, Horace and Virgil went off to bed.

Horace in short never pretended to be a fine gentleman,

and detested pomp and affectation. In Sat. I. vi., from which we have already quoted, he gives as one reason why he would decline, if the choice were offered him, to have a grand family pedigree thrust upon him, the following:— "For with this higher rank I should have to make more money to keep it up. I should have to be civil to all sorts of people. I should have to hire grooms and valets, for fear I should ever be condemned to the dreadful fate of a journey by myself. I should have to keep a stud of horses, and carriages too. As it is, I am free to ride my bob-tailed mule to Tarentum if I like all alone, with my valise rubbing his crupper, and myself his shoulders. . . . And at Rome I walk wherever I like; I go into the market and price my meal or my salad; I stroll round the Circus to watch its quacks, or view the fun of the fair of an evening in the Forum. Then after listening to the fortune-tellers I dawdle home to my frugal meal of leeks and pulse and pancakes. Finally I go to bed, with no thought to worry me of early rising and an appointment at the courts. I lie abed till ten; then take a walk, or read or scribble some lines to please myself; next, I brush myself up, and as the day grows hot go off to my bath, but take very good care to steer clear of the Campus Martius and its tennis-courts. Then I have my little lunch, just enough to stay the stomach, and for the rest of the afternoon take my siesta in my own corner. That's the life of a man who knows not the worries and the burdens of ambition; and I'm well content with it; for I know that it will give me more happiness than I could ever get out of the fact (supposing it were a fact) that my father was a magistrate, and my grandfather, and my uncle too for that matter."

His relations of friendship with Maecenas were not, however, without their drawbacks. As he says in Sat. II. vi. 40; "It is now some seven or nearer eight years since Maecenas began to reckon me among his friends, at least so far as to take me out with him when he was driving, and to condescend to such trifling questions or remarks as 'What's o'clock!' 'What are the odds on such and such a boxer?' 'It's a chilly morning'—the trifles in short which a great man can entrust to a 'leaky' listener. Meanwhile

however, day by day, I was becoming more and more an object of jealousy and envy. If my great friend happened to have me by him through a day at the games, or took me with him when he went to the tennis-court, 'Lucky dog!' is the universal cry. If some rumour of disaster at the seat of war has spread, straightway everybody begins to pump me. 'Of course you know,—you come so much in contact with the great folks,—have you heard anything definite about this Dacian affair?' 'Not a word.' 'You always would have your joke.' 'May all the gods torment me if I know a thing about it.' 'Well, well. How about the new soldiers' allotments. Is it in Sicily Caesar's going to plant them, or in Italy?' When I swear again I know nothing, my questioner professes to admire me, as the man in all the world who can best keep his own counsel. Thus my day is wasted in petty worries and interruptions. Many a time I say to myself 'Dear countryside, when shall I see you again? When shall I be free, either with some old author, or in ease and sleep to drink full draughts of forgetfulness of all life's worries? When shall my country fare of fresh beans and larded vegetables be set before me again?' O nights and feasts of the gods! My friends and I partake together in my own little cottage, and spare for my chattering slaves their scraps as well. Each guest drinks to suit his own taste, with no absurd rules controlling him. Large cups or small, wine full-strength or watered, just how he pleases. Then we have our talk, not of other folks' mansions, their size, their style and so forth; not whether such and such a buffoon is a good dancer or a bad one. Our talk is of things of deeper import, topics that no man can afford to ignore.—Of the source of true happiness, is it wealth or goodness?—Of the link that binds a man to his friend, is it mere self-interest or something higher?—What is the chief good for man, and what makes it so? And now and then as the debate suggests them Cervius comes in with his old fables—as of the Town and Country Mouse." Which fable Horace goes on to tell very charmingly.

As he grew older, in fact, philosophical, or as we should perhaps call them, religious questions, according to his

lights occupied Horace's thoughts more and more. His temper was very like that of our own Thackeray: his conclusions, as to life and beyond, much the same. No pedant, no painfully consistent preacher, Horace still groped his way to a theory of life, and of what is best in life, not far removed from the best that life teaches us now.

Through all, he held fast by his friends,—their names are often in his books; when any of them go, Horace strikes a deeper note of sorrow for their loss, and the poem (Ode II. xvii.) in which he swears to die when his friend Maecenas dies, as comrade in battle falls by his comrade's side, is one of the finest expressions of friendship in any language. As a matter of fact Maecenas died in the early part of B.C. 8, his last message to Augustus being, "Remember Horace, as you would myself." And Horace, true (as it happened) to his vow, died in the autumn of the same year, aged nearly 57.

In his later years Augustus had shared with Maecenas the friendship of the poet, and the last poems Horace wrote, his fourth book of Odes, his Saecular Hymn, his second book of Epistles, are dedicated to the Emperor. But his real regard seems all his life to have been divided (apart from his love for his father) between his early friends and his first patron. He never married.

The various writings of Horace, by whatever variety of names he chose to call them, all show consistently enough the temper and character he has thus himself depicted. As has been said above, Horace returned to home after his inglorious share in the battle of Philippi a ruined man. He had taken the wrong, which of course means the unsuccessful, side in politics, he had lost his money and the father who made it for him, and it was probably only his utter obscurity and poverty that saved him from perishing in the proscription which swept away so many friends of the old Republic and of Brutus.

Of the bitterness bred by the years of poverty which followed we have hints in such Epodes as iv., v., vi., vii., x., and in the Seventh and Eighth of his first book of *Satires*, But alongside of these reminiscences of his evil days, the least pleasant to read and the least characteristic of their

writer, one finds even in these earlier works many expressions and illustrations of the better and more enjoyable Horace: his *humour*, as in the postscript to Epode ii., in Epode iii., in Satires iii., v., and ix. of the same book: his *patriotism*, as in Epodes i., vii., and xvi.; his *love of country life*, as in Epode ii.; and above all, his *hope for Rome*, and for himself, through the rising greatness of Augustus, and, with Augustus, of his own kind patron Maecenas, as in Epodes i., ix., xiv., and in Satire vi.

The *Epodes* and this first book of *Satires* were published, evidently under the patronage and personal sanction of Maecenas, in B.C. 35, when Horace was thirty years of age. The second book of *Satires* appeared some five years later. In contains a set of somewhat lengthier and more elaborate discourses on the luxury and insincerity of town-life, on the charms of his own rural retreat, which had been given him by Maecenas, on the qualities that constitute just criticism in life or letters, with many a humorous touch, throughout all his talk, of irony against himself, just as readily as against anybody else.

Then in the peace and cheerfulness of an assured position, with a home of his own in the country and a kindly winter-nest in Rome, with powerful friends and a sufficient income, Horace set himself to his *magnum opus*, his masterpiece, the three books of *Odes*. They appeared together in B.C. 19, and at some date not much later he published his *Epistles*.

Many of the Odes so-called are, in their primary purport, poetical epistles, professedly written on the spur of the moment in view of some pleasant or unpleasant event in his own or a friend's life, just past or just about to be, and, as a rule, Horace is at his best when he maintains this personal and impulsive note. It was of the essence of Horace's temper to think, or at least to say, small things of himself, his work, and all that concerned either as compared with the grandiose performances and productions of more ambitious doers and writers; he was only a bee, he tells us (Odes IV. ii. 27), flitting from flower to flower, to gather here or there a little honey; but one bee-like quality he did insist on, the most unwearied labour in the perfecting of his little humble themes.

In B.C. 17, he wrote, to please the Emperor, a sort of pageant poem called the "Saecular Hymn," to celebrate officially the splendour of Rome's destiny under Augustus. He was in fact the recognised poet-laureate of his time and had now and then to write accordingly.

His closing works were a fourth book of *Odes* and three *Epistles*, the last of which is named separately the "Art of Poesy." This last was perhaps unfinished when Horace died. In these final compositions he seems to gather up, in somewhat sterner or at least more pensive mood, his theories of life and the worth of life, of literature and what is truly worth in literature, of friendship and love and patriotism. Something of a farewell note echoes here and there, as of one who had lived his life, and was quietly waiting for the end.

Taking all these varied works as a whole, apart from the accidents that suggested them individually, apart from differences of method and metre and form, we shall recognise in them the intrinsically real and sincere and personal utterances of a true man's heart and conscience. They are the expressions of an experience as varied as that of most, showing vicissitudes of position and fortune from almost the lowest to something not far from the highest. They are uttered from a vantage-point at the very heart and centre of a world's activities, and amidst the fierce strain and stress of a revolution in the government of men and in the social life of mankind, paralleled for its rapidity, its thoroughness, and its results, only when we come down to the days of Robespierre and Napoleon. The mightiest republic of the world's history had just disappeared, the mightiest empire, till our own, had just begun. Old religions had fallen, or were falling, to pieces in every land, the first prophetic murmurings of a new one were already faintly audible.

What wonder that the thoughts of the most genuine and gifted and sensitive spirit of such a time, clothed as they were in words of unequalled pregnancy and power, should have interlaced themselves, as proverbs do, in the thought and language of almost all the thoughtful men of later ages,

so that Horace has become and remains one of the most quoted men in literature?

As a matter of fact, the circumstances of Horace's life and experience were in many of their most important aspects very largely an anticipation of the experiences, and the consequent convictions and beliefs of our later ages.

In the course of her conquest of a world, very little indeed of it savage or barbarous, much the greater part a chaos of far-stretching civilisations, with religious and civic organisations more elaborate and pompous than her own, Rome, or at least the more thoughtful of Rome's sons, very soon lost faith in the old traditional religion, with its somewhat scanty and arid ritual, its lack of scenic display, its poverty of artistic adornment in legend and poesy and sculpture. The poets and would-be poets of conquering Rome were almost forced to borrow from the gorgeous and vivid splendour of Greek religion, and to convey the apparatus of the Greek Olympus and the Greek Hades into the duller sphere of Roman mythology.

But it is doubtful whether this wholesale transfer of a religion more alien in its spirit even than it was in outward forms and ceremonies, ever came to signify more in the actual life and convictions of Rome than an artistic make-believe. The Greek myths were a perfect godsend to Rome's official poets, and Horace himself makes as much as he may of them in his most ambitious and least convincing odes. But one can hardly imagine that the sane and plodding, the sensible and practical Roman folks, including Horace himself, ever came to care much or believe much in any religious mysteries or mummeries that Greece could teach them.

Horace himself was always on much surer, and more congenial ground, when he recalled the honoured names and memories of Latin farmer-soldiers or soldier-farmers as duty required, who by the old-world virtues of simplicity and frugality and self-denial and courage, enriched their country in time of peace or enlarged it in time of war. In describing these heroes and patriots, he had to make much of the rewards of honest and clean living which these men had received in the honour and respect of their own and

after ages, he could make little of the somewhat ghostly rewards and punishments of an after-world, which the unimaginative Romans but dimly pictured, and still more dimly believed in.

Moreover, the Romans in their conquering advance trampled through and trampled over, but could not trample down, all sorts of strange and passionate and fiercely defended, fiercely critical religions, which they could hardly ignore and would certainly not believe in. It is interesting in this connection to recall a gathering at the time of a great religious festival in a comparatively obscure and unimportant provincial Roman capital, Jerusalem, which occurred only a generation after the time of Horace. (Acts of the Apostles, ii.)—"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews, and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians." These, and others not there named, represented different religions, and votaries of every one of these religions, not content to carry on their cults at the obscure corners of a conquered world, flocked across seas and lands to the centre of things, and set up, in sincerity, or for purposes of plunder, their little shrines of mystery in Rome itself. Horace seems in his younger days to have been now attracted, now repelled, by some of these mysterious folks and their doings. Everybody in Rome knew about them, most despised them, hated them, persecuted them, but they not infrequently feared them in a vague way, they at any rate had to recognise them as a fact and a force in Rome, hard if not impossible to get rid of, difficult to refute or silence.

In these later ages, and more particularly in the extraordinary developments of our own Empire, the men who have in successive centuries shared and aided in its development have of course had the enormous moral and religious anchorage, so to call it, of the Christian religion, though even this had its hold slackened for many by the unhappy divisions and dissensions that have torn its votaries asunder. But alongside of this mighty force working for continuity

and stability of belief, the thinking men who were busy conquering and organising a world-wide empire have had to face and deal with a very similar clashing of multiform beliefs and mythologies, so that what with Buddhism, and Brahminism and Mahomedanism and countless other "isms" from China to Peru outside the bounds of Christianity, and what with Crusades and Inquisitions and Reformations,—Lutheran, Calvinistic, Methodistic, what with Mormonism and Salvationism, and endless other strange phantasmagoria of the modern seething-pot of faiths, the average modern man has often found himself much in the position of Horace, so that with Horace he is apt to say, if not to others, at least to himself and for himself, "Credat Judaeus, non ego." Thus among at least many of the ruling and thinking members of the modern European community a certain silence, a certain tolerance, a certain indifference has become the characteristic note, the real essence of their mood about the unknown mystery that seems to hedge about humanity. It is the mood at the heart of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Pope and Gray and Lamb and Scott and Emerson and Stevenson, to name only a few of our own masters, and a like array could be quoted from the other great modern literatures. The holders of this tacit mood of doubt or silence are not active proselytisers, their belief or temper feels no call for stated creeds or accepted forms. But it is a profoundly influential temper nevertheless, and churchmen of every creed have to reckon with it, even when they do not share it. And the high-priest of this mood of gentle doubt is Horace.

As with many other doubters on eternal things, Horace retained and expressed a kind of religious fervour in his conviction of the inherent value of *beauty* in speech and in the work of men's hands and brains. The latter, as the Romans found it, expressed for them with perfectness in the sculpture and architecture of Greece, they borrowed or stole ready-made, to adorn the capital of a conquered world. As Horace puts it (Epist. II. i., 158), "Captive Greece captured her rude conqueror," and Greece taught Rome all she ever knew or could imagine of visible beauty in temples and statues and the rest. Greece also handed

over to Rome an unapproachable splendour of literary masterpieces in epics, in drama, in history, in philosophy, such as Rome could never hope to rival or even very successfully imitate. Only the smaller fields seemed left, the familiar letter, or essay, or friendly personal ditty—the Epistle, the Satire, the Ode.

To Horace's mind these small aftermaths of poesy could only earn a place even on the outskirts of literature by absolute and unwearied perfection of language and expression. Grandeur of subject, magnificence of scope might conceivably earn pardon or even demand assent for a certain wild irregularity at times, "Interdum dormitat Homerus" (Homer sleeps at times). But to the poor and petty labourers of a later and less vigorous day, what he called the "labour of the file," must be applied relentlessly, or the result was a mere nonentity. Hence his frequent criticisms of earlier and more easy-going Latin writers (as in Satires I. iv. xx.; Satires II. i.; Epistles I. xix.; Epistles II. i. ii. *Ars Poetica*). Whatever their merits as men or as moralists, these men, to Horace's mind, wrote themselves outside literature altogether by the total neglect of style and perfectness in the ordering of their thought and language.

The war between form and matter thus so often and so emphatically raised by Horace has remained a cause of bitterness and division among the writers and the critics of all succeeding ages. It would be out of place to discuss it on the merits here. Suffice it to say that in his own case Horace did succeed, at least in his Odes, in so combining perfection of form with worthiness of substance that he has more than justified his claim to live for ever on the tongues of men, as the fashioner for all time of the fit word in its fittest setting.

Another item of almost religious conviction Horace expressed with growing emphasis all through his works. This was a faith in the greatness of the destiny of Rome, personified to him but by no means swallowed up in his allegiance to Augustus and his love for Maecenas. Through Rome and through Rome alone were Right and Order and Purity and Peace to be built up and perfected and assured in all

time to come for the world that Rome had conquered. There was a work that had never yet been done as Rome could do it; in these there remained a career for the Imperial city, which no previous empire had ever dreamed of. The whole training and development of earlier times, the whole traditions of patriotism and self-devotion and courage which Republican Rome bequeathed to the Empire, the supremacy of Senate and people personified in a deified Augustus, these were Rome's gifts to the world for which she and she alone was now responsible.

The anticipations of an earthly paradise of order and good government thus expressed had a rude awakening ere long in the moral and intellectual collapse of the Caesarian régime, as we find it exposed in the pages of the next great Roman writer, Tacitus. In fact the Decline and Fall of the Roman empire may be said to have dated from the very hour in which it was proclaimed. Viewed at its centre, in the palace of the Caesars, such Caesars as Tiberius and Caligula and the rest, no worse government for any state could possibly be imagined.

Yet in a deeper sense, and viewed over a larger area in space and in duration, the political dreams of Horace have had and still have ample and growing fulfilment. The centuries during which the Imperial system of Rome, viewed at the centre, might be regarded as slowly but surely sinking in corruption and disgrace, were centuries not of loss but of enormous and even incalculable gain to the outer and greater world. Order, and the instruments of order, in cities and harbours and roads, in courts of justice and chambers of government, in a universal civilised speech, a universally valid law of property and conduct,—these things grew and developed and strengthened, so rooting themselves in the minds and habits of the whole world as it was then known, from India to Britain, that when the deluge of invasion of Saxons and Goths and Vandals and the rest poured over the weakened ramparts of the Empire, devastating and devouring, as it seemed, the entire Roman civilisation even to Rome itself, the real and permanent effects were exactly the reverse. It was now a case of captive Rome capturing her rude conquerors. Slowly but inevit-

ably the invading hosts settled down to Roman speech and Roman order and Roman laws. The whole civilisation of the modern world is and must remain that Roman civilisation whose imperial and eternal supremacy Horace thus, with a truth greater than he conceived, prophesied in the name of Augustus his patron, and Maecenas his friend.

To the first book of his Epistles he appends an "Envoi" addressed to the book itself, for which if it ventures out into the world he predicts all sorts of dangers, and concludes thus:—"Finally, my book, your destiny will be, in stammering old age to teach boys their first elements in schools remote. However, should the warm sun gather a few gossips about you, you can tell them that I had a freedman for father, and but scanty fortune to begin with, yet boldly spread my wings far from the parent nest. Thus what you take from my birth, you will be adding to my merits. Tell them I had the friendship of the world's greatest men at home and abroad; was little of stature, early grey, fond of the sunshine; quick-tempered, but easily appeased. And should any one ask my age, tell him I had completed forty-four Decembers in the year when Lollius got Lepidus for his Colleague."

We may conclude this short notice with a translation, in rhyme by way of variety, of the last eighteen lines of Horace's last epistle (II. ii. 199-216), in which he sums up fairly well his matured philosophy of conduct. In this passage Horace, after the manner he learned from his father, is his own Mentor, as he converses with himself.

"Let but my house from sordid pinch be free,
Then small or big my bark,—all's one to me.
I may not (winds being fair) spread sail so wide,—
But, in a gale, less danger I abide;
In strength, brains, looks, in virtue, wealth and place,
Last of the leaders, not last in the race."
—"Well you're not greedy? Good! that's but one part;
Lurks then no other sin within your heart?
Ambition, anger, fear of death,—are these
Unknown? Smile you at witchcraft's mysteries,
Ghosts, dreams, and portents? Count you with grateful heart
Your birthdays up, and take in kindly part
The faults of friends, each year the gentler growing?
If not—why pluck *one* thorn, so many showing?

Dolt in good deeds, make way for men of skill;
You've had of sport and food and drink your fill.
'Tis time you went, lest gorged beyond your worth,
Youths fitlier gay laugh you, or beat you, forth!"

JOHN MARSHALL.

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CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Note.—The names in *Italics* occur in the Odes.

B.C.

753. *Romulus* founds Rome. He is followed by six other kings:—*Numa*, *Tullus Hostilius*, *Ancus*, Tarquinius Priscus; Servius Tullius, and *Tarquinius* the Proud.

508. *Porsena*, king of Etruria, on the expulsion of the kings, attacked Rome.

390. Rome captured by the Gauls, saved by *Camillus*.

280. War with *Pyrrhus*, king of Epirus; *Fabricius* refuses his bribes.

275. *M. Curius Dentatus* finally defeats Pyrrhus.

256. In the First Punic war *Regulus*, a Roman General, is defeated and taken prisoner in Africa, is sent home to negotiate peace, advises against it, and goes back to torture and death.

242. The First Punic war finished in a great naval victory for Rome in the *Sicilian sea*.

216. In the Second Punic war great victory of *Hannibal* at Cannae; *Paullus* is killed. *Capua* seeks to obtain pre-eminence in Italy. In same year *M. Claudius Marcellus* repulses Hannibal from Nola.

212. *Marcellus* takes Syracuse from the Carthaginians.

207. Battle of *Metaurus*; *Claudius Nero* defeats and slays *Hasdrubal*.

202. Battle of Zama. *P. Cornelius Scipio* the Elder conquers Hannibal and Carthage.

190. *Antiochus the Great*, king of Syria, is crushed by L. Cornelius Scipio at Magnesia.

184. Censorship of *Cato* the Elder.

146. Carthage destroyed by *P. Cornelius Scipio* the Younger.

143. Ten years' war with *Numantia* begun.

109. Censorship of M. Aemilius *Scaurus*.

106. *Cimbri* and *Teutones*, German tribes, invade Italy, but are crushed by Marius.

105. Marius overthrows *Jugurtha*, a usurping African king.

88. *Social* or *Marsian* war in Italy.

73. Revolt of slaves in Italy under *Spartacus*.

65. *Horace* born at Venusia.

63. In the conspiracy of Catiline, the *Allobroges*, a Gallic tribe who had sworn fealty to Rome, were inclined to assist him.

60. The first triumvirate (*Caesar*, *Pompey*, *Crassus*) formed during the consulship of *Metellus*.

B.C.

55. Caesar invades *Britain.*
53. Defeat of Crassus at Carrhae by the *Parthians.* Standards lost.
48. Caesar defeats Pompey at Pharsalia, and becomes master of the world.
46. Pompeian remnant crushed by Caesar at Utica, in Africa; *Cato* the younger commits suicide there.
43. Horace joins *Brutus* in Macedonia, as commander of a legion.
42. Brutus and Cassius defeated at *Philippi.*
40. Treaty of Brundisium between Octavian and Antony. Parthians overrun Syria, under *Pasorus.*
36. Antony fails in a war against the Parthians, led by *Monaeses.*
31. Antony and *Cleopatra* defeated by Octavian at Actium.
27. Octavian receives from the Senate the titles of *Prince, Augustus, Father of his Country.* The worship of " Rome and Augustus " spreads throughout the Empire.
26. The *Sygambrians,* a German tribe, defeat *Lollius.*
20. Augustus secures *restoration of standards* lost in 53, and defeats the *Dacian Cotison.*
19. The *Cantabrians* in Spain finally subdued. *Virgil* dies.
18. *Julian laws* for reformation of Society and promotion of marriage.
17. The Saecular games and *Saecular hymn.*
15-14. Augustus through his deputies *Tiberius* and *Drusus Nero* crushes the *Raetians* and other Alpine tribes.
8. Death of *Maecenas* and of Horace.

HORACE

THE ODES—BOOK I

I

TO MAECENAS

MAECENAS, SPRUNG FROM KINGS OF ANCIENT STORY,
STAY OF MY FORTUNE AND MY CHIEFEST GLORY—

Some men delight Olympic dust to raise
Upon the course. Deftly the post to graze
With fiery wheels, and victory's palm to know,
Makes them as gods, supreme o'er earth below.
Another's happy, if Rome's fickle crowd
To him their triple honours have allowed.
A third, if in his private barn he stores
The corn wide-swept from Libya's threshing-floors.
That man who joys his natal fields to hoe,
Not ev'n the bribes an Attalus could bestow
Would e'er induce in Cyprian bark to sail
The Aegean surge, and shiver in the gale.
Not so the merchant. He, while squalls blow high,
Battling Icarian waves, in fear may sigh
For peaceful home-fields; yet shall soon repair
His storm-tost hulks, untaught hard times to bear.
Cups of old Massic wine one man admires,
Or to steal half the working day desires,
Basking beneath green arbute, or where clear
Sounds the nymph-haunted fountain babbling near.
Many the camp delights, the trumpet's call
With bugle mingling, and fierce battle's brawl
By mothers hated. Heedless of tender spouse

Your sportsman waits, the chilly sky his house,
If his good cubs a doe have chanced to view,
Or his slim nets a Marsian boar's broke through.
Me ivy-wreaths, which poets' brows reward,
Set with the gods. Me the cool grove, whose sward
Light-footed Nymphs with Satyrs linked make gay,
Parts from the crowd; if but Euterpé say
Her flute she'll lend, if Polyhymnia sing
Kindly for me upon the Lesbian string.

But if by thee place 'mid the bards I'm given,
With soaring head I'll strike the stars of heaven.

II

ROME'S WOES AND THEIR AVENGER

Surely enough of snow and icy showers
From the stern north Jove hath in vengeance called,
Striking with red right hand His sacred towers,
And Rome appalled,—

Ay, the whole earth,—lest should return the time
Of Pyrrha's blank amaze at sights most strange,
When Proteus drove his finny herd to climb
The mountain range;

And fishes in the elms' high tops did rest,
Where late the doves had homed; while o'er the main
Of outspread flood hinds swam with labouring breast
In fear and pain.

Tiber's brown stream we saw an angry sheet
Hurled in wild flood from the Etrurian shore,
And swirl back Vesta's fane and Numa's seat
To topple o'er.

Boasting himself forsooth the avenging knight
Of tearful Ilia's wrongs, the lovelorn river
O'erflowed his leftward bank in Jove's despite,
Amends to give her.

Our sons shall hear how Romans Romans slew
With swords that fitlier Parthian foe had slain,
When through their parents' crimes a sorry few
Those sons remain.

What god from Heaven shall Rome invoke to save
Her tottering power? Or with what prayer prevailing
Shall the chaste Virgins grace from Vesta crave,
Deaf ears assailing?

Who shall be given the task by Jove's decree
Our guilt to appease? Augur Apollo, come;
Hid in earth's cloud let thy bright shoulders be,
And rescue Rome!

Or haply, smiling Venus, thine the boon
To save us, Jest and Cupid in thy train!
Or Mars, if on thy children, none too soon,
Thou smil'st again;

Tired of thy cruel sporting at the last,
Though well thou lov'st smooth helms and battle's cry,
And Moor afoot who on fall'n foe doth cast
An angry eye!

Or haply, gentle Maia's son, 'tis thou,
Wing'd god, who deign'st to don a manly frame,
And on the earth "Caesar's Avenger" now
Assum'st for name!

Whate'er thy godhead, late return, we pray,
To heaven; long love to dwell with Romulus' seed!
O let no wind too swift bear thee away
For our ill deed!

Here rather may'st thou choose thy triumphs proud;
Here love as "Father," "Prince," thy folk to guide;
Nor while thou, Caesar, rul'st, be Mede allowed
At will to ride!

III

TO A SHIP BEARING VIRGIL OVER SEAS

Thee may kind Venus, Cyprian queen,
And Helen's brothers, stars by sailors blest,
And Aeolus the winds' father, screen
And guide, hushed every wind except the west,—

If, Ship that bear'st as precious store
Our Virgil, safely treasured thou convey
Cargo so dear, and to the shore
Of Athens my soul's better half repay!

Him, heart of oak and brass thrice-knit
The breast encased, who 'gainst the cruel deep
His fragile bark first dared to pit,
Nor feared the Afric storms that onward sweep,

With northern gales fierce war to wage,
Nor the Rainstars ill-famed, nor Southwind's frown,—
No wind than this o'er Hadria's rage
Stronger, to raise his waves, or beat them down!

What stride of Death could him amaze,
Who with unwavering eyes on seas agloom,
And on strange weltering beasts did gaze,
And the Ceraunian peaks, those cliffs of doom?

Vain all the care a god hath ta'en
By Sea's deep gulf to part, of forethought wise,
Lands each from each, if o'er the main
The Ship forbidden leaps, and Fate defies.

Daring all chances to endure,
The race of man from crime to crime is driven.
Prometheus thus for men did lure,
With evil-fated cunning, fire from Heaven.

Once fire from its true home on high
Was filched, slow Canker and a dismal band
Of Fevers to the world drew nigh.
And Death, though sure yet far, came nearer hand.

By a like daring Daedalus tried
With wings to set through empty air his course,
Proving a gear to man denied;
So 'twas that Hercules' toil Hell's gate could force.

No task's too steep for human wit;
Heaven's self we dare to assail in madness vile;
Nor ever by our deeds permit
Great Jove to rest his angry bolts a while.

IV

SPRING

Melts Winter now, his bitter frosts in Spring's sweet change expire;
Sleds drag the long-dry keels now to the shore.
No longer beasts in stall delight, nor ploughman by the fire,
Nor gleam the lawns with hoar-frost any more.

Now Venus 'neath the sailing moon leads forth her dancing bands;
The dainty Graces sport on twinkling feet
Adown the lea, linked with the Nymphs; and glowing Vulcan's hands
Strain the great Cyclop forges fierce to heat.

Now is the time thy glossy locks with myrtle leaves to twine,
Or flowers, which earth new-thawed makes haste to bear;
Now with a lambkin or with kid, as the god's choice incline,
In cool groves gift for Faunus to prepare.

With equal foot pale Pluto knocks at hovels of the poor,
And at the tyrant's towers. My Sestius dear,

Brief is thy span, nor may'st thou dream of pleasures far or sure.
Soon Night, and fabled Shades, and mansion drear

Of ghostly Death, shall close on thee. Thither when thou hast passed,
No dice thou'lt throw to rule the drinkers' sport;
No more on the young Lycidas fond looks of love thou'lt cast,—
The men's pet now, whom soon the girls will court.

V

PYRRHA

What slender youth, with wealth of roses sheen
And with sweet essences besprent, pursues thee,
In cool grot, Pyrrha, woos thee?
For whom thy yellow hair dost preen,

Simple yet exquisite? How oft, ah me!
Vows broken he'll deplore and gods that change;
And, to thy whimsies strange,
Shall gaze where glooms a wind-swept sea;

Who credulous now dotes on thy tinsel gold,
And dreams thee ever willing ever kind,
To thy fair falseness blind!
O hapless, who untried behold

Thy glitter! Lo, my dripping weeds I place,
With picture vowed, on Neptune's temple wall,
My saving to recall
From shipwreck by thy siren face.

VI

TO AGRIPPA

Not I, but Varius, swan of Homer's brood,
Must sing thy valour, sing the victor hand,
Guided by which Rome's men on sea and land
The mighty brunt of battle stood.

Such themes, Agrippa, I no more presume
To handle, than the mighty tales I'd sing
Of fierce Achilles' wrath, the voyaging
Of sly Ulysses, or the doom

Of cruel Pelops' house. Such things to dare
Were task too great. Shame and my muse that sways
A timid lyre, forbid me Caesar's praise,
Or thine, by lack of gift to impair.

What voice could sing Mars clothed in adamant,
Or Merion black with dust from Trojan field,
Or Tydeus' son, to whom ev'n gods might yield,
Such aid to him did Pallas grant?

My themes are wassail, and girls' mimic fight,
Fierce (with pared nails) against the youths engaging;
Naught know I in my song of passion's raging;
Or if I burn, the scars are slight.

VII

TO PLANCUS

By others be bright Rhodes or Ephesus named,
Or Mitylene, or Corinth's double bays.
Delphi for Phoebus, Thebes for Bacchus, famed,
Fair Tempé too, each claims its meed of praise.

Some of unwed Athena's seat prefer
In endless verse to sing, and wreathe their head
With olive leaves, gathered no matter where.
For Juno's sake much is of Argos said,

And its horse-breeding; much, of Mycenae's gold.
Me, ev'n stern Sparta charms not half so well,
Or rich Larissa's plain of fruitful mould,
As nymph Albunea with her echoing cell,

Or Anio swift, or Tiburn's orchard groves,
Refreshed with their led waters day by day.
The Southwind lifts at times, and straight removes
Clouds from the sky, nor breeds the showers alway;

So be thou wise, my friend, let gloom go past;
And soothe life's toils with wine, whether the sight
Of camp with standards decked its glamour cast,
Or thy own Tibur's shadowed glades invite.

Teucer, we're told, when driven in banishment
From Salamis and sire, yet wreathed his brow
With poplar, and to comrades ill-content
Thus cheerly spake: "Where'er our fortune now

(Kinder at least than was my sire) allures,
Thither we'll follow. Never despair, my friends,
While Teucer leads, and Teucer luck assures!
Know that Apollo, who true omens sends,

Foretells for us a Salamis o'er seas,
Foil to the first. To-night with wine drown care,
Friends oft who've braved worse things with me than these;
At morn o'er the wide sea once more we'll fare!"

VIII

TO LYDIA

Lydia, 'fore Heaven say,
Why thou dost haste with loving thy Sybaris to slay;
Why he, long since to sun
And dusty days inured, the open field doth shun?

Why rides he not abreast
With comrades, nor the jaws of Gallic steed doth wrest
To obey the wolf-bit? Why
Fears he the tawny tide of Tiber's stream to try?

Why worse than blood of snake
Shrinks he the athlete's oil upon his skin to take?
Nor now shows arms all blue,
Who oft far past the pin his quoit or javelin threw?

Why lurks he, as once, they say,
Lurked sea-nymph Thetis' son, before Troy's woeful day,
Lest manhood's dress should call
Her young Achilles straight to blood and Lycian maul?

IX

TO THALIARCHUS

Thou see'st how whitely fair Soracté stands
In snow-wreaths clad, and how the labouring woods
Their load sustain not; how the floods
Are gripped in frozen bands.

Melt me this cold, freely the firelogs throwing
On hearth, my Thaliarchus! And from crock
Two-eared, of Sabine make, unlock
Wine, with four years a-glowing!

All else leave to the gods! Once they assuage
The storms that over boiling seas did roar,
  Old ash or cypress shakes no more
    From tempests' fiery rage.

What next morn's sun may bring, forbear to ask;
But count each day that comes by gift of chance
  So much to the good. Spurn not the dance,
    Or in sweet loves to bask,

While surly age mars not thy morning's flower.
Seek now the athlete's training field or court;
  Seek gentle lovers' whispered sport,
    At nightfall's trysted hour;

Seek the gay laugh that from her ambush borne
Betrays the merry maiden huddled warm,
  And forfeit from her hand or arm
    Half given, half playful torn.

X

TO MERCURY

Mercury, Atlas' grandson skilled in speech,
Whose wit for man newborn a culture found
In words, and in the comely art they teach
  On wrestling-ground,—

Thee will I sing, Jove's and heaven's herald good;
The curved lyre's parent, too, tradition makes thee,
And deft to steal or hide in merry mood
  Whatever takes thee.

Once when Apollo's kine thou hadst removed,
Fiercely he bade thee, rascal boy, deliver;
Yet could but laugh when a fresh loss he proved,
  Robbed of his quiver.

Under thy escort Priam safely went,
Gold-laden, the grim sons of Atreus by;
Passed the Thessalian fires, passed tent by tent
Each enemy.

To the blest fields thou pious souls dost steer,
Checking with rod of gold Death's phantom train;
Thus both to gods of Heaven and Hades dear
Thou dost remain.

XI

LEUCONOÉ

Leuconoé dear, seek not I pray to know
what Heaven hath hid;
The span to me accorded, or to thee,
is lore forbid!
Tempt not Chaldean horoscopes! More wise,
what comes, to bear;
Nor fret, whether some winters more from Jove
fall to our share,
Or this, which lashes now the Tuscan shore,
our last decreed.
Be wise and strain the wine! Since short at best
of joy our meed,
Prune distant hopes. Ev'n as we speak, grim Time
speeds swift away;
Seize now and here the hour that is, nor trust
some later day!

XII

TO CLIO, MUSE OF HISTORY

Clio, what man, what demigod, dost choose,
What god, with lyre or shrill-voiced pipe to praise?
Whose name shall sportive Echo send, my Muse,
Adown the ways,—

Haply through Helicon's umbrageous bounds,
O'er Pindus, or by Balkan's frozen height,
Whose groves, bewitched by Orpheus' tuneful sounds,
In tangled plight

Pursued the bard, while by his mother's skill
The gliding streams and the swift storms he steers,
And with his tuneful lyre-strings led at will
The oaks all ears?

What better theme for prelude could I try
Than the great Father's ritual praise; whose hand
Men's realm and gods', earth, sea, and changeful sky,
Doth still command?

From whom naught greater than himself is born,
Naught stands ev'n equal, or holds second place;
What honours nearest come, Pallas hath worn
By special grace.

Nor, Bacchus, brave in battle, shall I here
Thy praise pass o'er,—thine, Dian, huntress-foe
Of savage beasts,—thine, Phoebus, name of fear
For thy sure bow!

Hercules too I'll sing, and Leda's twins,
Skilled victor he to box, and he to ride:—
Soon as their star its brightening course begins,
Sailors to guide,

Straight from the rocks the storm-driven waves recoil,
Hushed are the winds, and all the clouds obey;
While, since they two so will, the storm's turmoil
Dies swift away.

Shall I sing Romulus next, or Numa's reign
Unwarlike, or the Tarquins' regal pride?
Or shall I rather tell in nobler strain
How Cato died?

Regulus, Scaurus, Paulus spendthrift proved
Of his brave life, when Carthage swept the field,
Fabricius, also,—praise to each I'm moved
In song to yield.

Him, shock-head Curius, and Camillus too,
Stern Want did train to deeds of daring done,—
Their school the croft, whose humble home they knew
From sire to son.

Ev'n as a tree unmarked through centuries grows,
So grows Marcellus' fame. And yet more bright
Shines out the Julian star, as moon outglows
Each lesser light.

O Son of Saturn, Sire and Shield of men,
To thee 'tis given, by mighty Fate's decree,
Caesar to guard! Still be it thine to reign,
Thy depute, he!

Whether these Parthian swarms, whose threat'ning cloud
Shows dark o'er Rome, he to his car shall bind
In triumph just, or China's orient crowd,
Or furthest Ind,

Second to thee he'll rule broad earth with right,
Whilst thou in thy great car Olympus shake,
And on dishonoured groves, with thunderous might
Thy vengeance take!

XIII

TO LYDIA

Ah! Lydia, when I hear thee praise
Telephus' rosy neck, his wax-smooth arms,
Alas! my tortured heart's ablaze,
And my soul frets with anger and alarms.

No more my thoughts or looks may keep
Their form unmoved, while down my features flow
The unheeded tears, showing how deep
Within my heart slow fires of passion glow.

When on thy shoulders white remains
The mark of drunken quarrellings, I mourn;
Or when the furious madman stains
Thy pretty lips with tokens of his scorn.

Wouldst thou but hear me, lover true
Thou ne'er should'st see in him, whose ire had sought
A savage wrong on lips to do,
Which Venus hath with finest nectar fraught.

Thrice happy they, ay! and beyond,
Whom an unbroken link holds close! Thrice blest,
Whom never breach of lover's bond
Shall part in anger, till their final rest!

XIV

TO THE SHIP OF STATE

O ship, fresh waves will bear thee out to sea!
What art about? With a brave effort wear
To shore! Seest not how bare
Of rowing gear thy bulwarks be?

How groans thy mast, by hurtling southern gale
Wounded, and all thy yards? How ev'n thy hull,
Without the girdropes' pull,
Can scarce o'er insolent seas prevail?

Thy sails, once sound and taut, are torn or lost;
Lost too thy gods, to invoke again hard-pressed;
Howe'er, true pine confest
Of Pontus, thy high birth thou boast,

And vaunt a name outworn. Little men care,
In hour of fear, for a ship's painted trash.
If thou would'st 'scape the lash
Of mocking tempests' scorn, beware!

Dear Ship, of late to me a hateful thing,
But now my dear desire, my weightiest thought,
O shun the seas distraught
Which round the sun-smit Cyclads swing!

XV

THE DOOM OF PARIS

When that false shepherd Paris o'er the seas
In Trojan fleet his hostess Helen wiled,
Nereus with tedious calms the winds beguiled
Which sped them, that Fate's stern decrees

He might declare. "Ill-omened art thou gone
Bearing her home, whom Greece shall from thee rend
With a great host, oath-bound thy intrigue to end,
And end, too, Priam's ancient throne.

Alas, what sweat for steeds and warriors waits;
What massacre for all the Trojan folk
Dost thou contrive! Pallas ev'n now doth yoke
Her car, her casque, her shield, her hates.

Vainly, with Venus' help puffed up, thou'lt preen
Thy locks, and the fond airs which women like
On the effeminate cithern strike;
Vainly thyself in bower thou'lt screen

From deadly spears' assault and Cretan bow,
From shout of war, and Ajax swift to chase.
At length, though late, thy adulterous tresses' grace
In dust bedrabbled shalt thou show.

See'st thou not even now Laërtes' son,
Bane of thy race, and Nestor, Pylus' lord?
Brave Salaminian Teucer plies his sword,
Fierce Sthenelus drives thee on.

Skilled warrior he, or charioteer at need
As skilled. Of Merion too thou'lt know the ire.
Tydides, better fighter than his sire,
See him, in rage to find thee, speed!

And as a stag, that spies across the vale
A wolf's approach, thinks not of pasture nigh,
So thou wilt flee with gasping throat held high;
Not such to Helen once thy tale!

The wrath of armed Achilles will delay
Troy's, and Troy's matrons', doom awhile. But these
After fixed years Achaean fires shall seize,
And sweep the Trojan towers away."

XVI

A PALINODE OR SONG OF APOLOGY

Daughter, than lovely mother lovelier still,
What doom for my curst lines fits thy desire,
Thou shalt thyself inflict,—with fire,
Or Hadria's sea at will.

Not Dindymene, or Phoebus, so o'ercomes
In Delphic cave the senses of his priests,
Nor Bacchus,—Corybants at feasts
Never so beat the drums,—

As doth sour Wrath; which not fierce fire can end,
Nor Noric sword-blade, nor ship-wrecking sea,
No, nor great Jove himself, though he
With thunderous roar descend.

Prometheus, forced, to man's primeval shell,
Some grain to add from all things living cut,
A raging lion's fury put
Man's natural gall to swell.

Wrath, of Thyestes' dreadful doom was cause;
Wrath, on proud cities for dire issues falls,
When vengeful foe along their walls
The hostile ploughshare draws.

Check the first heats! Me too, in sweet sunshine
Of youth's heyday, frenzy of passion rent,
And to calumnious Epodes sent
This foolish pen of mine.

But now these sours to exchange for sweets I'm fain,
If thou'lt be kind, and of thy favour grant,
That hearing me my gibes recant,
Thy heart thou'lt give again.

XVII

TO TYNDARIS

Oft Faunus hastes to quit the Arcadian dales,
And taste instead our Sabine upland's charm,
Guarding my goats from summer's harm
And winter's watery gales.

Through the safe groves their way the she-goats take,
They and their odorous mate, and crop the bed
Of thyme or arbute, nor need dread
Ambush of sea-green snake,

Or of Haedilia's wolves that Mars loves well,—
Let but the polished rocks the notes repeat
Of shepherds' piping clear and sweet,
In sloped Ustica's dell.

Heaven is my guardian, for to heaven is dear
My pious meed of song. Here then shall pour
From Plenty's horn abounding store
Of gifts thy heart to cheer.

Here in deep vale the Dogstar's fire thou'lt shun;
And to thy Teian harp thou'lt sing to me
Green Circé and Penelopé,
Smit both with love of one.

Here shalt thou drink mild Lesbian in the cool.
But never fear lest Bacchus here may fight,
At odds with Mars: no need for fright
Lest Cyrus play the fool,

And on thy tender strength, for his no match,
Lay his rude hands in wrath, the crown to tear
That clings amid thy wealth of hair,
Or thy kind kirtle snatch.

XVIII

TO VARUS

For no tree, Varus, rather than Heaven's vine
be furrow made,
Round Tibur's mellow tilth, and the old walls
by Catilus laid.
For, to the sober, Heaven makes every task
more hard to bear;
And by no other magic than by wine
flies carking care.

Who after wine grumbles at toils of war
or stinted days?
Who does not rather thee, Sire Bacchus, sing,—
thee, Venus, praise?

But the old tale how Centaurs drunken fought
the Lapithae,
Warns us the modest Wine-god's gifts to use
in modest way.

And Bacchus warns us too, on Thracians base
who wreaked his ire,
When they no boundary drew 'twixt good and ill
save foul desire.
O god in shining fox-skin clad, thy power,
unless thou bid
I will not rouse, nor sacred things of thine
in pied leaves hid

Shall I reveal! Cease, fool, thy savage drums
and Thracian horn!
Blind Love of Self comes in their train, and Pride,
lifting in scorn
An empty head, which in its emptiness
past bounds doth swell;
Comes too unfaithful Faith, clearer than glass
hid things to tell.

XIX

IN PRAISE OF GLYCERA

Venus, of love the mother stern,
And Theban Semelé's son, and wanton Ease,
Bid me once more my mind concern
With the dear joys that long had ceased to please.

Melts my fond heart the dainty hue
Fair Glycera shows, than Parian stone more white;
Melts me her pretty skill to woo,
Her glance for lovers' eyes too dazzling bright.

Venus, her Cyprus quitting, leads
'Gainst me full force; no talk for me, how teems
Scythia with war, how wheel their steeds
The Parthians fierce,—or other alien themes.

Here set me, lads, live turf four-square;
The incense bring, and chains of greenery bind;
The cup of ritual wine prepare;
A lamb once slain, She'll haply come more kind.

XX

TO MAECENAS

Here from a homely cup plain Sabine wine
Thou'lt quaff. Stored in a Grecian jar it stands,
My seal on't, set that year, Maecenas mine,
When clapping hands

In theatre, dear knight, thy coming greeted;
So loud, that thy ancestral Tiber's banks
And Vatican in echo gay repeated
The praiseful thanks.

Caecuban vintage thy home goblets fills;
The clustered grapes at Cales pressed, are thine.
But vines Falernian, or from Formiae's hills,
Temper not mine.

XXI

HYMN TO LATONA AND HER CHILDREN

Hymn to Diana, tender maidens, raise;
You boys, to unshorn Cynthian Phoebus sing;
Sing her, too, whom Heaven's King
Loves dearly, sing Latona's praise.

Sing, girls, of her who joys in mountain rills,
And leafage on cold Algidus that grows,
Or on green Cragus shows
Or Erymanthus' pine-gloomed hills.

By you, boys, with like praise be Tempé named,
And Delos, his birth-isle. His shoulder sing,
With quiver glittering
And with the lyre his brother framed.

He shall from Rome and Caesar bear away
Dire famine, pestilence, and tearful war
To Medes and Britons far,
Heart-melted by the prayers ye pray.

XXII

LALAGÉ

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

He that is clean of life, and pure from ill,
Needs not to be with Moorish darts equipped
Or bow; no case with arrows need he fill
In poison dipped,

Whether o'er burning Afric wastes he go,
Or Caucasus, to strangers never kind;
Or where Hydaspes' fabled river, slow
His course doth wind.

Mark thou the proof! Past bounds in Sabine glade
Singing of Lalagé I strolled unthinking;
When lo! a wolf, of unarmed me afraid,
Fled cowardly slinking.

Yet he so huge a beast that the wide woods
Of warlike Daunus feed not such another,
No, nor swart Juba's coast, of lion broods
The sunparched mother.

Place me where o'er the dull and frost-bound plain
No tree is e'er by summer's breath restored.
Beneath a sky where endless beats the rain
And storm abhorred;

Or to a homeless land my steps exile,
Where the fierce sungod's car rolls all too near;
My Lalagé's sweet voice, her gentle smile,
Shall still be dear.

XXIII

CHLOÉ

Thou shun'st me, Chloé, ev'n as might a fawn
That for his timid dam on pathless hills
Searches, while terror thrills
At sound of breeze through woodlands drawn.

Perchance Spring's advent down the quivering brakes
A whisper sends, or lizards green are peeping,
Through bramble-bushes creeping;
Forthwith in heart and knees he quakes!

But not like Afric lion I pursue,
Or tiger grim, thy tender flesh to eat;
Cease for thy dam to bleat,—
Full ripe by now if lover woo.

XXIV

QUINTILIUS

Why blush that for a friend so dear we've grieved,
Why stint our tears? Fit songs of woe inspire,
Melpomené, who from Heaven's mighty Sire
Voice crystal clear and lyre received!

Now on Quintilius broods the burden drear
Of sleep unending! When shall Modesty,
And Justice' sister, proud Integrity,
And naked Truth, find one his peer?

A many good men mourn him; Virgil, friend,
None mourn him more than thou! But all in vain
Thy pious vows ask him from Heaven again,
Whom thou to Heaven not so didst lend.

Though to thy touch lyre-notes more sweet were given,
Than Orpheus swayed for listening trees to learn,
Not then to the pale form would blood return
Which with stern rod once Mercury's driven

To join the ghostly crowd. Howe'er thou prayed,
Ne'er should'st thou move him Death's doom to repeal.
'Tis hard! But ills which Fate forbids to heal,
Are by endurance lighter made.

XXV

TO A BEAUTY FADED

More sparingly youths batter than of yore
On thy closed casements, in their wanton game;
No longer do they spoil thy sleep; the door
Clings to its frame,

Which on an easy hinge of old would move
At call. Not now, as then, art wont to hear
"O Lydia, sleepest thou, while thus thy love
Lies dying near?"

An old hag soon, the scorn in turn thou'lt wail
Of insolent lechers, in some alley lone,
While 'twixt moons old and new the northern gale
Shall fiercely moan;

And torturing passion such as mares besets,
And hot desire, shall like a furnace glow
About thy plague-corroded heart, which frets
This truth to know,—

That youths to ivy old prefer the young,—
To myrtle dried, wreaths of a richer shade;
And to cold Hebrus, winter's mate, have flung
The leaves that fade.

XXVI

IN HONOUR OF LAMIA

Protected by the Muses, fear and grief
I will toss from me, for the lusty blast
Into the Cretan sea to cast.
Naught heed I whom as chief

They dread o'er Arctic wastes, what fears appal
A Tiridates. Thou who dost rejoice
In founts fresh-struck, O let thy choice,
Sweet Muse, on Lamia fall!

For him twine sunny wreaths; and since my praise
Is naught without thee, tune thy Lesbian lyre;
And hymns, thou and thy sister choir,
In Lamia's honour raise!

XXVII

OF WINE AND LOVE

What, wield in quarrel cups for pleasure meant?
That were a Thracian trick! Such barbarous mood
Forbear, and Bacchus kind and good
From bloody strife prevent!

With wine and lights accordeth marvellous ill
The dirk a Mede might use. Hush, friends, O cease
Your impious clamour; and for peace
Keep elbows resting still!

You'd have me too your heady vintage try?
Then let Megylla's brother, our fair guest
From Opus, say what arrow blest
Makes him with love to die.

Thou'rt loth to name her? On these terms alone
I'll taste. Whoe'er the dear unknown may be,
No flame to blush for singes thee;
'Tis gentle dame, or none.

Drop in my ears (they're safe ones) just the name!
What say'st thou? *That* jade? In what whirl,
What fell Charybdis pool didst swirl,
Youth worth a nobler flame!

What witch, what wizard with Thessalian brew,
What god shall save? A Pegasus might toil,
Yet scarce from such Chimaera's coil
Threefold, shall bear thee through!

XXVIII

ARCHYTAS

Though in thy time, Archytas, skilled to weigh
The immeasurable sands and earth and sea,
Poor gift of trivial dust by Matine bay
Confines thee now! Little avails to thee

The starry heights to have scaled, and to its end
Heaven's arch surveyed, since doomed at length to die!
So Tantalus died, yet he to gods was friend;
Tithonus too, though love-borne to the sky.

Minos, Jove's confidant, died. Hell will not yield
Twice-born Pythagoras now. Once more he's fared
To Death's dark realm, though he unfixed his shield
From temple-wall, proving Troy's war he shared,—

And that, then dying, naught to Death he passed
But flesh and skin; though too, as thou dost know,
No mean judge he of Nature. At the last
One night waits all; Death's road we all must go.

The Furies some to gloating Mars assign;
Of some the insatiate Sea his meal doth make.
Thick perish young and old; and Proserpine
Fails not from each in turn a lock to take.

Me the Southwind, which ever comes in storm
When sets Orion, whelmed in Hadria's wave.
O sailor, to this poor unburied form
Grudge not unkindly the small boon I crave,—

A pinch of sand! For thee thus kind I'll vow:
"When 'gainst Hesperian waves the Eastwind's driven,
Let the Venusian woods be tost, but thou
Unharmed remain! Let guerdon free be given

By Jove who's just and can give, Neptune too,
The god who guards Tarentum's sacred fane!"
Art thou so reckless as foul wrong to do,
Which may for doom to thy poor babes remain?

Scorn of thy rights may yet such wrong repay;
Then shall my vengeance come! Nor gift nor groan
Shall save! Brief, though thou haste, the needful stay;
Thou'rt free to run, when thrice the dust is thrown.

XXIX

TO ICCIUS

On wealthy Arabs' coffers and their gains
Hast thou an eye, planning for Sheba's Kings,
Untamed as yet, most dreadful things
In war, and forging chains

For the fierce Mede? What virgin hast in hand
(First having slain her lover) thy swart slave
To make? What cupbearer dost crave
Behind thy chair to stand,

Locks all perfumed, a princeling he with skill
From heirloom bow to shoot shafts of Cathay?
Who'll deny now that prone streams may
(Ev'n Tiber) flow uphill,

When after all thy better promise, thou
Who for Panaetius' tomes the shops did range,
These and all Socrates' school would'st change
For Spanish corslets now?

XXX

TO VENUS

O thou, of Cnidos and of Paphus queen,
Spurn thy loved Cyprus, and at Glycera's call,
Who with much incense greets thee, be thou seen
In her fair hall!

Be visitant with thee thy glowing boy,
Graces loose-zoned, and Nymphs, and with their crew
Youth, who without thy aid brings little joy,
Mercury too!

XXXI

TO APOLLO

What craves the bard from Apollo on his throne?
What asks, as from the cup new wine he drops?
No fertile acreage of crops
In rich Sardinia grown!

No fat herds such as hot Calabria breeds,
Gold, ivory of Ind, or meadows gay,
Such as swoln Liris eats away,
The happy poet needs.

Let Fortune's favourites prune their Calene vines;
With Syrian wares let the rich merchant buy,
And from gold cups drink joyously,
The dearly bartered wines;

Surely of Heaven a favourite indeed,
Since thrice or more a year the Atlantic sea
He can revisit safe. But me
Olives and endives feed,

And mallows light. Grant, god, that with my lot
I live content, hale, and still fresh my gift,—
Grant that in age I may not drift
Long years, my lyre forgot!

XXXII

ON RECEIVING A REQUEST FOR A SONG

I have a call! If ever song, with fire
To outlive one year or more, we've sung for pleasure,
Just mine and thine,—swell now, my Grecian lyre,
The Latin measure!

Alcaeus 'twas, that Lesbian patriot stark,
Who tuned thee first, and when he'd fiercely fought,
Or had on dripping shore his storm-tost bark
To anchor brought,

He sang the Muses, Bacchus, Venus fair,
And Cupid, who upon her still attended;
Of Lycus too he sang, with raven hair
And dark eyes splendid.

Phoebus' delight, Shell welcome to the board
Of Jove, my heartaches be it thine with might
To soothe, whenever the invoking word
I sing aright!

XXXIII

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS, A BROTHER POET

Grieve not, Tibullus, nor past bounds repine thee,
Brooding o'er Glycera's hardness thus so long
In doleful elegies, as though 'twere wrong
For some one younger to outshine thee.

Lovely low-browed Lycoris, a like fate
Torments, for love of Cyrus. He in turn
To the sour Pholoé swerves. But ere she burn
For one so plain, she-goats will mate

With fierce Apulian wolves. That so 'tis best
Venus decrees, whose joy it is to bind
Body ill-matched with body, mind with mind,
In her stern yoke,—a gruesome jest.

So with myself. A gentler charmer smiled,
But Myrtalé my soul love-bound did hold;
A freedgirl she, than Hadria's seas more bold
Which sweep Calabria's inlets wild.

XXXIV

HORACE A CONVERT

Spare and infrequent pietist was I
While, skilled in the philosophy of fools,
I strayed. Now back from all the schools
Reversed my course I try

Towards whence I came. For Jove, who's wont to rend
High-towering stormclouds with his lightning's flash,
Now through clear sky with thunder's crash
His steeds hath willed to send.

Whereat dull Earth, swift Streams, and Styx abhorred,
And the ill-omened Taenaran caves are shaking,
And Atlas, the world's limit, quaking.
Now know I, Heaven's strong lord

Can change high things for low. The proud he breaks,
And lifts the obscure to light. Like bird of prey,
Chance with a whoop tears crown away,
And, pleased, elsewhither takes.

XXXV

TO THE GODDESS FORTUNE

Goddess, of thy loved Antium queen, and strong
Poor mortals to upraise of low degree,
Or change to funeral pageantry
A triumph's haughty throng,

To thee cries rustic hind with fond appeal;
To thee, true mistress of the main, they cry,
Who the Carpathian waters try
With their Bithynian keel!

Rude Dacians fear thee, and Scythians swift of flight;
Fear Cities, Tribes, and Latium proud of mien;
Fears every Eastern mother-queen,
And Tyrants' purple might,—

Lest with stern foot thou should'st the pillar shake
That bears their lordship up, and clamorous swarms
Should rouse the slow with call to arms,
And the proud empire break.

Before thy mighty coming still doth tread
Stern Fate, who in her brazen hand bears high
The clamps and bolts of destiny.
Strong hook and molten lead!

Hope and rare Faith white-robed upon thee wait,
Thy comrades still, ev'n when with garments changed
Thou passest forth, a friend estranged,
From mansions of the great.

Then 'tis that harlot false and traitorous folk
Slip forth and go. When drained ev'n to the lees
The casks go dry, each flatterer flees,
Too base to share the yoke.

Our Caesar, to world-ending Britain bound,
O do thou save! Save Rome's young soldier bands,
That to Red Sea and Eastern lands
Their name may terror sound!

Woe's me, I blush for each ill-deed, each scar,
Each brother slain! What have we feared to essay,
A race accurst? What evil way
E'er shunned? What deed of war

Through fear of Heaven have Romans blenched to do?
What shrines left unpolluted? O would'st thou
'Gainst Goth and Arab temper now
Blunt blade on anvil new!

XXXVI

IN NUMIDA'S HONOUR

With incense and with lyre 'tis brave
Ay, and with well-earned blood of calf, to bless
The gods who Numida did save!
He now from furthest Spain in peacefulness

Returned, gives kisses of good-will
To each fond friend, but more to none doth bring
Than to lov'd Lamia, mindful still
Of schoolboy days fagged for no other " King,"

And schoolboy gown cast off with his.
Let not the white mark fail on day so blest,
Nor wine-jar spare at feast like this!
Let not the feet in Salian steps have rest,

Nor Damalis, who loves her wine,
Beat Bassus in a drinking match to-night!
Spare not the roses, wreaths to twine;
Spare not brief lily, or the parsley bright!

On Damalis, each man love-lorn
Fond eyes will cast. But by no languishing
Will she from her new love be torn,—
Closer than wanton ivy shall she cling.

XXXVII

CLEOPATRA

Now 'tis the hour for wine, now without check
To trip it gaily, now with feasts sublime
Worthy a Salian board, 'twas time
Each deity's place to deck!

Who could till now his Caecuban exhume
From bins ancestral, while a queen designed
For Rome's high seat destruction blind,
And for Rome's empire doom,—

She, and her plague-scarred crew of evil fame,
Reckless enough to dream joys without bound,
And in sweet fortune's frenzies drowned?
But pause to madness came,

When scarce one ship from burning she could save!
Her soul, with Mareotic wine o'erwrought,
Caesar to real terrors brought,
When he from Italy drave

Her flight, and tracked her o'er the sea (as track
Hawks the soft dove, or as swift hunters ply
A hare in snow-clad Thessaly),
Minded a plague so black

To enchain. But she, seeking her end to grace
By nobler dying, feared not as woman might
The sword's keen edge, nor sought by flight
Some seaward hiding-place;

Dared ev'n to look upon her Court o'erthrown
With eye serene, and with untrembling lip
The deadly hissing asps to grip,
And drink their venom down.

With death resolved upon, more proud her mien;
Scorning that such as she, in hostile sloop
Her foes like some poor trull should coop
For triumph, her, a queen!

XXXVIII

IN PRAISE OF SIMPLICITY

Your Persian pomps, my lad, I cannot brook;
Chaplets with linden laced suit not my brow;
Summer's last rose seek not, in what odd nook
It lingers now.

Think not with gaudy splendours to replace
The simple myrtle. Myrtle, to my thinking,
Thee at thy service, me not less will grace
In vine-bower drinking.

THE ODES—BOOK II

I

TO POLLIO

The civil broils which from Metellus date,—
Motives, mistakes, manœuvres,—irony
Of Fortune,—Chiefs' conspiracy,—
Arms stained in mutual hate

By blood not yet atoned,—so runs the rede
With hazard fraught, which thy bold pen aspires
To trace, while over hidden fires
The treacherous foot-tracks lead.

Our stage must miss awhile thy tragic vein;
But when Rome's tale is ended, thou'lt take on
Thy great Athenian rôle, and don
The buskin, once again.

Stay of desponding suitors, Stay as true
Of senate in debate, thou didst beat down
Dalmatia, and a triumph's crown
For thee the laurel grew.

Ev'n now the threat'ning din assails my ear
Of horns, and bugles' blare; now the fierce light
Of flashing arms scares steeds to flight,
And blanches men with fear.

I mark of heroes dead the mighty scroll,
With no inglorious dust in death bestrewed;
And the whole orb of earth subdued,
Save Cato's dauntless soul.

Juno, and what powers else failed to defend
The Africa they loved, old wrongs repay
To slain Jugurtha; for they slay
His slayers in the end.

What field with Roman gore did we not feed?
What, proves not by its graves our impious war,
And Roman ruin heard afar
Ev'n by the distant Mede?

What strait, what stream, can ignorant remain
Of our curst strife? What sea, with Latin blood
Was not full many a time imbrued?
What shore bears not its stain?

Ah, wayward Muse, such themes fit thee but ill!
Dirge of Simonides, a singer grave,
They need! Come seek, in Venus' cave,
Strains of a lighter quill!

II

TO SALLUSTIUS CRISPUS

No sheen hath silver while the greedy mine
Keeps it close hid. Nor fairer to thine eyes
The minted metal shows, unless it shine
With usage wise.

Through length of days shall Proculeius' name
Live, for paternal care to brothers shown;
On unrelaxing wing a deathless fame
Shall bear him on.

A bigger power is his, who can subdue
Greed in the heart, than if his rule controlled
The earth from Spain to Libya,—Carthage too,
Both New and Old.

By self-indulgence fed, daily afresh
The greed-plague grows, unless from out the veins
The taint's expelled, and from the pallid flesh
The dropsy drains.

On Cyrus' throne Phrahates reigns anew;
Yet Truth, that thinks not with the mob, denies
A place to him among the happy few.
From custom's lies

She fain would wean us, granting to him alone
A real crown and a sure triumph's bays,
Who, though piled ingots on his vision shone,
Not twice would gaze.

III

TO DELLIUS

Brace thee, my friend, when times are hard, to show
A mind unmoved; nor less, when fair thy state,
A sober joy. For Death doth wait
As surely, whether woe

Dogs all thy days, or fortune bids thee bask
On peaceful lawn reclined while life goes well,
And quaff thy wine, from inner cell
Drawn at Falernian cask.

Why else do soaring pine and poplar white
Love with twined boughs a hospitable nook
Thus to enlace? Why speeds the brook
Thus swift in swirling flight?

Hither the wine-cup, scents, and short-lived flowers
Of the gay rose, bid bring; while years, estate,
And the three Sisters' threads of fate
Grudge not the golden hours!

Soon shalt thou pass from each fair purchased field;
From home, from seat where yellow Tiber rolled,
Thou'lt pass; and all thy treasured gold
Thou to thy heir shalt yield.

Whether from ancient blood, to wealth and fame
Thou'rt born, or whether poor and base of birth
Thou lingerest stretched on pauper earth,
Grim Death strikes just the same.

To the same bourne we're driven; in the urn for all
Death spins a lot that must erelong be cast,
And each in Charon's boat at last
To endless exile call.

IV

TO XANTHIAS

Blush not, my Phocian friend, that thou dost love
A pretty slave-girl! Others have felt the smart.
Briseis though a slave had pow'r to move
Achilles' heart

With her white beauty. Ajax, Telamon's son,
Was with his slave Tecmessa's grace enraptured;
Atrides loved, ev'n amid triumph won,
A maid he'd captured;

What time Achilles o'er Troy's hosts prevailed,
And, with great Hector ousted from the fray,
The wearied Greeks Troy's citadel assailed,
An easier prey.

Haply her folks are rich, and wealth may come
To him who fair-haired Phyllis weds; the glory
Of some blood-royal hers, of her fall'n home
She mourns the story.

Think not at least that e'er from tainted breed
Thy darling's sprung; that one for faith so famed,
So proof 'gainst filthy lucre, could proceed
From mother shamed.

As for her ankles trim, her arms, her face,
On my chaste praise put not thy prohibition,—
Praise which my fortieth birthday passed should place
Beyond suspicion.

V

OF LALAGÉ

Not yet is She of strength the yoke to wear
With subject neck, or the dear stress to meet
Of mutual love, and of bull's heat
The amorous rage to bear.

About the verdant fields thy heifer's mind
Still circles, now the summer's glow in pool
Appeasing, now 'neath sallows cool
Eager her sport to find

'Mid skipping calves. No longer fondly sigh
For grapes unripe; soon richly dark for thee
Autumn, skilled limner, shalt thou see
The purple clusters dye.

Soon she'll seek thee. Unbending Time flits past,
And years which mean thy loss, to her he'll lend
For gain; then Lalagé will mend
Her ways, and try to cast

Her charm on thee; dear as shy Pholoé
Ne'er was, or Chloris, though with shoulders white
She shone as fair as moon by night
Gleaming across the sea.

Ev'n than young Gyges sweeter she'll be deemed,
Though he 'mid maidens placed could show as fair,
Shrewd strangers puzzling, such his hair,
So girlish-faced he seemed.

VI

IN PRAISE OF TIBUR AND TARENTUM

Septimius, thou wouldst ev'n to Cadiz haste,
If I went too,—or to Cantabria, slow
Our yoke to take, or to the Afric waste
Where fiercely flow

The Moorish tides. Yet better to my mind,
Did Argive Tibur shelter my old age;
There rest from toils by land and sea I'd find,
And battle's rage.

If harsh Fates frown me thence, I'll seek the clime
Where the Galaesus flows, where sheep are trained
Skin-coats to wear, and where in Spartan time
Phalanthus reigned.

Fairest on earth that little nook of ground
Smiles to my sight, nor doth Hymettus bear
Honeys more sweet; Venafrum's oil hath found
Its rival there.

There winters mild and springs that softly sigh
Kind Jove affords. There Aulon's vineyards blessed
By fruitful Bacchus, clusters can defy
Falernian-pressed.

That is the spot, those the blest heights that cheer
Us two to dwell in. There shalt thou imbue
Thy poet-friend's warm ashes with a tear
To friendship due.

VII

TO POMPEIUS

Friend who didst oft with me in danger stand,
When Brutus led our war, what man at last
Hath giv'n thee back, thy warfare past,
To native gods and land?

My earliest comrade thou in that far day,
When oft I sped the lingering hours with wine,
While my wreathed locks would brightly shine,
With Syrian unguents gay.

With thee Philippi's rout I knew full well,
When in ignoble flight I dropped my shield,
While Valour brake, and on the field
High hearts to ruin fell.

But me through the foe's ranks did Mercury urge,
And mist-enwrapped his trembling votary bore;
Thee battle's wave sucked back once more
Across the boiling surge.

Pay then to Jove the gift his kindness asks;
And rest thy body, by long service worn,
Beneath my laurel shade, nor scorn
Thy share of treasured casks.

Fill the bright cups with wine that conquers care;
From the wide phials unguents liberal shed!
Who shall moist parsley for each head,
Or myrtle wreaths, prepare?

Whom shall the lucky throw of Venus greet
Lord of our cups? Not wiselier I'll carouse
Than Thracians might. With friend in house
Mad Folly's self is sweet.

VIII

TO BARINÉ

Did aught of penalty for perjured truth
Once in thy life, Bariné, overtake thee;
Did ev'n one blemished nail or blackened tooth
Less charming make thee,

I'd take thy word! But with each vow forsworn,
Ever thou shin'st the more enchanting woman;
Stepping the naughty streets, tormentor born
Of every Roman.

It hurts thee not to invoke thy mother dead,
Or the stern stars, for witness to thy lying,
Nay, the whole canopy of heaven outspread,
And gods undying.

Venus herself, methinks, laughs at thy guile,
The Nymphs must laugh, their simple truth forgetting;
Wroth Cupid too, on blood-drenched stone the while
Hot arrows whetting.

There's worse behind! New broods grow for thy sport,
Destined in turn to wear the yoke they're born to;
Nor do thy elder bondslaves cease their court,
Though oft they've sworn to.

Thee for their growing cubs the mothers dread,
Thee skinflint sires! Girls tremble when they marry,
Lest glint of thee wile from the bridal bed
Their men to tarry.

IX

TO VALGIUS

Not always from black clouds the rainstorm pours
Upon the sodden fields; the gusty sleet
  Doth not for aye the Caspian beat,
    Nor on Armenian shores

Stands, Valgius, through all months the ice as hard.
Gargan's great oaks do not for ever toss,
  Nor ash-tree mourn of leaves the loss,
    By storms continuous scarred!

But thou dost never cease thy dreary wails,
Harping on Mystes dead; nor do thy sighs
  End when the Evening Star doth rise,
    Nor when at dawn he pales.

Not so did the thrice-agéd Nestor keep
Mourning for aye his dear Archilochus;
  Not so did for young Troïlus
    His sire and sisters weep.

O cease at length to bruit thus thy woe
In womanish plaints! Better for us to sing
  Augustus Caesar's triumphing;
    How with less boastful flow

Wintry Niphates and the Median tide,
Ranked with the conquered now, go slinking past;
  How the Gelonians cooped at last
    In narrower limits ride.

X

TO LICINIUS

Safer thou'lt sail life's voyage, if thou steer
Neither right out to sea, nor yet, when rise
The threat'ning tempests, hug the shore too near,
Unwisely wise.

What man soe'er the golden mean doth choose,
Prudent will shun the hovel's foul decay;
But with like sense, a palace will refuse
And vain display.

It is the lofty pine that by the storm
Is oftener tost; towers fall with heavier crash
Which higher soar; where lifts the mountain's form,
There lightnings flash.

A mind well-schooled hopes, when the skies show stern,
When they show kindly, fears, a change of states;
For Jove, who leads black storms afield, in turn
Those storms abates.

Think not if days are gloomy now, that so
'Twill be erelong. With lyre Apollo wakes
The Muse at times to song, nor his stern bow
Forever shakes.

In adverse hours show thee a man of mind
And mettle. Yet not less thou'lt wisely know
To reef the prosperous sails, when comes the wind
Too good to blow.

XI

TO HIRPINUS QUINCTIUS

What the Cantabrians bold design to do
Or Scythian horsemen, care not to inquire;
  Broad Hadria parts us from their ire!
    Nor seek thou to pursue

Plans for the needs of life, they're small at best.
Swift from our cheeks youth's tender blooms are fled,
  And wizened age eftsoons hath sped
    Love's joys, and easy rest.

Spring's flowers, howe'er they bloom, must fade again;
Not always with like glow the moon appears.
  Why fret thy mind with hopes or fears
    Remote from mortal ken?

Why not 'neath lofty plane upon the sward,
Or at our ease beneath this pine repose,
  Scenting our grizzled hair with rose,
    And with Assyrian nard

Perfumed, drink while we may? The Wine-god routs
Corroding cares. What boy from sparkling spring
  Water to soothe the heats will bring
    Of our Falernian bouts?

Pest, Lydé lives so far! Who'll wile the jade
Hither to haste,—she and her ivory lyre,—
  Coiling her hair in simple tire,
    As might a Spartan maid?

XII

TO MAECENAS

The tedious wars fought by Numantia's kings,—
Grim Hannibal,—the blot on Sicily's seas
Of Punic blood,—thou wouldst not themes like these
Hear sung to cithern's gentle strings,

More than thou wouldst the savage Lapithae's fall,
Drunken Hylaeus, or the giant band
By Hercules tamed, when with assailing hand
They shook the shining palace hall

Of ancient Saturn. Thou thyself shalt tell,
In prose more eloquent than poet's song,
Caesar's great deeds, and proud kings led along
Neck-bound through Rome for spectacle.

Me the Muse taught Licymnia's powers to approve,
The dulcet singing of our lady fair,
Her brightly flashing eyes, and heart most rare
In true exchange of love for love.

Right well she shows guiding in dance her feet,
Sharing in war of wits, or hand in hand
Sporting with fair Diana's maiden band,
As on Diana's day is meet.

Wouldst thou for wealthiest Eastern monarch's hoard,
Or for the gold of Midas, Phrygia's king,
One hair of thy belov'd Licymnia bring
To barter,—or for ingots stored

In Arabs' vaults; when to warm lips' appeal
Her neck she stoops, or with kind sternness checks
The boon she'd have thee snatch? Little she recks,
At times, herself, first kiss to steal.

XIII

TO A FALLEN TREE

He on an evil day, whate'er his name,
Planted thee first, and nurtured thee with hand
'Gainst future generations bann'd,
And for the township's shame!

Him I might deem to have strangled his own sire,
Or drenched his sacred hearth-stone with the gore
Of guest by night. All Colchian lore
He knew, of poisonings dire,

Nay, every villainy e'er dreamt, who dared
Plant sorry log like thee by my homestead,
That on thy blameless master's head
To tumble was prepared.

What hourly to avoid by none is known.
The Punic sailor fears wild Bosphorus' strait,
Nor dreams of unseen deaths that wait
Elsewhere to strike him down.

Rome's soldier fears the speeding Parthian's bow;
The Parthian dreads Italian cell and chains;
Fate unforeseen for each remains,
And lays the nations low.

How near was I dark Pluto's realms to view,
Judge Aeacus, and the fields where blest souls dwell!
How nearly heard I Sappho tell
On Lesbian lyre anew

Her sighs for Lesbian girls; and louder far
Thy voice, Alcaeus, sing to golden quill
Sea perils, exile's tales of ill,
And all the woes of war!

From both alike the ghosts a music hear
Worth reverent silence. But the jostling rout,
His tales of war and kings cast out
Drink in with greedier ear.

What wonder, when, dazed by that wizard song,
The hundred-headed beast his black ears droops,
And each fell Fury's snake-brood swoops
With joy her hair among?

His ancient pain no more Prometheus frets
Or Pelops' sire, so sweet the music's grace.
Lion and timid lynx to chase
Orion quite forgets.

XIV

TO POSTUMUS

Ah! Postumus, Postumus, fast fly the years,
And prayers to wrinkles and impending age
Bring not delay; nor shalt assuage
Death's stroke with pious tears;

No, not though on each day that comes to thee
With thrice a hundred bulls thou sought to gain
Grim Pluto's pity, all were vain!
Great Geryon he'll not free,

Or Tityos, from the gloomy stream, whose tide
Each child of earth must traverse shore to shore,
Whether a crown on earth we bore,
Or crofters lived and died.

Vainly from bloody stroke of Mars we'll run,
Or the hoarse Adriatic's surge escape;
Vainly our autumn plans we'll shape
The southwind's blight to shun;

Still must our steps to dark Cocytus trend,
That sluggish stream, and Danaïds' ill-famed clan,
And Sisyphus who bears the ban
Of labour without end.

Forth must thou go from home and kindly sward
And wife beloved, nor shall one tree that late
Was thine, save funeral cypress, wait
On thee, its short-lived lord.

The heir, thy better now, shall quaff the wine
A hundred keys did guard; his reckless hand
Shall stain thy floors with vintage-brand,
For pontiffs' feasts too fine.

XV

OLD TIMES AND NEW

Soon few for tilth the acres will remain,
Such princely piles we raise. On every side
Fishponds, than Lucrine lake more wide,
We'll see. The bachelor-plane

Will oust vine-wedded elms; and violets blue,
And myrtle's fragrance, and flower-scents untold,
Will scatter sweetness, where of old
The owner olives grew.

Soon sultry sunshine by thick-planted bays
Will be shut off. Not so taught Romulus' rule,
Or the unshaven Cato's school,
And old folks' simpler ways.

With them men's private wealth was scant indeed,
But great the common good. No colonnade
With northern outlook yielded shade,
To please a private greed.

None dared for house-building chance turf eschew;
Cities and public temples, these at most
The laws bade deck at public cost
With pomp of stonework new.

XVI

TO GROSPHUS

Peace from the gods the sailor craves if caught
In open Aegean Sea, when clouds arise
And hide the moon, and guiding stars show naught
To watchers' eyes;

Peace Thrace desires, when rage of war burns high;
Peace, Parthian bowmen, while they bear the quiver;
Peace, that by gems or gold or purple's dye
Is purchased never.

For not king's wealth nor consul's power can daunt
The angry passions which keep souls in thrall,
Or the fell cloud of carking cares which haunt
The fretted hall.

Well yet at little cost he lives, who shows
No silver on his board to outshine his sire's;
His easy sleep nor sordid terror knows,
Nor mean desires.

Why, when so brief our day, shoot we so wild
At marks so many? Why quit home to find
Lands warmed by other suns? Who, self-exiled,
Leaves self behind?

Soul-cankering Care climbs mighty ships, though ringed
With brass; riders she dogs across the plain;
Swifter is she than deer, or tempests winged
With clouds of rain.

Let not his mind, who's happy now, be fixed
On distant ills, but soothe life's present pains
With imperturbable smile; a good unmixed
For none remains.

Brief was Achilles' life, but great his fame!
Tithonus wastes and wastes, but still must live.
So what Time keeps from thee, perchance that same
To me he'll give.

Round thee a hundred flocks and heifers low,
Sicilian bred; to greet thee whinnies loud
A mare, for chariot fit; thy vestments show
Adornment proud

Twice purple-dyed. Fate grants me small estate,
But with it, breath of the Greek Muse's air;
And granting, too, of vulgar insolence hate,
Grants me full share.

XVII

TO MAECENAS SICK

Why with forebodings would'st thou break me down?
It pleaseth not thy friend, no, nor high Heaven,
That from my love thou should'st be riven,
My pillar and my crown!

Ah! why should I, if earlier stroke of fate
Steals my best half, to the worse portion cling,—
Less dear, a dead dismembered thing?
Like hour for both shall wait

To end us! No deserter's oath I've said!
Be it that thou shalt lead, close on thee, friend,
I'll follow, ready to its end
The last dark road to tread.

Not gust of the Chimaera's fiery breath,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas, should he rise,
Shall part us; so the Fates deem wise,
And Justice, strong as death!

Whether at birth Libra, or Scorpio's sting,
Burnt ominous my future to control,
Or Capricorn, that o'er the roll
Of western waves is King,—

At least my horoscope with thine must mate
In wondrous wise. For thee, Jove's star benign
Against ill Saturn's power did shine,
And checked the wings of Fate,

What time Rome's crowd through theatre thrice did send
Glad shouts to greet thee, once more hale and well;
For me, on hapless brainpan fell
A tree-trunk, and made end,

Had not kind Faunus saved me, guard divine
Of Mercury's guild. For thy debt see thou pay
Victims and votive shrine; I'll slay
A humble lamb, for mine.

XVIII

TO A MISER

No ivory nor fretted gold
Along my palace wall or ceiling's wrought;
No costly Afric pillars hold
Rich beams, for me from Attic quarry brought.

Never have I, an unknown heir,
Upon an Attalus' domain laid hand;
High damsels spin not for my wear
Laconian purples, at my proud command.

But honour's mine, and kindly vein
Of the true poet-gift. My humble door
Rich men frequent, nor should I gain
By worrying Heav'n, or my great friend, for more.

Enough, nay amply, I am blest,
Having from him one gift, my Sabine home.
Each day drives other to the west,
And the new moons erelong to dying come;

Yet thou, whose days are nigh fulfilled,
Art all on marble quarryings intent,—
A palace, not a tomb, to build;
Where strike the seas on Baiæ, thou are bent

Seaward the line of shore to thrust;
And deem'st thee poor, so long as coasts constrain.
What shall men say, when such thy lust
That neighbours' landmarks thou dost lift for gain,

And past poor clients' marches leap?
See, wife and husband wander forth,—her part,
Their gods in bosom clasped to keep,—
His, their poor babes to bear close to his heart!

Yet no great hall the purse-proud lord
Awaits at last more sure, than greedy Death
Shall at the appointed hour afford,—
Why larger build, why for aught else waste breath?

As wide as for the sons of Kings,
Their spot of earth is open for the poor.
Death's boatman takes no bribe, nor brings
Ev'n skilled Prometheus back from Hades' shore.

Tantalus' self, and Tantalus' son,
For all their pride, Death grimly prisons still.
The poor, when their day's darg is done,
Called or not called Death hears, ev'n 'gainst their will.

XIX

A RHAPSODY TO BACCHUS

Bacchus I've seen, teaching 'mid rocks remote
(Believe it, later folks!) his Nymphs intent,
And goat-foot Satyr-beasts, who lent
Prick ears his songs to note.

Euoi! with a strange awe my soul's possest;
Filled with the god, it joys beyond compare!
Spare, Bacchus, thy disciple spare;
Give thy dread vine-rod rest!

Now may I of thy tireless Bacchants sing;
Of founts of wine and milk, which start to greet
Thy coming, and of honeys sweet,
From hollow trunks that spring.

I may sing Ariadne's bridal crown
Transported to the stars; and Pentheus' hall
Parted asunder; and the fall
That hurled Lycurgus down.

Thou turnest streams and orient seas, at will;
Or on far peaks reposed, and drenched with wine,
Thy votaries' locks dost intertwine
With snakes, yet without ill.

When the foul Giants from the under-world
Scaled thy Sire's realms, then armed with lion's claws,
With lion's skin, and monstrous jaws,
Thou Rhoetus downward hurled.

Though fitter thou for dance and quaint caprice
And merry jest, nor apt for fighting known,
Yet equal master thou wast shown
Of war, as erst of peace.

Ev'n Cerberus harmlessly thy steps did greet
Seeing thy horn of gold; and as thou went,
Tail-wagging his three tongues he bent
To lick thy limbs and feet.

XX

HORACE A WORLD'S POET

On no stale wing or feeble shall I cleave,
Poet two-formed, athwart the liquid air;
No time on earth more shall I spare,
But cities' censure leave.

I whom they sneered at, "born of parents poor,"
I, dear Maecenas, "whom thou makest free
To bed and board," no death shall see,
Or prisoning Styx endure.

Scaly ev'n now upon my limbs doth show
The shrinking skin. Above, to Swan all white
I change, while feathers smoothly bright
On arms and shoulders grow.

Soon than Daedalean Icarus more renowned,
To the far-sounding Bosphorus' coasts I'll hie,
Or to Gaetulian deserts fly,
Or further north be bound,

A fluting bird. Colchis my work shall learn;
Dacia, who hides her fear of Roman strength;
Far Scythia too; till Spain at length,
And Rhone, be skilled in turn.

Let from a funeral where no corpse can be,
Dirges be absent, base laments, and wails!
Silence a mourning that avails
Never a whit for me!

THE ODES—BOOK III

I

OF ROME AND LIFE

The uninitiate crowd I ban and spurn!
Come ye, but guard your tongues! A song that's new
I, priest of the Muses, sing for you
Fair maids and youths to learn!

Kings o'er their several flocks bear sway. O'er kings
Like sway hath Jove, famed to have overthrown
The Giants, by his nod alone
Guiding created things.

One man may plant his vines o'er wider space;
High birth another candidate commends
When he to polling-booth descends;
A third with better grace

May plead his life unstained; a fourth, his weight
Of partisans. Alike for high and low
Death votes. His mighty urn will throw
Each name or soon or late.

A Damocles, o'er whom the sword doth swing,
Threat'ning his unblest neck, finds scanty zest
At tyrant's banquet; him no rest
Birds' note or lyre's will bring.

But gentle sleep spurns not the humble home
Of simple clown; it dearly loves the shade
Of river-banks, and Tempé's glade
Where whispering zephyrs roam.

Whoso craves just enough, no storm shall fret,
Howe'er it rage, nor gale that fiercely blows
When " Haedus risen " the star-chart shows,
Or " fierce Acturus set ";

Nor hailstorms 'mid his vines; nor faith ill-kept
Of orchard's promise, when void trees proclaim
Of floods or starry blight the blame,
Or winters tempest-swept.

Fishes find narrower bounds, now Wealth hath filled
The ocean-depths with piles, whereon in haste
Men, master, magnate, stones have placed
A palace high to build,

Scorning mere land. But Threats and Terror find
Place there as well. If my lord sails, black Care
Quits not the glittering deck, and where
He rides, She rides behind.

Since Phrygian marbles no relief can buy
For one in pain, nor purples, though they shine
More bright than stars, nor costliest wine,
Nor eastern spikenard,—why

On columns proud provoking only hate
A hall upraise, garish and new and strange?
Why take, in Sabine dell's exchange
Wealth and its weary weight?

II

OF ROMAN VIRTUE

How best the pinch of hardship to endure
Let the young Roman learn in stress of fight,
Till he can match fierce Parthians' flight,
And ply a spear as sure.

Amidst alarms let his young days go by,
The sky his tent. Then when some King's at war,
Let spouse or daughter watch afar,
And from the ramparts cry:

"Unversed in war, ah! will my darling dare,
A very untamed lion to impugn,
Whom through a field of slaughter soon
Insatiate wrath may bear?"

Good 'tis and fine, for fatherland to die!
Death tracks him too who shirks; nor will He fail
To smite the coward loins that quail,
The coward limbs that fly!

True Worth knows not defeat, and still preserves
His robe unsullied by base Envy's stain;
He takes not nor quits power again,
As mob-mood sways and swerves.

Heaven's gates he opes to men of deathless worth,
And finds a way to fame where way's denied;
Soaring he thrusts dull crowds aside,
And spurns the sodden earth.

Yet faithful Silence too may claim his fee.
But they who of dark Ceres tales would tell,
Shall not beneath my roof-tree dwell,
Or launch frail boat with me.

For oft Jove strikes good men and ill in one,
When he is scorned. Justice may halt, yet Crime,
Whate'er his start, hath seldom time
Her vengeance to outrun.

III

OF ROME AND TROY

The man that's just and resolute of mood
No craze of people's perverse vote can shake,
  Nor frown of threat'ning monarch make
    To quit a purposed good.

As soon would the unquiet lord of Hadria's surge,
Roaring South-Wester, shake him, or Jove's stroke
  Of fire. If wide Creation broke,
    Upon its crumbling verge

He'd stand undaunted. 'Twas such strength did waft
Pollux and roving Hercules to the skies;
  By whom red-lipped Augustus lies,
    And nectar too hath quaffed.

Earning like place, Sire Bacchus! by like strength,
Thee did yoked tigers drag with restive neck
  To Heaven. Thus too did Romulus check
    Mars' steeds, and soared at length

Above Death's stream; when Juno thus began,
By listening gods approved: "Troy's ruin came
  Through Paris, that false judge, with shame
    Of foreign courtesan;

What time Laomedon the spoken word
Forswore, and to the gods his promise broke;
  Troy's doom then I and Pallas spoke,
    On town, false folk, and lord.

Less brightly now her ill-famed lover shines
In the lewd Spartan's eyes. Priam's false race
  No longer helped by Hector chase
    The Greeks' embattled lines.

The war, by our dissensions lengthened, lo!
Is ended. From this hour my bitter scorn
Of Troy, my hate for grandson born
Of Ilia, I'll forego

(Though she a Trojan priestess), Mars to appease.
Nay, where we peaceful sit he shall be placed,
And in heaven's courts shall nectar taste.
Nay more, while wide the seas

Are left 'twixt Ilium and Rome to rave,
So long in peace the exiles blest may reign
Where'er they list. While on the plain
Of Troy, and o'er the grave

Of Paris and of Priam cattle stray,
And wild beasts squat unharmed, so long let stand
Rome's Capitol renowned,—her hand
Let humbled Medes obey;

Let her before a world in terror bear
Her name to farthest coasts, beyond where pour
Westward 'twixt Spain and Afric's shore
The middle straits,—or where

Eastward Nile floods his fields. Be it her rule
Gold aye to scorn, left deep by earth o'erlaid;
So better, than when mined, and made
Of impious hands the tool.

Rome shall be free by dint of arms to attain
Earth's farthest bound,—whether she hath desire
To go where rages tropic fire,
Or where brood clouds and rain.

But on this one condition thus I've willed
For warlike Rome, that in no maudlin mood
Of piety or pride she should
Old Troy seek to rebuild.

A Troy with such ill auspices restored
Like loss again shall know. For once again
I, sister-spouse of Jove, in train
Will set my conquering horde.

Nay, if a third Troy they in brass should house,
And Phoebus helped, a third time Troy would burn,
Sacked by my Greeks; third wife would mourn,
Captive, her sons and spouse."

Such talk but ill my sportive lyre beseems.
What mean'st thou, Muse? Cease rashly to rehearse
The speech of gods, or with small verse
Belittle mighty themes.

IV

TO CALLIOPÉ

Descend from Heav'n, queenly Calliopé;
And a long strain, with pipe and thrilling voice,
Or Phoebus' lyre, if such thy choice,
Or cithern, sing for me!

Do ye too hear her? Or doth fond conceit
Mock me? Methinks I hear, methinks I stray
Through the blest groves, where whispering play
Fair streams and zephyrs sweet.

Me, on Apulian Voltur long ago,
Like bliss befel. Past my nurse Pullia's home
Wand'ring, with play and sleep o'ercome,
The fabled doves did throw

Fresh leaves on me. Strange 'twas to all who keep
High Acheruntia's eyry, Bantium's hills,
Or the rich fields Forentum tills,
How thus a child should sleep,

Nor venomed snakes or bears have power to harm;
How I, with sacred bay and myrtle pressed,
Like babe inspired should calmly rest,
Safe through some god-giv'n charm.

Your nursling still, dear Muses, safe I climb
The Sabine steeps! Yours, if Praeneste keen,
Or Tibur's slope, or Baiae's sheen,
Allure me for a time!

Through the dear friendship of your choirs and springs
Philippi slew me not, nor Tree accurst,
Nor Sicily's sea, which at its worst
Round Palinurus swings.

So long as you stand by me, without fear
Seaward mad Bosphorus I'll dare to face,
Landward, Assyria's sunparched space;
For Britain I will steer,

A cruel race, or for the tribe who drink
Mares' blood, Concanians called; bowmen I'll see
Gelonian bred, and safe shall be
By Scythia's river-brink.

When noble Caesar sends his veterans brave
To their town quarters, 'tis to you belongs
To cheer his weariness with songs
From your Pierian cave.

Calm thoughts to give, kind Powers, is your delight!
We know how Jove swept with the hurtling fire
Of his fell bolts the Titans dire,
Curst mob, clean out of sight,—

Jove, who controls slow Earth, and wind-swept Sea,
Cities on earth, and Hades' gloomy den,
And Gods, and mortal Tribes of men,
And reigns with equity,

One and alone! Yet ev'n He might have feared
That daring horde in brutal strength arrayed,
Confederates who fain had laid
A Pelion high upreared

On dark Olympus. But what could avail
Typhoeus, Mimas, Rhoetus strong in fight,
Porphyrion huge, or he whose might
Dared with wrenched trees to assail,

Enceladus,—when 'twas against the shield
Fierce-clanging of Minerva that they swept?
To aid the cause keen Vulcan stept,
Stept Juno, on the field,—

Apollo too, his bow still drawn to aim;
Who laves loose tresses in Castalia clear,
And Pataran, Delian groves holds dear,
Taking from each a name!

For ill-trained strength by its own weight's o'erborne;
But Heav'n, to powers well-ordered, favour lends,
Hating brute-force, which to ill ends
Doth all its travail turn.

Be hundred-handed Gyas witness named,
And lewd Orion, who foul slight would throw
On chaste Diana; her pure bow
The base attempter tamed.

Earth, on her monstrous children piled, must grieve,
Wailing her progeny in hell that drift,
Hurled by Jove's bolt. Hell-fire, though swift,
Cannot through Ætna cleave.

On shameless Tityos' breast devouring deep,
A dreadful warder of his guilt remains,
The bird unclean. Three hundred chains
Lustful Pirithoüs keep.

V

OF ROMAN SOLDIERS' HONOUR

Jove when he thundered we for King confessed;
Augustus too a present god we'll call,
As to Rome's sway new nations fall,
And Britons, Medes, are pressed

Beneath the yoke. And shall we now be told
That men of Crassus, wedding Parthian wives,
Have dared (changed Senate, perjured lives!)
In treason to grow old,

Fighting for their new kin, though Latins bred;
To sacred Shields, to Roman name and gown,
And deathless Vesta, callous grown,—
A Median king their head,

Though Jove and Rome survive? That so 'twould end
Farseeing Regulus divined, when he
Would to no treaties base agree,
Or weak compliance lend

To acts with ruin fraught for ages yet,
If Romans ta'en had not unpitied died.
"Arms, eagles," said he, "I have spied
In Punic temples set,

By Romans bloodless yielded. I have gazed
At hands wrist-bound to backs that free we name;
Seen gates agape, and fields, where flame
And sword of ours had blazed,

Now tilled anew! Forsooth the men ye buy
Will come back better soldiers! Ye but wed
Loss to disgrace. The tarnished thread
Can take no second dye;

And the true valour, once it falls away,
Is by no sham replaced. When fights a hind,
  Soon as the toils have ceased to bind,
    Then he the man will play

Who basely trusted a false enemy's faith;
Then in some later war he'll crush his foe,
  Who Punic chain on wrist did know,
    And cowardly blenched at death.

Frantic to save his life, whate'er the cost,
He mixed up peace with war. O shameful hour!
  Carthage stands high, that climbs to power
    On Italy's honour lost!"

This said, we're told, his faithful wife's embrace,
His babes, he waved aside, as being now
  No Roman; and with frown of brow
    Bent down his manful face.

Hoping in a weak senate to infuse
Share of his own resolve, he for new need
  New counsel gave. Then would he speed
    From weeping friends' adieux,

To exile and to glory. Yet, what pains
The Punic headsman planned for him, he guessed;
  Still calm he thrust aside where pressed
    His kinsfolk, and the trains

Of humbler friends, who stayed him. Even so
Might one, when ends some client's tedious case,
  Calmly to his Venafran place
    Or Greek Tarentum go.

VI

OF ROME'S DEGENERACY

Thy father's crimes shalt thou, the guiltless child,
Repay, O Roman, until thou restore
The fanes and shrines now toppling o'er,
And statues smoke-defiled.

Only while thou before the gods bend low,
Can'st thou be strong. Seek first and last their aid,
Whate'er the task. Ignored, they've laid
On Italy many a woe.

Twice have Monaeses', Pacorus', arms o'erborne
Our evil-starred assaults. Twice have they hung
With glee the spoils from Romans wrung,
Their small neck-chains to adorn.

Rome, with her civil quarrels hampered then,
Came nigh to death, assailed by double foes,—
The Egyptians, with their fleet, with bows
The Dacians, better men.

Fertile in ill, the age infected first
Wedlock and home and pride of honest birth;
Fed from this spring, o'er all the earth
Poured forth the tide accurst.

Our grown girls love to learn Ionian ways
Of lewd suggestion in the dancer's school;
Nay each with evil tricks is full
Ev'n from her callower days.

Wedded, erelong she seeks some younger spark,—
While her man sips his wine,—no matter who,
Forbidden joys to share, and woo
Her favours in the dark.

Nay, orders she'll attend to, nowise nice,
Nor her man either. If some pedlar call,
Or Spanish galleon's master,—all
Are welcome, at a price.

Not from such parents was the manhood nursed
That dyed the sea with Carthaginian blood,
Pyrrhus, Antiochus, withstood,
Or Hannibal accurst.

No, but the sturdy hinds of soldier breed,
Trained with their Sabine spades the soil to turn,
And firewood bring, as mother stern
Day's darg to each decreed,

Ev'n though the setting sun now spread afar
Shade on the hills, and from tired steers removed
Their yokes, bringing eve's hour beloved
On his departing car.

What have the fatal years not brought of ill?
Our father's age, than their sires' not so good,
Bred us ev'n worse than they; a brood
We'll leave that's viler still.

VII

ASTERIÉ

Asterié, why weep for him who's due
To thy dear arms with Spring's first brightening airs,
Rich with Bithynian wares,
Thy Gyges, faithful fond and true?

Doubtless at Oricum storm-stayed he's kept,
Since mad Capella's star rose,—doubtless spent
Chill nights in drear lament,
And for his absent darling wept.

Meanwhile his love-sick hostess' depute says
How she, poor Chloé, sighs in sick desire,
Just like thyself on fire,—
Tempts him (sly wretch) a thousand ways.

Relates how Proteus' naughty wife by lies
Moved her fond husband, in his trust misplaced,
Bellerophon the chaste
To slay, because more chaste than wise.

Tells too, how Peleus was nigh done to death,
Because he chose Hippolyta to spurn;
Each guileful tale in turn,
The pander breathes, but wastes his breath.

More deaf than cliff where seas Icarian smite,
He hears as though he heard not,—pure, till now.
See to thyself, lest thou
Like neighbour Enipeus more than's right.

I own that finer horseman none can see,
When on the field of Mars his steed he guides;
And that upon the tides
Of Tiber none swims swift as he.

Still, as the night falls, best close doors; nor peep
Forth to the streets at sound of plaintive flute.
And though he oft impute
Unkindness, still thy distance keep.

VIII

AN ANNIVERSARY

What I, a bachelor, have got for task,
This first of March, with flowers and censer's blaze
And coal on turf afire, I hear thee ask
In blank amaze,—

And yet in all two tongues can teach, thou'rt skilled!
Learn then, white goat and grateful feast by me
To Bacchus had been vowed, when well-nigh killed
By fall of Tree.

That day's return, well worth a festal wreath,
Shall the pitched cork from out a jar invoke,
Which first in Tullus' consulship did breathe
The chimney smoke.

Quaff, my Maecenas, for thy rescued friend
A hundred cups, and keep till break of day
The lights aglow; yet shall no noise offend,
Or angry fray.

Have done with patriot worries over Rome!
Fall'n is the Dacian Cotison. The Medes
Pursue their luckless quarrellings at home,
And Parthia bleeds.

Bows our old foe upon the Spanish shore,
Cantabria, tamed by fetters long delayed.
Ev'n Scythia slacks her bow, and plots no more
Of border raid.

Careless for once if haply here or there
Rome's hampered, take thy quiet ease with me;
And frankly cheerful while the hour smiles fair,
Let grave things be.

IX

A DIALOGUE

Horace. "As long as I to thy charmed sight
Was pleasing, and none dearer dared to fling
His arms about thy neck of white,
I flourished, wealthier than Persia's King."

Lydia. "While for no other thou didst sigh,
And Lydia was not after Chloé placed,
A maid of fair renown was I,
Than Roman Ilia more nobly graced."

Horace. "Now Thracian Chloé holds my heart.
Sweetly she sings; the lyre she's skilled to play.
Freely for her with life I'll part,
If Fate my love spare till a later day."

Lydia. "Thurian Calais, Ornytus' son,
Warms me with mutual fire naught can allay.
The risk of double death I'll run,
If Fate my lad spare till a later day."

Horace. "What if the ancient love return,
And parted hearts with yoke of brass rebinds,
If I the fair-haired Chloé spurn,
And Lydia scorned the old door open finds?"

Lydia. "Though fairer than a star is he,
Though lighter thou than cork, more prone to ire
Than the insatiate Hadria's sea,—
With thee I'd gladly live, with thee expire."

X

A DOLEFUL SERENADE

Ev'n, Lycé, didst thou drink of distant Don,
Some brute thy husband, thou would'st grudge to cast
My body victim to the native blast,
With these hard posts to lean upon.

Dost hear the din wherewith the gate, the trees
About this "pleasant" courtyard planted, shake;
And how bright Jove the drifted snows doth make
Under his skyey power to freeze?

Beware! the rope may quit the wheel at speed!
From pride, which Venus hates, O get thee free!
No suitor-snubbing chaste Penelopé
Thy Tuscan sire in thee did breed.

Though neither lovers' gifts, nor lovers' sighs,
Nor lovers' violet pallor, nor the share
Of thy own man in that choir-girl's affair,
Melt thee,—to these last desperate cries

Give ear. Not softer thou than mountain oak,
Nor kindlier of heart than Afric snakes!
These ribs at least shall not till morning breaks
At thy chill door endure to soak!

XI

TO MERCURY AND THE LYRE

Thou god, who in Amphion's soul instilled
The art through song Thebes' walls to raise from ground;
And thou, dear Shell, that on seven strings art skilled
To sweetly sound,—

Once dumb thou wert, with no true note or clear,
But now at rich men's board and temples friend;
Teach me a strain whereto her wilful ear
Lydé may lend.

For she like a young filly skips away
Heels up across the field, a skittish thing;
With ne'er a thought of love, while yet she may
She takes her fling.

Thou hast the skill tigers and trees to wile,
And of swift rivers to abate the swell;
Nay, to thy wooing Cerberus did smile,
Grim guard of hell.

Yet round his Fury-seeming head are hung
A hundred snakes for guard; foul is his breath;
And from his monstrous jaw a triple tongue
Drops gory death.

Grimly laughed Tityos and Ixion too;
Rested for once the Danaïds' pitcher dry,
While thou the maidens from their toil did'st woo
With melody.

Make Lydé hear the story of their sin,
And of the pains they suffer, virgins still,
Whose Jar the water, ever flowing in,
Can never fill.

Make her to know the curse which falls though late
On crime, ev'n after death. Fiends sure were they!
What could they worse? Fiends, who in cruel hate
Could bridegrooms slay!

One, only one, proved worthy bridal bed,
To perjured father with brave treason lying,
And for her virgin name, till time is sped,
Earned fame undying.

Thus to her youthful spouse her words did run:
"Rise, lest a sleep unending on thee fall,
Whence thou suspectest not. My father shun
And sisters all,

Maidens accurst, who like she-lions seize
Each her own captive bull, his flesh to rend.
I will not stab thee, nor, more kind than these,
To bondage send.

Me let my father load with cruel chains,
That mercy I to my poor husband show;
Let him o'er sea to far Numidian plains
Force me to go!

Haste thou, where'er or feet or winds may guide!
While love and darkness aid, with luck begone!
And the sad tale some day of thy lost bride,
Carve on her stone!

XII

NEOBULÉ'S COMPLAINT

O the hapless fate of maidens who to love must not give play,
Nor with wine relieve love's heart-aches; else with terror day by day
They must tremble at a bitter uncle's tongue!

O that naughty robber Cupid, Neobulé, how he steals
Every stitch Minerva taught thee, when the wicked god reveals
All the splendour of thy Hebrus, fair and young,

As he shows his gleaming shoulders, while he swims in Tiber's tides,
Or far better than Bellerophon among the horsemen rides,
And as boxer, or as runner, conquers still.

Deft is he too in the open, when the deer in terror fly,
With his dart to overtake them, or the wild boar to espy,
And from lair amid the thickets oust at will.

XIII

BANDUSIA'S FOUNTAIN

Bandusia's fount, more bright than crystal thou,
Well worthy gift of flowers and mellow wine,—
To-morrow at thy shrine
A kid I'll dedicate, whose brow,

Just budding, is to love and battle stirred.
But vainly! With his red blood by and by
Thy waters cool he'll dye,
This youngling of a wanton herd.

Thee the fierce Dogstar with his fiery shock
Can never touch. Thy shadow coolness leaves
For ploughshare-wearied beeves,
And for the straying pastured flock.

Thou too among famed fountains shalt be known,
When I thy holm-oak sing, whose branches wave
Above the rocky cave,
Whence leap thy babbling waters down.

XIV

TRIUMPHAL ODE TO AUGUSTUS

Commons, from Spain our Caesar homeward hies!
Like Hercules, we're told, a laurel wreath
He there hath sought, such as a hero buys
At price of death.

Forth let his spouse, to her great consort true,
Come with thank-offerings just: and by her side
Our famed chief's sister; noble matrons too,
Wearing in pride

Their votive wreaths, for daughter dear or son
Now safe returned. And you, fair youths, I pray
And girls late wed, words of ill omen shun,
Nor mar the day,—

A day to me so glad, that moody cares
Shall be quite banished. No tumultuous tide
Or stroke of death I'll fear, while Caesar bears
Sceptre world-wide.

Bring scents, boy, wreaths, and jar of wine that knew
The Marsian war, and keeps the name alive!
Haply from roving Spartacus some few
Unbroached survive.

And tell clear-voiced Neaera quick to braid
In simple coil her locks of auburn hair;
But if through her sour porter thou'rt delayed,
E'en leave him there!

Years with their whitening locks subdue the heart
Once keen for lawsuits and the reckless fray;
I had not taken thus the peaceful part
In Plancus' day.

XV

TO CHLORIS

Thou, wife of humble Ibycus,
Fix at long last a limit to thy sin,
And to thy labours infamous;
Now that thy span more near to death draws in,

Cease with the maidens to disport,
Or on their starry sheen to cast disgrace.
That which with Pholoé doth assort,
Befits not thee so well. With better face

Thy daughter young men's homes may storm,
Like frenzied Bacchant whom the timbrels craze;
'Tis love of Nothus that doth warm
Her heart, when like some wanton roe she plays.

Thee, wools near famed Luceria shorn
Better become, not cithern's tinkling note,
Nor rose-wreaths shining like the morn,
Nor jars drained to the lees by aged throat.

XVI

OF RICHES AND CONTENTMENT

Imprisoned Danaé, what with brass-bound vault,
And doors of oak, and hounds that watchful swarmed,
Must have for ever been preserved unharmed
From nightly gallants' rude assault,

If Jove and Venus had not laughed to scorn
Acrisius, the hid girl's cowardly guard,
Since clear the way would be, the gate unbarred,
Once god should be as gold reborn.

Gold can a path through hosts of warders clear,
And walls of stone more swiftly can displace
Than ever lightning could. Thus fell the race
Of Amphiaraüs, Argive seer,

By gold undone. With bribes, full many a town
The Macedonian opened, and o'erthrew
The power of jealous kings. Ships' captains, too,
Bribes oft can net, though stern their frown.

As riches grow, care follows, and a thirst
For more and more. Maecenas, knighthood's praise,
Well 'twas for me, that I have shunned to raise
My head, to be by envy curst.

The more a man denies himself, Heaven gives
So much the more. I gladly strip me bare,
And from the rich man's camp to his repair,
Who with life's least contented lives,—

More gloriously rich, despising pelf,
Than, were it said that in my barns I house
To the last ear what stout Apulia ploughs,
If midst it all I'm poor myself.

A rill of sparkling water, woodland dells
Some acres wide, a cornfield's hopeful show,
These with their deeper bliss he cannot know,
Who with rich Libya's lordship swells.

Though no Calabrian bees their honeys bear,
Nor vintage wine grows old for my delight
In Formian jar, nor upon pastured height
Of Gallic hills grow fleeces rare

For me,—yet cruel Stint haunts not my doors,
Nor if I wished for more, would'st thou withhold;
Still, better by desires wisely controlled
Shall I enhance my modest stores,

Than could I join all Croesus' wealthy land
To gold-fed Midas' bounds. Who much doth crave,
Much ever lacks. Happy to whom Heaven gave
Just what's enough, with sparing hand.

XVII

TO AELIUS LAMIA

Aelius, thou scion of old Lamus' race,—
'Tis said at least that every Lamia names
Lamus for ancestor, and claims
Through pedigrees to trace

The lineage down: him then thou sure must boast
Thy founder, who the walls of Formiae
First ruled, and Liris' stream (they say)
That laps Marica's coast,—

A mighty monarch he! Well, storms erelong
Down sweeping from the east shall strew the grove
With leaves, with useless wrack the cove;
Else my rain-prophet's wrong,

A raven old. Dry wood, ere tempest soaks,
Go fetch. Thou must thy birthgod cheer at morn
With wine, and pigling two months born,
Thou and thy resting folks.

XVIII

TO FAUNUS

Faunus,—fond courtier of the Nymphs who flee,—
Entering my bounds, O bless each sunny field;
And as thou leav'st them, to my kidlings be
As friend revealed!

Since, chos'n for thee each year's end from my fold,
A kid is slain; the bowl, kind Venus' friend,
Brims for thee full with wine; from altar old
Rich fumes ascend.

Skip all my beasts with joy upon the mead,
Whene'er thy day, December's fifth, hath place;
Hamlet and steer, from toil together freed,
Thy feast-day grace.

My lambs that day no prowling wolf need dread;
The woods for tribute drop their leafy treasure.
Each ditcher joys the hated earth to tread
In triple measure.

XIX

IN HONOUR OF MURAENA MADE AUGUR

How far the space from Inachus,
To Codrus, he who for his country fell,—
How long the line of Aeacus,—
Or who fought whom at Troy,—thou'rt quick to tell;

But what a cask of Chian costs,
Or who'll provide hot water, who afford
Houseroom, or at what hour the frosts
From those Pelignian hills I'll thaw,—no word!

Wine, for the *Rising Moon!* Ho, wine
For *Midnight's Hour!* Quick, boy! A bumper toast
I give,—*Muraena Augur!* "One to nine"
Mild cups are mixed, or "one to three" at most;

The man who loves his Muses odd
Will claim his ladlings three times three,
Being bard inspired. But drunkard's mode
Of three beyond, for peace' sake must not be.

So the nude sister Graces think,
Being foes of strife. But I'm for folly! Why
Blow not the pipes? Why when we drink
Hangs the flute idle with the lyre laid by?

The stingy hand at feasts I hate!
Fling roses! Let sour Lycus hear the din!
And our fair neighbour, ill-matched mate
Of dotard Lycus, let her list within!

O Telephus, of the clustered hair,
Youth bright and clear as evening star a-blooming,
Thou'rt loved by Rhodé ripe and fair,—
Me, a slow flame for Glycera's consuming.

XX

A SCULPTURED CONTEST

See'st thou not, Pyrrhus, what thy risk to beard
That Afric lioness' cubs? Thou show'st thee proud,
But when the tussle's o'er thou'lt fly afeared,
A spoiler cowed,

When through thy serried ranks her course shall be,
The bright Nearchus claiming! Stern the maul!
Settling if in more part the prize to thee,
Or her, shall fall.

But whilst thy shafts thou'rt drawing keen and fast,
And she her fangs is whetting, death to wreak,—
The contest's umpire 'neath bare foot hath cast
The palm they seek.

A fresh breeze sweeps his shoulder, and his hair
Flows odorous down: a Nireus fair he seems,
Or Ganymede, the youth whom Jove did bear
From Ida's streams.

XXI

FOR CORVINUS

Good Jar, whose years like mine from Manlius date,
Born (who can tell?) to make men jest or weep,
Quarrel, love madly, or just sleep,—
Whate'er the mood or state

For which thou'rt nursing that old brand of thine,
Only on some auspicious day shouldst thou
Be drawn! Come then, Corvinus now
Demands a mellower wine!

Never shall he, although he's soaked already
In talks Socratic, rudely say thee no:
Oft ev'n old Cato's worth would glow
('Tis said) with bumpers heady.

Thou hast the power to apply a merry screw
To souls else hard to draw. Then wise men's craft
And secret plans, by waggish draught
Thou dost disclose to view.

To sorrow-stricken mourners thou bring'st hope,
Strength dost thou give, lifting the poor man's horn;
Then, monarch's angry crowns he'll scorn,
And with armed warriors cope.

Venus, if kind, and Bacchus who unbars
Men's hearts, and Graces slow their clasp to break,
And lamps, shall keep thy power awake,
Till Phoebus chase the stars.

XXII

HYMN TO DIANA

Protectress pure of hills and wooded heath
Thou who, thrice called, makest young wives immune
From child-birth pangs and savest them from death,—
Goddess triune,—

Thine be this pine-tree, o'er my villa bending,
Whose stem I hope to drench, in pious trust,
Yearly with blood of boar-pig, just intending
His first side-thrust.

XXIII

TO PHIDYLÉ, A COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE

If, rustic Phidylé, on New-moon's day
With hands upturned to heaven thou make thy vow;
And to the housegods, pigling thou,
Nard, and new corn, repay,—

Then no Sirocco shall thy vines make brown,
No mildew blast thy crops; no killing blight
In apple-bearing time shall smite
Thy tender nurslings down.

As for the costly beasts that browsing feed
On snowy Algidus, 'mid ilex-trees
And oaks, or graze on Alba, these
In votive death shall bleed

By Pontiffs' axe-stroke. Thy small gods to tempt
With lavished blood of ewes, were bootless cost,—
From aught but rosemary at most,
And myrtle gift, exempt.

And if no vow fix what thy hand must lay
Upon the altar, then parched corn and salt
As well 'fore heaven shall clear a fault,
As costlier victims may.

XXIV

OF ROME'S DECAY

Though than Arabia's treasured gold
And all the wealth of Ind thou wealthier be;
Though with thy ponderous piles thou hold
The whole Tyrrhenian, ay, or Pontic sea;

Yet since the coping on thy roof
Dire Fate her adamantine bolts hath set,
Ne'er shall thy shrinking soul be proof
'Gainst terror, and Death's all-enfolding net.

Better the Scythians live, whose days
Are spent in huts, dragged each on its own wain
Across the steppes. Wiser the ways
Of the rude Goths, whose fields unmarked remain,

Freely for each in turn to yield
Their fruits. No tillage longer than a year
They grant. When each hath wrought his field,
For a successor next the way is clear.

There from step-babes, their mother dead,
A woman holds her hand, is good and kind.
No rich wife rules the man she's wed,
Or dares to some spruce lover give her mind.

Their parents' worth for dower they prize,
And their own virtue, that in simple faith
Must shrink from stranger's touch; their eyes
Gazing appalled at sin, whose ransom's death.

O if there be a man whose claim
'Twill be to end our deeds of civic wrong,—
If on his statues writ the name
"Father of Cities" he desires erelong,—

Then let him dare our wills unblest
To tame, and so earn after-ages' praise;
For Virtue living we detest,
But mourn the goodness vanished from our gaze.

What benefit are empty wails,
If crime we prune not with a knife severe?
Where life is tainted, what avails
Law without morals? Men no longer fear

The zone to invade of sweltering heat,
Or the drear northern waste, whose snow-clad soil
Stands fast with frost. Our merchants meet
The ocean's rage with skill and conquering toil.

Thus Poverty's inglorious load
Bids man unheard-of things endure and try;
While Virtue's solitary road
He deems too steep, and cowardly passes by.

Let's to Rome's Capitol hand o'er,—
The shouts of flattering mobs invite us there,—
Or in the nearest sea-depths pour
Our pearls, our gems, our gold, a useless ware!

Gold, source of evil last and first,
Away with it, if we for sin repent!
We must this root of greed accurst
Pluck up; and young minds on indulgence bent

We must in sterner studies guide!
The young lord now, how high soe'er his race,
Knows not with easy seat to ride;
He fears to hunt; gambles with better grace.

At the Greek hoop he'll challenge you,
Or dice, though these no Roman laws allow.
His sire meanwhile, to rogue-craft true,
Cheats partner, ay, guest-friend, no matter how,

And hastes to enrich a worthless heir.
For with his growing wealth insatiate still,
Ever a gap he thinks shows bare,
Which one small profit more is like to fill.

XXV

A BACCHANALIAN RHAPSODY

Whither, O Bacchus, bear'st thou me,
Filled with thee full? To what groves swept along,
Or caves, in rapture fresh from thee,
Shall the grots hear me meditate a song,

That glorious Caesar's fame shall place
Amid the stars, and in Jove's council-hall?
Song let me sing shall do him grace,
Fresh, such as ne'er from other lips did fall!

Ev'n as to wakeful votary,
From far height gazing, Hebrus' stream gives thrill,
And savage-haunted Rhodopé,
And snow-clad Thrace,—like joys my bosom fill

Wand'ring by banks and woodlands lone.
O Naiads' King and Bacchants', who through thee
Have strength tall ash-trees to dethrone,
And by mere wrenching sink their majesty,—

No petty song or low be mine,
Naught in't be mortal! Sweet the attempt hath been,
God of the wine-press, brow to twine
Like thee, with chaplet of the vine-leaf green!

XXVI

LOVE RENOUNCED AND RESUMED

I've lived my life, a lover with the best,
Nor without glory my love-fights I fought:
Now arms and war-worn lute I've brought,
Upon that wall to rest,

Which on her left doth sea-born Venus guard.
Here, ay! just here, the gleaming flambeaux set,
Crowbars, and bows, which many a threat
Once hurled at gateways barred!

O thou who art of fertile Cyprus queen
And Memphis, where no Thracian snows can reach,
Raise thou the whip just once, and teach
Chloé a milder mien.

XXVII

TO GALATEA WISHING GOOD VOYAGE

Let screech-bird's cry bode impious travellers ill,
While pregnant bitch or gravid vixen prowls,
Or dun she-wolf, that from Lanuvium's hill
Portentous howls.

Let serpent blight their course ev'n from the start,
When like an arrow flashed in flight oblique
It scares their ponies! But if friend depart
Good words I'll speak,

Watching the signs; and ere a bird, whose cries
Mean murky weather, for dull bogland bends,
A crow I'll call, that from the eastern skies
Fair omen sends.

Good luck goes, Galatea, with thee still;
O be my name upon thy heart engraven!
Upon the left no woodpecker bodes ill,
Or flitting raven!

Yet may'st thou see amid what dire unrest
Orion hastes to setting. Well I know
Hadria's wild wrath, and how, though clear's the west,
Winds thence can blow.

May our foes' wives and children learn the roar
Of fierce sou-wester blindly driv'n, the whirl
Of surges dark, and buffets of the shore,
Where breakers swirl!

So felt Europa, when her snowy form
She to the crafty Bull did trust, and gazed
On yawning seas, where weltering monsters swarm,—
Brave yet amazed.

Some hours ere then she strolled through meads in bloom,
Twining a votive wreath the Nymphs to please;
Now in dim darkness, naught but ocean's gloom
And stars she sees.

Soon as she touched Crete's hundred-citied isle,
"Woe, Sire!" she wailed, "for my lost maiden name,
And maiden honour, which a love most vile
Foully o'ercame!

Whence came I, whither go? Death singly seems
For maiden's fault too light. Do I for sure
Waking deplore a sin, or, mocked by dreams,
Am I still pure,—

Dreams of deceit sent through the ivory gate?
Which was the better choice, through weary hours
To traverse tedious seas, or, as of late,
Pluck tender flowers?

O that some hand that thrice-accurséd Steer
Would to my wrath betray! How should I strive
With steel the monster's horns, erstwhile so dear,
To rend and rive!

Shameless was I to leave my father's home;
Am shameless still, failing myself to slay.
O god that hears, may I 'mid lions roam,
A naked prey!

Ere squalid wasting mar this damask cheek,
Or savour from this dainty form hath passed,
While young and fair, to tigers' maw I seek
Straight to be cast.

Perchance from my far sire these words are wrung.
'Base girl, thus slow to die! Thy girdle take,—
Lucky 'twas left,—and on this ash-tree hung,
Thy neck go break!

Or if a cliff, and rocks all sharp for death,
Please better, cast thee where the storms sweep by.
Else must thou, cringing at a mistress' breath
The distaff ply;

And, princess born, be forced some barbarous dame,
Poor concubine, to serve.'" To her thus wailing
Venus with quizzing smile, and Cupid, came,
His slack bow trailing.

The goddess laughed a while, then thus commands
" 'Twere well these angry censures to forbear,
When that curst Bull shall give into thy hands
His horns to tear.

Of mighty Jove unknowing spouse thou art!
Cease then thy sobs; and life in future frame
Fitting thy state. Of the round world one part
Shall bear thy name."

XXVIII

TO LYDÉ

On Neptune's feast how best approach
Our festal task? Quick, Lydé, from its vault
The treasured Caecuban come broach,
And on embattled wisdom make assault!

Swift doth the mid-day sun decline;
Yet thou, as though the day would never fail,
Art slack that lingering jar of wine
With " Bibulus Consul " stamped, from bin to hale!

I, taking the first turn, will tell
Of Neptune and his green-tressed Nereïd court.
Next thou shalt sing, to thy curved Shell,
Latona, and swift Cynthia armed for sport.

Of Venus last, who Cnidos loves
And the bright Cyclad isles, and o'er the surge
Oft with linked swans to Paphus roves.
Night too shall have her meed, in timely dirge.

XXIX

TO MAECENAS

Scion of Tuscan Kings, a wine of brand
Mellow and still untapped, with roses fair,
And fragrant nut-oil for thy hair,
Long have I kept in hand.

Cast lingering from thee, nor for ever view
Lush Tibur, Aefula's slope, the long hillside,
Where Telegon of old did bide,
He who his father slew.

Quit for a time the luxury that cloys,
And thy high towers which touch the dizzy clouds;
Admire not so Rome's smoke and crowds,
And all her prosperous noise.

Oft do the rich find in a change relief;
And a plain meal beneath a poor man's roof,
With no proud curtains' purpled woof,
Smooths the tired brow of grief.

'Tis summer now. Cepheus, late hid, doth blaze;
Bright Procyon rages, and the increasing glow
Of the fierce Lion's star doth show
Return of sweltering days.

The weary shepherd with his drooping sheep
Seeks the cool stream, and shade of clustered trees
To rough Silvanus dear. No breeze
Wakes the hushed banks from sleep.

Yet still thou'rt brooding what adjustment new
Best fits our country's case; for her thy care,
What factious Don and China dare,
Or Bactria's King, to do.

Wisely doth Heaven the future's issues mask
In night of murkiest darkness,—wisely smiles,
When foolish fear poor men beguiles
Forbidden things to ask.

Learn calm to face what's pressing. For the rest,
Life's like a river's flow, which now shall glide
Straight on to meet the Tuscan tide:
Now on its storm-tost breast

Sweeps cattle, trees uprooted, loosened stones,
Ev'n houses, all in one. A rumbling fills
Near woods and distant echoing hills,
While the rent river moans,

Which erst had flowed so still. Self-centred he,
And blest, who can make boast each coming night
"This day I've lived." Or dark or bright
To-morrow's dawn may be,

As Jove shall please. But never deed that's done
Can ev'n high Heaven make as 'twere thing of naught;
Or act, by Time to issue brought,
Cancel as though 'twere none.

Fortune, her cruel trade quite to her mind,
Persistent still her wanton game to play,
Transfers her favours day by day,—
To me, to others, kind.

Stays she, I'm pleased; but if swift wings she shake,
I drop her paltry gifts, wrapping my life
In its own worth; and Want for wife,
Undowered but honest, take.

'Tis not my way to fly to shabby prayers,
If in some southern gale the mast should creak;
Or patched-up peace by vows to seek,
For fear some cherished wares

From Tyre or Cyprus go to enrich the tide.
A breeze ev'n then will o'er the Aegean waft
Safely my little two-oared craft,
The Twin-Star god my guide.

XXX

A CLOSING SONG TO HIS MUSE

A monument I've achieved more strong than brass,
Soaring kings' pyramids to overpass;
Which not corroding raindrip shall devour,
Or winds that from the north sweep down in power,
Or years unnumbered as the ages flee!
I shall not wholly die. What's best of me
Shall 'scape the tomb. In later praise I'll grow
Still fresh, as long as Vestal still and slow
With Pontiff climbs Rome's Capitol. Men shall tell,
Where Aufidus' fierce torrents rave and swell,
Where drought-vexed Daunus filled a rustic throne,
How I, from humble stock to greatness grown,
First dared Aeolian song with Latin speech
To attune. Forth then for well-earned prize outreach
Thy hand, Melpomené, and deign to lay
Upon my locks chaplet of Delphic bay!

THE ODES—BOOK IV

I

TO VENUS

Venus, thy long forgone campaign
Would'st thou renew? Spare me, O spare, I pray!
Not now, as in kind Cinara's reign
My manly strength. Stern mother of Cupids gay,

Cease at long last a man to try,
Left by his years, which touch two score and ten,
Hardmouthed to thy soft tyranny!
Go where fond prayers invite of younger men;

Fly hence on thy bright swans upstayed,
And for young Paulus Maximus enquire;
There richer feast is for thee laid,
If thou dost seek a fitting heart to fire.

Handsome, highborn, he's quick to raise
His voice for trembling friends at justice' bar;
Young, charming in a hundred ways,
The standards of thy fight he'll carry far.

Then gladly, should he by thy power
Some rival rich and liberal outpace,
'Neath a brave citrus-pillared bower
By Alba's lakes thy statue he will place.

There incense to thy heart's desire
Thou'lt breathe, and listen for thy soul's rejoicing
To Berecyntian pipe and lyre,
Mingled with music of the flute's sweet voicing;

There twice a day will maidens sweet
And youths in choir make thy dear praise resound,
And with their brightly gleaming feet
In Salian measure triply tread the ground.

Nor maid nor youth delights me now,
Nor credulous dream of heart's exchange, nor hours
Of challenged wine-bout, nor the brow
Girt with a wreath of freshly gathered flowers.

And yet, dear Ligurinus, why
Falls thus the infrequent teardrop o'er my cheek?
Why on my lips thus faltering die
The love-pleas, once so manful, now so meek?

In nightly dreams I hold thee fast,
Or o'er the Campus Martius flying chase thee,
Or through the waters speeding past,
I follow on, unkind one, to embrace thee!

II

TO IULUS ANTONIUS, A BROTHER POET

The poet who with Pindar seeks to vie
Soars on such wax-bound wings as Daedalus framed,
Only that some green sea may by and by
From him be named.

Like torrent's clamorous rush adown the steep,
Which rains have sent past banks familiar roaring,
So Pindar's song flows onward full and deep,
Unfathomed pouring.

Well worthy he Apollo's wreath to gain,
When down bold dithyrambs new words he flings,
And in a verse no alien laws restrain,
Impetuous sings,

Whether of gods, and kings with gods for sires,
Through whom by a just death the Centaurs fell,—
Fell, too, the grim Chimaera, belching fires
Her foes to quell,

Or sings of boxers, or steeds swift of flight,
Led home like gods bearing the palm they gain,
But not a hundred statues shall delight
Like Pindar's strain;

Or mourns a warrior reft from weeping spouse,
And to the skies uplifts in golden setting
The splendour of his virtues, nor allows
Chill Death's forgetting;

Mighty's the breath in each, to bear on high
The Swan of Dircé, when to Cloudland's plains
He soars. More like some tiny bee am I.
With endless pains

Sipping the scented thyme, it flits along
The Matine hills; I round moist Tibur's glen
Wander, a modest poet, and my song
Laborious pen.

Thyself shall sing, Bard of a mightier quill,
Great Caesar's praise, when with earned wreath on head,
Sygambrians fierce he up the Sacred Hill
Hath proudly led;

Caesar, than whom no boon of nobler worth
Fate or kind gods e'er gave, or e'er shall give,
Ev'n though the Golden Age upon the earth
Once more may live.

Thyself shall sing of festivals and sports,
Proclaimed to show a nation's thankful glee
For brave Augustus come,—sing Justice' courts
From causes free.

Then if to me is giv'n a fitting word,
My voice with thine full-throated I shall raise;
" Fair Sun," I'll sing, thankful for prince restored,
" Day worth our praise! "

Thee, Triumph God, ev'n as thy car ascends,
Thee, Triumph God, not once nor twice we'll name;
All Rome will name thee; and to gods proved friends
Incense shall flame!

Thy vow will cost thee, Iulus, many kine.
One new-weaned calf, which on lush grass doth stray
Feeding his lusty youth, shall pay for mine,
On that blest day;

On brow a mark he bears as white as snow,
Shaped like the crescent moon, rising in view
On her third eve; his skin elsewhere doth show
A tawny hue.

III

TO MELPOMENÉ

He whom at birth thou'st smiled upon
Just once, dear Muse, shall ne'er at Isthmian game
Be decked for boxing victory won.
No steed of strength shall from the field of fame

In Greek car bear him conqueror home.
Nor shall great Rome his form have e'er beheld
Bay-wreathed to her high Capitol come
In triumph for king's haughty threat'nings quelled.

But him, the brooks that peaceful glide
Past fertile Tibur's tilth, and the deep shade
Of leaf-clad trees, to fame shall guide,
For songs such as Aeolian poets made.

The sons of Rome,—'mongst cities chief and queen,—
Deign, in the poet-band whom she holds dear,
To grant me place. And now less keen
Detraction at my heels doth snarl and sneer.

Pierian Muse, whose fingers rule
The dulcet chime of music's golden shell,—
Thou who could'st ev'n dumb fishes school
To sing like swans, if thou didst think it well,—

'Tis by thy gift that passers wait
For my appearing, and a finger raise,
"Rome's Bard" to point at. Whether great
Or small my power to please, thine, thine the praise!

IV

IN PRAISE OF DRUSUS

Like the winged warder of the thunder's roll,
Whom o'er the birds of air Jove king decreed,
Because proved true when Ganymede,
The fair-haired boy, He stole,—

Lo, from the eyry, though untrained for flight,
Forth-driven by youth and inborn strength, he hies,
Soon as Spring's breeze and cloudless skies
His wavering swoop invite;—

Then, stronger grown, he to fresh effort wakes,
Ruthless campaign on sheepfolds next to wage;
Last, hunger and the warrior's rage
Hurl him on writhing snakes:

Or like a lion's cub that speeds away
From his brown mother's dugs on roe-deer straight,
Which, on lush grass intent, too late
Sees him in act to slay,—

So showed young Drusus 'neath the Alpine heights
To our Vindelic foes. The why and how,
That from old times these wield till now
An Amazon axe in fights,

I have not asked; all things man may not learn.
Enough meanwhile, that foes, who long and far
Had forced their conquering way in war,
By a youth's plans in turn

O'erthrown, found to their cost what breed and brain
Can grow to, fostered by Augustus' care,—
For what great issues youths prepare,
Whom his pure home shall train.

Only from parents brave, brave sons proceed.
Horses alike and steers the merit prove,
That was their sires'. No timid dove,
Do warlike eagles breed.

Yet doth wise schooling inborn powers extend;
And culture, rightly ordered, to brave hearts
New vigour brings; but manly parts,
Undrilled, fail in the end.

What, Rome, thou ow'st the Neros, testify
Metaurus stream, fall'n Hasdrubal, Rome's day
Of hope renewed, when passed away
The cloud from Latin sky,—

The day which first smiled with glad victory,
Since Hannibal's dread power through Italy passed
Like flame through firewood, or like blast
Scouring Sicilian sea.

From that day forth, Rome's manhood grew apace
In prosperous toils; and Roman fanes, brought low
By impious Punic scathe, could show
Their gods once more in place.

Till at the last false Hannibal hath said:
" Like deer are we, of ravening wolves the spoils;
Yet madly chase we foes, whose toils
'Twere triumph to evade.

The race, that from Troy's burning took its strength,
And tempest-tost bore through the Tuscan foam
Gods, babes, and aged sires, from home
To Latium's towns at length,—

Like oak on dark-leaved Algidus, which grows
Stronger, the more with keen axe-stroke 'tis shorn,
That race, through loss and death reborn,
Sword-hewn, the braver shows.

Not harder proved the Hydra, which increased,
In Hercules' spite, the more he mowed it down;
Not Thebes did breed, by Cadmus sown,
Nor Colchis, direr beast!

Deep sink it in the sea, 'twill rise more hale;
Grip it, and though ne'er foiled as yet thou engage,
'Twill throw thee, and fresh battles wage,
For wives to tell the tale.

Never again shall message proud be sped
By me to Carthage. Gone, ah! gone, the fame,
The hope and fortune of our name,
Now Hasdrubal is dead!"

Nothing is there on earth which Claudian hands
Shall not accomplish. For with kindly power
Jove guards them, and when dangers lower
Wisdom a way commands.

V

TO AUGUSTUS

Born under kindly gods, best guardian thou
Of Romulus' race, absent art thou too long!
Promise of swift return thou gave the throng
Of thy high Senate,—come then, now!

Restore, kind chief, light to this land of thine;
For when, like Spring, thou dost thy face display
For thy folk's joy, more sweetly goes the day,
And the new morns serener shine.

Ev'n as a mother longs, when o'er the plain
Of wide Carpathian seas fierce storm's alarms
And envious gales from her fond waiting arms
Long past the year her boy detain,—

Calling with omens, prayers and vows, her gaze
Ever toward the curving shore she sets;
So, pierced with loyal passion of regrets,
His land for absent Caesar prays.

For safe our oxen now stray in the fields;
Ceres and bounteous Joy our tillage bless;
Over the seas, now peaceful, sailors press,
And Honour her fair credit shields.

No vileness now to cleansed homes enters in;
New ways, new laws have the old blots erased.
For children like her spouse each wife is praised;
And vengeance follows close on sin.

Who Parthia would fear or Scythia cold,
Or the huge swarms that German forests breed,
While Caesar lives to save us? Who would heed
The war waged by Iberia bold?

Each tills his own vine-slope till sun goes down,
Wedding his vines to the once-widowed trees;
Then cheerly to his cups, pledging in these
Thy name divine, the feast to crown;

And with much prayer and gift of sprinkled wine,
Thy favour, with his housegods' joined, doth crave,
So grateful Greece to Hercules honours gave
And Castor, deeming them divine.

"Such festivals long years for Italy yet
Grant us, kind Prince!" This pray'r at sober dawn,
While day's before us,—this, when wine is drawn,
We speak, what time suns seaward set.

VI

TO APOLLO AND DIANA

Thou scourge of boasters, as lewd Tityos proved,
And Niobé, who saw her children slain;
Achilles too, whom thy stern stroke removed
Ere Troy was ta'en,—

Greater than others, matched with thee but small,
Though he, of sea-nymph Thetis son, could shake
With his tremendous spear Troy's leaguered wall,
And bid it quake,—

There like a pine by biting axe-stroke shorn,
Or cypress brought to ground by eastern gust,
Stretched all abroad he laid his neck forlorn
In Trojan dust.

Not he the man in that false steed to cower
From Pallas named, or at Troy's ill-timed feast
To skulk in Priam's court, at the glad hour
When looked-for least.

He would his foes in open fight have matched,
Have burned the very babes in Greek-lit fire,
O cruel! ev'n the unborn from womb have snatched,
In vengeful ire,

Had not the Father, moved by words of thine
And of kind Venus, to Aeneas willed,
That walls with kindlier omens for his line
He yet should build.

Thou, who clear-voiced Thalia dost inspire,
And in the Xanthus stream thy hair dost lave,
Apollo, smooth-cheeked God, the Latin lyre
Defend and save!

'Tis Pheobus' self granteth to my desires
Breath of true poesy, and the poet's name;
Therefore, proud maidens, and ye sons of sires
Glorious in fame,—

Since Dian doth protect you, she who stays
With her dread bow the stags and lynxes fleet,—
Mark well the Lesbian cadence of my lays,
And finger-beat;

So shall ye fitly sing Latona's son;
Sing the curved goddess who o' nights doth shine,
Blessing the crops, and making swiftly run
The months in line.

Some day when wed thou'lt boast, girl, "I was one
Who sang the heaven-blessed hymn by Horace taught,
What time the Century's feast by circling sun
Once more was brought."

VII

TO TORQUATUS

Gone are the snows, grass to the fields returns,
Their tresses to the trees.
Earth decks herself afresh; the wimpling burns
Less full flow down the leas.

Lo! the nude Graces linked with Nymphs appear,
In the Spring dance at play!
No round of hopes for us! So speaks the year,
And Time that steals our day.

Melts Winter in the zephyrs; Summer treads
On heels of Spring; in turn
To die, when Autumn forth her fruitage sheds;
Last, Winter dull and stern.

Yet new moons swift replace the seasons spent;
But when we forth are thrust,
Where old Aeneas, Tullus, Ancus went,
Shadow are we and dust.

Who knows that Heaven to this day's gift will please
To-morrow's sun to lend?
And all thy goods a greedy heir will seize,
Save what thyself did spend.

Once thou art dead, and Minos' high decree
Shall speak to seal thy doom—
Though noble, pious, eloquent thou be,
These snatch not from the tomb.

Hippolytus, though chaste, Diana's love
Saves not from Death's grim hands;
Nor, for Pirithoüs dear, can Theseus move
The grip of Lethé's bands.

VIII

TO CENSORINUS

Cups would I freely give, and bronzes fine
Bestow, dear friend, on every friend of mine;
Tripods I'd give, by Greeks for manful deed
As prizes gained,—nor least would be thy meed.
That is, were I so rich as to have bought
Works by Parrhasius or Scopas wrought,—
The first in colours soft, in stone the second,
A man or god to picture, skilful reckoned.
Not such my treasure, nor doth thy degree
Or temper ask such luxuries from me.
Thy fancy's all for poesy; 'tis mine
To give thee that; hear me its worth define!
Neither the public praise on marble urns
Engraved, whereby to patriots dead returns
The breath of life,—not Hannibal's fierce ire
And threats hurled back in ruin, nor the fire
Of impious Carthage burnt, makes him more famed,
Who snatched an epithet from Afric tamed,
Than does his poet friend's Calabrian muse,
When Ennius lauds him. So, if pen refuse
To tell the tale of thy good deeds, 'tis plain
Thou too wilt fail thy due reward to gain.
How had Mars' son and Ilia's e'er endured,
If Silence grim had Romulus' deeds obscured?
Snatched from death's waves, ev'n Aeacus, judge below,
His refuge in the blesséd isles doth owe
To poet's gift, and poet's kindly breath.
Him whom the Muse deems worth her praise, no death
Can reach; she grants him heaven. At Jove's prized board
She doth strong Hercules a place accord.
Castor and Pollux, 'tis the Muse that marks
As Stars, who from the deep save storm-tost barks.
Through her, his brows adorned with vine-leaves green,
Bacchus in act of answering prayers is seen.

IX

TO LOLLIUS

Lest thou should'st think perchance the words may die
Which I, by roaring Aufidus born, impart
For lyre to sing to, by an art
None earlier dared to try,—

Though Homer highest sits, still set we near
Pindar, Simonides, Alcaeus strong;
Still from Stesichorus a song
Of dignity we hear.

Time hath not yet effaced the merry jest
Anacreon sang. Still lives and glows the fire
Aeolian Sappho to her lyre
Whispered from love-sick breast.

Not Spartan Helen only, burned to gaze
On lover's braided locks, or joyed to see
His train of regal pageantry,
And charm of princely ways.

Teucer was not the first well-skilled to loose
Shaft from a Cretan bow. Troys many a time
Were sacked; more than one fight sublime
A huge Idomeneus

Or Sthenelus waged worthy to be sung.
Not stern Deïphobus or Hector brave
Took wounds, chaste wife or child to save,
First since the world was young.

Oft before Agamemnon brave men warred;
But all unwept they lie in endless night,
Lacking, to deck their deeds with light,
Song of a heaven-taught bard.

Valour unsung shows in no nobler dress
Than cowardice when dead. 'Tis mine to save
Thy virtues, Lollius, from the grave;
No sour forgetfulness

Shall I permit to gnaw thy toils away.
A mind hast thou skilled in the world's affairs,
One that through good and evil bears
Right onward, nor doth stray

From that just honesty, which can but hate
The tricks of greed, and which no love of gain,
That all-absorbing pest, doth stain.
Thou play'st the magistrate

Not one year, but as oft as honour's laws
Thou dost uphold, or frown vile gifts aside,
Or through opposing armies ride,
Victor in Virtue's cause.

The wealthy man thou could'st not rightly choose
As the supremely happy; rightlier goes
The name to him, who wisely knows
The gifts of Heaven to use;

Knows too to face reverse without a sigh,
Nor death before dishonour fears to take;
Ready for dear companions' sake,
Or native land, to die.

X

TO LIGURINUS

Though hard thou art still, thyself on the dear gift
of beauty pluming,
Yet when the unlooked-for change shall come to check
thy pride's presuming;

When clipt the locks that now about thy neck
in curls repose,
When thy complexion's radiance, now more bright
than any rose,
Fading hath changed thy daintiness to gloom
of years' decays,—
"Alas!" thou'lt cry, as on an altered self
in glass thou'lt gaze,
"Why to my youth was not the wisdom given
which now I share?
Or with my old desires why come not back
youth's cheeks as fair?"

XI

FOR MAECENAS' BIRTHDAY

A cask I treasure full of Alban wine,
Nine years matured and more; my garden shows
Parsley, dear Phyllis, fit thy wreath to twine;
And ivy grows

In plenty, to adorn thy tresses' splendour;
The house with silver shines; an altar stands
In vervain wreathed, longing till lambkin tender
Fall by my hands.

Each helpful soul is busy; in a whirl
Scurry the lads and maids about the rooms;
The very flames are bustling, as they curl
Their sooty fumes.

And now to tell thee why this glad unrest,—
'Tis Ides-day, girl, for which thy help is due,
The day which parts the month by Venus blest,
April, in two.

It is a day which justly I revere,
Not more my own birth-morning; since its date
For my Maecenas marks a fresh new-year
To celebrate.

I know thou'rt fond of Telephus; but he
Soars past thy reach. Another holds him bound;
Rich, wanton, with the chains of pleasure she
Enwraps him round.

Phaëthon, burnt in car high-borne, gives warning
'Gainst greedy hopes. Offers example clear
The wingéd Pegasus, a mortal scorning
For cavalier;

These bid thee square ambition with desert,
And owning hopes above thee wicked, shun
A lover set too high. Come then, sweetheart,
My final one,

Since ne'er for other maid this heart shall glow,
List to the strains, which with sweet voice rehearsed
Erelong thou'lt render. Frowns and pique will go,
By song dispersed.

XII

TO VIRGIL

Spring's comrades, airs from Thrace, bringing repose
To ocean, swell the sails now outward-bound.
The lawns are hard no more, nor streams resound
Swoln as of late with winter's snows.

Mark how she builds her nest, that bird ill-fated,
Itys bewailing,—she the eternal shame
Of Cecrops' house, who by deed none may name
On a King's lusts her vengeance sated.

On the young grass reclined, with reed-note trills
Each shepherd-swain, while he his fatlings tends;
Charming the god, who herded beasts befriends
And loves Arcadia's shadowed hills.

The days, dear Virgil, pleasant thirsts prepare;
These if thou'rt fain with Bacchus-juice to allay
Drawn from the vats of Cales, then thou'lt pay,
Friend of great folks, with nard thy share.

A tiny onyx box of nard shall wile
The cask, which now in stores Sulpician rests,
Rich to inspire new hopes within our breasts,
And strong, life's bitters to beguile.

If for such joys thou'rt eager, come with speed
Thy fee in hand. To drench thee with my wine,
Thou paying naught, is bargain I decline;
So trade the rich, who nothing need.

Of lingering and gain-seeking make an end;
Think, while there's time, how soon Death's pyre may blaze;
And some brief folly mix with prudent ways:
At the fit hour 'tis sweet to unbend.

XIII

TO LYCÉ, GROWN OLD

Lycé, the gods have heard, have heard my vows!
Old art thou now, yet still would'st fain seem fine,
In the old sports would'st shine,
And, shameless still, dost still carouse.

Tipsy, in tones that quavering die away,
To wake dull Love thou singest. He's elsewhere,
On guard o'er Chia fair,
Fresh-cheeked, skilled on the lyre to play!

Ruthless is Love; for past each oak-tree dead
He flies, as he flies thee,—thy skin defaced,
With wrinkles overlaced,
Teeth yellow, hair with snows bespread.

Not Coan gauze, though steeped in purple's glow,
Nor costly jewels e'er the years restored,
Which Time's swift pen hath scored
On records which all men may know.

Whither hath fled thy charm, whither thy hue
And comely gait? What's left of that fair face,
Whereof the matchless grace
Could from my soul its senses woo,—

The face, since my loved Cinara's, dearest known
And daintiest? To Cinara, woe's me!
Brief years did Fate decree,
But chose, till Lycé should have grown

Old as an ancient raven, still to keep
Her life hung on, for hot young bloods to gaze
Amused, as sinks the blaze
'Mid smouldering ashes to its sleep.

XIV

IN PRAISE OF TIBERIUS

What zeal by Senate or Assembly shown
Could thy great deeds, Augustus, with fit word
For future ages' praise record
In annals or on stone,—

O thou of princes first, where'er abide
Races of men o'er whom the sun hath passed?
Ev'n the Vindelic tribes at last,
Who long Rome's law defied,

The lesson learned how fierce thy warfare blazed.
For with thy troops Drusus those savage powers,
Genaunian, Breunian, and the towers
On awful Alps upraised,

With more than single vengeance overthrew.
The elder Nero next fierce fight engaged,
'Gainst the huge Raetians battle waged,
And with good fortune knew

To tramp them down. A noble sight was he,
With what a rain of blows brave warriors, sworn
To die as freemen, now o'erborne
He swept (as sweeps fierce sea

A southwest gale, while swift the Pleiads speed
Dancing athwart the scud) with warlike ire
Their squads to vex, and through the fire
To hurl his snorting steed.

As the bull-fronted Aufidus with flood
Sweeps lands where once Apulian Daunus led,
And plans a watery waste to spread,
Where kindly crops have stood,—

So Claudius planned their steel-clad power to cross,
And with swift sweep of battle onward rode,
While front and rear like corn he mowed,
A victor without loss:

For thine the men, the plans, the heav'n-blessed care!
As vanquished Alexandria oped her port
To admit thee, when her empty Court
Submissive she laid bare

Just fifteen years ago,—the self-same date
Brings victory from Fortune's hands once more;
Thus to old deeds of fame new store
Accrues, to swell thy state

To thee Cantabrian till this hour untamed,
Mede, Indian, nomad Scythian, honour yield;
A present god great Rome to shield
And Italy, thou'rt acclaimed.

Thee Danube, Nile, which still their sources hide,
Thee Tigris swift, and monster-haunted Deep,
Which round far Britain's coasts doth sweep,
Dashing his noisy tide,—

Thee Gallia's land that dreads not death to meet,
Thee the domain of stern Iberia, hear;
Thee the blood-drunk Sygambrians fear,
Their arms laid at thy feet!

XV

PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS

Pheobus, when I with wars my page would fill
And with fall'n towns, by twang of lyre did chide
My whim such petty sails to guide
O'er Tuscan seas at will.

Caesar, thy Age hath brought our fields again
Rich increase, and at our Jove's shrine rehung
The standards which thy power had wrung
From Parthians' haughty fane;—

For earth at peace, hath closed Rome's Janus-gate;—
Curbed licence which past ordered limit strays;
Uprooted vice, and Rome's old ways
Recalled to guide the state;

The ways whereby Rome's name and fame increased,
And her great empire's majesty grew strong,
Stretching from sunset's couch along
Right to the rising East.

While Caesar guards, no strife of civic coil,
Nor foreign stroke our country's peace shall fret,
Nor leaders' quarrel, swords to whet
Or hapless towns embroil.

The Julian laws those shall not break, who drink
From Danube's stream, nor Goths, nor Chinese foes,
Nor treacherous Parthians, nor those
Born by Don's river-brink.

But we, alike on feasts and working days,
The merry Bacchus' gifts before us spread,
After fit pray'rs to Heaven are said,
With wives and babes shall praise,

As did our sires, brave men whose work is done,
In songs that with the Lydian flute combine;
Troy too, Anchises, and the line
Of gentle Venus' son.

THE EPODES

I

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ACTIUM

Erelong, Maecenas, you in cruisers frail,
Mid men-of-war high towered, will sail;
Ready in danger's hour, for Caesar's sake,
Each risk of his, your own to make.
What then of me, whose years, while you remain,
Mean joy,—mean, without you, but pain?
Shall I, as you suggest, seek home-bred ease,
Which, where you are not, cannot please;
Or shall I, as a brave man should, prepare
The burdens of my friend to share?
I'll take my share! And over Alpine heights,
Or where fierce Caucasus affrights,
Or to the farthest creek of western sea,
My friend I'll follow manfully.
Perhaps you ask, how I can help at all,
No soldier I, but weak and small,—
I'll help at least myself, the fears to quell
Which parted friends know all too well.
A bird dreads more lest gliding serpents slay
Her callow brood, if she's away;
Not that one whit more helpful could she be,
Though she cowered o'er her progeny.
My part in this or any war I'll bear,
In hopes more of your love to share.
Not that I wish more heifers to have bound
To ploughs of mine, tilling my ground;
Or flocks of mine Calabria's heats to exchange,
Ere dog-days, for Lucania's range.
Or that some marble palace I may own,
Where Circé's Tusculan towers are shown.

Amply you have enriched your friend ere this.
I will not seek, to increase my bliss,
For gold, which like sour Chremes I may hide,
Or like a spendthrift scatter wide.

II

IN PRAISE OF COUNTRY LIFE

"Happy the man, who far from town's affairs,
The life of old-world mortals shares;
With his own oxen tills his forebears' fields,
Nor thinks of usury and its yields.
No soldier he, by the fierce bugle called,
Nor sailor, at each storm appalled;
He shuns the forum, and the haughty gate
Of nobles stronger than the State.
His business is round poplars tall to twine
The ripe young layers of the vine;
Or in some quiet valley to survey
His lowing heifers as they stray.
Now with his knife the worthless shoots he lops,
Grafting instead for richer crops;
Draws the new honey, in pure jars to keep,
Or shears the timid staggering sheep.
When Autumn, with his mellow fruitage gay,
Doth o'er the fields his head display,
What joy it is the grafted pears to try,
And grapes which with sea-purple vie;
Fit gift, Priapus, choosing for thy hand,
Or Silvan, thine, guard of his land!
What joy, beneath some holm-oak old and grey
Or on thick turf, one's limbs to lay;
While streams past toppling banks roll down their flood,
And the birds croon in every wood,
And fountains murmur with their gushing streams
Sounds that shall sooth to sleep and dreams.
Then when the thunderous winter comes again,
Rainstorms and snowdrifts in its train,
This side and that a many hounds he'll set,

Into the toils fierce boars to fret;
Or on smooth fork his fine-wrought network sling,
To clip the greedy thrush-bird's wing,
Or trap the travelled crane or timid hare,
Prizes of joy beyond compare.
Who amid sports like these forgets not quite
Love's ill desires and pestering plight?
Nay if a modest wife be there to cheer
The home, and tend the children dear,
As stout Apulia's sunburnt women do,
Or Sabines, and at evening strew
The sacred hearth with logs well-aged, to burn
Against her jaded man's return;
Next her fed beasts in hurdle-fence restrain,
And their distended udders drain;
Last, from sweet cask the year's fresh wine-draught take,
And an unbought regalement make,—
O then not Lucrine oysters so would please,
Or scaur, or turbot, that o'er seas
From eastern parts some thunderous storm may sweep
Into our waters from the deep!
Not guinea-fowl into my paunch would fare,
No nor Ionian partridge rare,
More pleasingly, than fruit myself had pulled,
From olives' richest branches culled,
Or meadow-haunting sorrel-leaves, combined
With mallows, to ill stomachs kind;
Or haply lamb, slain at the Boundary-Feast,
Or kid, from a wolf's jaws released.
Mid junketings like these how good to spy
The fed sheep as they homeward hie,
To see the wearied beeves with shoulders slack
Trundle the upturned ploughshare back;
And seated hinds, the mansion's humming swarm,
Crowd where the hearth-gods' smiles show warm!"

POSTSCRIPT

Alfius the usurer, when thus he swore
Farmer to be for ever more,
At the mid-month his last transaction ending,
By next new moon is keen for lending.

III

A CURSE ON GARLIC

If ever knave his father's throttle break,
The doom for such foul crime I'll make,
Garlic to eat, than hemlock deadlier far!
Flint surely, reapers' stomachs are!
What venom's this, that in my entrails boils?
Has poisoned gore from serpent coils
Been in dead secret with my salad brewed,
Or has Canidia touched the food?
What time that comely Argonaut Jason charmed
Medea, she with garlic armed
Her lover, smearing him so strong, that he
Yoked the wild bulls quite easily.
With it she soaked the gifts, his fere which slew,
Then forth on flying serpents flew.
No heat like this, star-fed, e'er broiling fell,
Where parched Apulia's ridges swell;
The poisoned cloak round Hercules' shoulders cast,
Did not the strong man fiercelier blast.
If, wag Maecenas, e'er again you play
A trick like this on me, I pray
Your love with lifted hand each kiss may spurn,
And to the bed's far border turn.

IV

A "NOUVEAU RICHE"

What feud's decreed 'twixt wolves and lambs by fate,
Like it 'twixt you and me the hate;
Seared are your loins, with Spanish ropes' ends mauled,—
Your ankles, with hard fetters galled.
Howe'er, proud of your cash, Rome's streets you range,
Your breed, mere fortune cannot change.

See you not, as the Sacred Way you pace,
With twice three ells of gown for grace,
How change the looks of passers at your heels,
Swayed by a wrath which none conceals?
"Torn by the hangman's whip, till sickness seized
The crier, see this rascal, pleased
Four thousand roods to hold, Falernian ground;
While on the Appian Way resound
His steeds, and in front seats, a noble knight,
He sits, in Otho's law's despite?
What good, a host of galleons to have led,
With their great brazen prows at head,
'Gainst pirates and absconded slaves, while now,
To this,—this cur,—a legion bow?"

V

CANIDIA THE POISONER

"O Gods, who'er in heaven control the earth
And the whole race of mortal birth,
What means this stir, what mean these looks of all,
Which, on me only, murderous fall?
By thine own children, if Lucina's care
Aided thee truly child to bear,
By this poor helpless childhood's dress, I pray,
And Jove, who will these deeds repay,—
Why like a stepmother thus on me frown,
Or like wild beast, by knife struck down?"
While thus with trembling lips the boy appealed,
And stripped, a naked form revealed
So soft and young, that ev'n in Thracian's heart
Some throb of pity needs must start,—
Canidia, who in her dishevelled hair
Small serpents wore, from graves bade bear
Wild fig-trees torn, and cypress, trunk of gloom;
She calls too for a screech-owl's plume.

A screech-owl's eggs, with foul toad's blood bedewed;
Herbs too she calls for, of the brood
Which poisonous Hiberia's famed to grow,
Or which Iolcos' wastes can show.
Bones from a starving cur-dog reft, these last
She bids in Colchian flames to cast.
Meanwhile Sagana sprayed the house with care
In hellish waters, while her hair
Like some sea-urchin's bristles upward stood,
Or boar's that haunts Laurentum's wood.
Veia too, by no sense of sin dismayed,
Was busy piling with grim spade
The earth in heaps, panting at her employ.
There, in a hole deep-dug, the boy,
By sight of meats, changed oft-times daily, dazed,
Should slowly perish as he gazed;
Just so much of his head above ground shown,
As one shows floating, chin upthrown.
So might his marrow drained and liver dried
Sure philtre for her love provide,
When once, after long stare at food forbid,
Sank on glazed eye the quivering lid.
Foul Folia of Ariminum, whose vile lust
Outrages Nature, she too must
Have helped, so idle Naples swore, and each
Township hard by; she with thrill screech
Can summon down the stars, and from heaven's brink
The sailing moon can make to sink.
But now Canidia with rage o'ercome
Gnaws with black tooth her untrimmed thumb,
Then said, or left unsaid, what words of hell?
"Ye powers that answer to my spell,
Night, and Diana who still night dost rule,
When for our rites the time is full,
Come now, and wreak upon your foe and mine
The wrath that stirs your hearts divine!
At this dread hour, when in fear-haunted woods
Each beast in grateful slumber broods,
Grant that Suburra's prowling dogs bark loud
At that foul dotard, till the crowd

Laugh him to scorn, though smeared with scents as fine
As e'er were wrought by hands of mine!
What hath befall'n? Why have the venoms failed,
Wherewith Medea's hate prevailed,
When, ere she fled, the princess proud she paid,
Great Creon's child, and on her laid
A drug-steeped wedding-vestment, which with flame
The newly-wedded bride o'ercame?
Why is't, when not a herb or root forbid
Hath scaped me, in rough burrows hid?
He sleeps on beds so drugged, he must forget
What girl soe'er he's fondled yet.
Ah! haply walks he thus about so free,
Helped by some rival's witchery!
Then, Varus, villain doomed to weep erelong,
With drugs beyond conceiving strong
I'll have thee back! By no stale Marsian rune
Within my power I'll call thee soon.
Greater, far greater, draught I'll brew,
From scorn to love thy heart to woo.
And sooner shall the heav'ns sink neath the sea,
While earth outstretched o'er both shall be,
Than thou shalt fail with old love-fires to burn,
As flames to flame the asphalt turn!"
At words like these the boy no longer sought
To sooth the hags to gentler thought;
But puzzling only how best to begin,
Thyestean dooms spake for their sin!
"Murder may change awhile God's Right to Wrong;
The law 'Thou shalt repay' stands strong.
To the Furies' bar I'll call you. Their dread rage,
No expiation shall assuage.
Nay, from the hour when bid by you I die,
O' nights I'll dog you hauntingly;
And ghoul-like with bent claws your eyes I'll tear,—
For such the power blest spirits share,—
Or seat myself upon each quaking breast,
And by sheer terror slay your rest.
Mobs will from street to street pelt you with stones,
Or trample down, foul hags, your bones;

Rent your unburied limbs will be, where gaunt
Wolves and night-birds the Esquiline haunt.
Nor shall my parents fail the sight to see,
Though I, alas! no more shall be!"

VI

THE BITER BIT

How dare you, cur, these harmless strangers chase?
Less brave you show, with wolves to face.
Why not on me (you're welcome) growling turn,
And for your pains a biting earn?
Like dog Molossian, or brown Spartan breed,—
Good aids to shepherds they at need,—
Prick-eared I'll track my quarry through the snow,
Whatever beast in front may go!
That's not your way. About the woods you yell,
But ne'er object a sop to smell,
Beware! Beware! I hate mean dogs like you,—
Know how to gore too; as he knew
Who, scorned for son-in-law, Lycambes thus
Galled; as he knew, who Bupalus
Assailed. Think you, by foul tooth rent I'll cringe,
And vengeance waiving, boy-like whinge?

VII

THE CURSE OF ROME

Whither, curst rabble, rush ye? Why now bear
Sword that of late ye ceased to wear?
Hath not on land, nor less on Neptune's bed,
Enough of Roman blood been shed?
Shed, not that envious Carthage's proud wall
Should, burnt by Roman torches, fall;

Nor that the Britons, still untamed, should throng
In chains the Sacred Way along.
But shed, the Parthians' prayers to satisfy,
That Rome by her own hand might die.
Ev'n among wolves and lions no such deeds
Are seen. They fight with alien breeds.
Are ye by madness or blind impulse driv'n,
Or by ill choice? Be answer giv'n!
They answer naught! But every man goes pale,
And paralyzed with fear turns tail!
In sooth, 'tis an old curse drives Romans thus,
Bred of the deeds of Romulus,
When Remus' innocent blood gushed to the ground,
That should to ill long thence redound.

IX

THE VICTORY AT ACTIUM

When shall the Caecuban, for feasts laid by,
Be broached on Caesar's victory,
In your high halls, as Jove would wish, by two,
Heav'n-blest Maecenas, me and you;
While lyre and flutes with strains alternate please,
Stern Dorian, that,—wild Phrygian, these?
So drank we, when that self-named "Neptune's son"
Sailed off, his warships burnt each one,
Who'd vowed, the chains which he took, of his grace,
From rascal slaves, on Rome to place.
Soldiers of Rome,—erelong the tale they'll scout—
Mere chattel tools, now bear about
Arms, stakes, to please a woman; now must they
Her wrinkled eunuchs' word obey;
While 'mid Rome's standards shall the sun behold
(Vile sight) mosquito nets unrolled!
Lo! in their wrath, to us deserting ride
Two thousand Gauls, who Caesar's side
Acclaim; while the foe's ships sheer swift away,
And refuge find in distant bay!

Ho! Triumph God, why check thy golden car,
And kine which never yoke did mar?
Ho! Triumph God, not conqueror so great
Didst bring, after Jugurtha's fate;
Not Africanus, though, for Carthage razed,
Fame on a tomb his valour praised.
Conquered by sea and land, a cloak of gloom
The foe hath ta'en, in scarlet's room.
Haply to hundred-citied Crete he'll fare,
Though ill the winds that blow him there;
Or to the Syrtes vexed by southern gale,
Or overseas haphazard sail.
Get larger cups, boy, ready to our hand,
Of Chian or of Lesbian brand!
Or better, some dry Caecuban go mix;
Our stomachs' waverings 'twill fix.
With wines' delights of some sort we must drown
The fears we've felt for Caesar's crown.

X

A PRAYER ILL-OMENED

Under ill omen forth the ship must fare,
Which shall ill-smelling Maevius bear!
Starboard and larboard, south wind, with your tides,
And with wild breakers, lash her sides!
With cordage, let the east wind black o'er head,
And with smashed oars, the billows spread;
The north winds, too, let fly athwart the deep,
As when downhill torn oaks they sweep.
Let not kind star on that black night appear,
When sets Orion's star-light drear;
Let the ship drive, on sea as stormy tost
As that which the Greek victors crossed,
When Pallas from burnt Illium turned her ire,
Ajax to wreck for sin most dire!
What toil and sweat shall for thy seamen be,
What saffron paleness, Ship, for thee,

What cries and screams of womanish despair,
And prayers to Jove, who will not care,
Though in a moist south wind the Ionian bay
Sweep bellowing thy keel away!
O if his body cast (a prize indeed!)
On the curved shore, the gulls shall feed,
I'll give a lamb and goat of lusty age,
To the Storm-gods, to thank their rage!

XI

TO PETTIUS

Pettius, no joy it brings me now to write
My paltry songs. For love hath struck a blow that slays me quite.
Me more, 'twould seem, than most, this love doth fire,
Stirring, when some fair face I see, a passion of desire.
A third December now the woodlands strips,
Since I have ceased to burn with flame lit at Inachia's lips.
Heav'ns, what a craze! With blushes I recall
How in the town my name was made the common talk of all.
The dinners too I blush for, where by groan
Drawn from heart's depths, with dumps and sulks, my lover-fit was shown.
"Woe's me," I cried, "'gainst gold no more avails
The poor man's honest store of wit!" Such to your ear my wails,
Whene'er in heat of wine the god, who knows
No bashful scruples, led your friend his secrets to disclose.
"Once let rage set me from love-fetters free,
Then to the winds those balms I'll toss, which bring no ease to me,
Or to my aching heart; shyness no more
Shall hamper me; and rivals base, I will thenceforth ignore."
After I thus with look severe had sworn,
You bade me take the homeward course; but still with heart forlorn
And faltering step, I made my doleful way
To her curst door, where, with my loins all aches, I abject lay.

But now Lyciscus' beauty rules the roast,
Who shows a skin more soft by far, than woman else could boast.
To loose me from this tie no friends may hope,
How free soe'er the advice they give; not ev'n abuse can cope
With such a charm. Only another love,
For some young thing with tresses long, can e'er my thoughts remove.

XIII

WINTER

Rude tempests shadow all the sky, and Winter's stormy floods
And snow-blasts cloud the heav'ns; while loud both sea and woods
Re-echo, swept by winds from Thrace. So let us snatch, my friends,
Chance ere our day is done; and while knee nimbly bends
And times are fit, wipe age's frowns from every forehead clear!
Out with my birth-wine pressed in old Torquatus' year!
No talk be ours on other themes. The risks most near in sight
Heaven haply may remove, and change the dark to light.
Now scent we with Persian nard our hair: and with Cyllenian string
Scatter the carking cares, which round our bosoms cling
So to his ward Achilles, now well-grown, the Centaur said:
"Dear lad, of Thetis born, and yet a mortal made,—
Unconquered youth, Troy's land yet waits for thee, through which doth pass
Scamander's chilly stream, and Simois smooth as glass.
Return from thence the Fates for thee from their sure web have torn;
Ne'er by thy sea-green mother shalt thou be homeward borne.
Therefore do thou with wine, while there, and song each grief allay;
For sweet the charm of these, to smooth Care's frowns away."

XIV

TO MAECENAS

Why 'tis that languorous sloth can thus so strongly bind
My inmost heart and mind,
As though some Lethé draught, I down parched throat had cast,—
You ask me, till at last
You're like, my candid sir, your weary friend to kill.
Know then the Love-god's will
Checks me, whene'er I would to the last roll complete
These Epodes, sheet by sheet.
Anacreon's poet-heart for his Bathyllus so,
They say, did fondly glow;
And oft on hollow Shell he sang his passion's pains,
In unaffected strains.
You're hit yourself! But since not fairer shone
Helen vexed Troy upon,
Than she shines, thank your star! Phryné, a freed-girl jilt,
Torments me to the hilt.

XV

TO NEAERA

'Twas night, and in clear sky, 'mid lesser lights shone fair
The moon, when you did swear—
In the like words to mine, but meaning even then
To break Heaven's pledge again,
Although my neck more close with clinging arms you clasped,
Than oak by ivy's grasped,—
That long as wolf 'gainst flock, 'gainst seamen Orion's star,
Should wage a wintry war,—
Long as his unclipped locks to breeze Apollo threw,
So long you would be true.

Neaera, you'll yet grieve, some manly strength to find
In Horace, not inclined
To let you on one preferred long nights scot-free bestow.
Wrathful elsewhere he'll go,
Fit match to make; once from your charms estranged, he'll bate
Never again his hate.
And you, whoe'er you be, who proudly pace the street,
Happy in my defeat,
Be yours, rich herds and fields,—nay, let Pactolus' strand
Gild with its gold your land,—
Know you the hidden lore, twice-born Pythagoras knew,—
Be Nireus less fair than you,—
Yet shall you mourning see her love elsewhere incline;
The laugh will then be mine!

XVI

IRON AND GOLDEN AGE

Two generations now, the mother-land we've rent;
And Rome by her own powers is spent.
She whom her Marsian neighbours never could lay low,
Proud Porsena's Etrurians throw,
Or Capua's rival strength, dare-devil Spartacus,
Or Allobrogians treacherous,
Or Germany fierce, with all the blue-eyed men she reared,
Or Hannibal, by mothers feared,—
That land we'll slay, of blood accurst an impious race;
Wild beasts once more will hold the place.
Some barbarous foe will tread her ashes down; her street,
Rider with sounding hoof shall beat.
Quirinus' bones, which long from wind and sun we hide,
Curst sight! some wretch will scatter wide.
Haply ye all may ask, or those of better mind,
How for our ills some cure to find.
No plan more wise than this. Phocaea's folk of old,
After oath ta'en by all, made bold

Their lands and fanes to leave, and their ancestral home;
There boars and hungry wolves should roam.
So let us go, where feet o'er land, where wind o'er tide
Southern or brisk Southwestern, guide!
Is it agreed? Has one aught better? Why delay?
The signs are good, let's ship to-day!
But swear we first: "When stones shall the sea-bottom spurn
And float,—may we, uncursed, return!
Be it no shame once more homeward our sails to set,
When Po the Matine hills shall wet;
When Appenine his peaks deep in the sea shall fling,—
When love into new bonds shall bring
Beasts of strange kinds; and deer be with the tiger bred,
Or kite with the wood-pigeon wed;
When trustful herds no more at tawny lion quake,
And goats, grown sleek, to ocean take."
Thus sworn, with what oath else home-coming dreams may bar,
Let all, or those who better are
Than the dull crowd, set forth. Cowards and milksops best
In their ill-omened beds may rest.
But you, who manhood have, be done with womanish wail,
And past Etruria swiftly sail.
The circumambient Ocean waits us! On, where smiles
A land of peace, and blessed isles!
Where Earth gives her increase, without the ploughman's care;
And vines, unpruned, forever bear.
Where on unfailing stem grow olives endlessly,
And dark figs deck the ungrafted tree.
Where from oak-trunks drips honey, and from soaring hills
Leap lightly down the tinkling rills.
Freely the goats come to the pails; for friendship come
The cows, with their full udders, home.
No bear at evening growls about the fold, nor swarms
The teeming earth with reptile forms.
More, of good luck we'll see; how from the east no wind
Drowns all the tilth with rains unkind;
Nor yet are the lush seeds burnt on the sun-parched fields;
From both extremes Heaven's monarch shields.
Thither no pine-built bark e'er fetched with Argo crew;

Those coasts, ne'er Colchian wanton knew.
Thither no Tyrian men ever their yards have bent;
Ne'er came Ulysses' band forspent.
No foul plague taints their flocks; no star's impetuous sway
Wastes with its heat their herds away.
Jove for good folks those shores reserved, when for our crime
To bronze he changed Earth's golden time;
With bronze, then iron, stamped the age; yet in these isles
Refuge, methinks, for good men smiles.

XVII

HORACE AND CANIDIA

Horace. "Now at the last I yield, and suppliant humbly cower!
You know too much! Pray you, by Proserpine's dread power,
And by Diana's name and will inviolate,—
By all the books whose spells have strength, through gift of fate,
The very stars of heaven to unfix and call at will,—
O spare, Canidia, spare, to speak the words that kill;
And backward turn, O turn, your deadly flying wheel!
Achilles ev'n was moved, when Telephus did kneel;
Though 'gainst the hero's might, he insolent had sent
His Mysian hordes, and showers of missiles fierce had bent.
Troy's matrons were allowed fierce Hector dead to mourn
With funeral oils, whom else dogs and foul birds had torn,
When Priam quitting Troy fell at Achilles' feet,
Though he alas! with scorn such suitors wont to greet.
Lo! at the last behold, Ulysses' toilworn crew
Cast off the hairy hides, which o'er their bodies grew,
When ev'n a Circe pitied. Mind returned and speech,
And the accustomed grace came to the face of each.
Enough I've paid and more, your bill of costs to clear,
Whom Jacks ashore can hire, or hawkers, for their dear.
Gone is my bloom of youth; no more my skin is graced
With blush of health; my bones in sallow skin are cased;

And by your magic fumes my hair is turned to grey.
Never relief is mine from pain by night or day;
Dark dogs the light, and light the dark; nor ever may
My lungs with air's refreshment ease my panting side.
Therefore I needs must own truths I of late denied.
'Tis true indeed, that spells of Sabine hags have strength,
Souls to rebuke and tame; that Marsian charms at length
Can cleave men's skulls. What would you more? O Earth and Sea,
With worse fires burn I, than Herculean fires could be,
Which Nessus' black blood kindled! Fiercer far they blaze
Than the Sicilian flame which round hot Etna plays.
Till, dried to very dust, by insolent winds I'm sped,
Still like some forge you glow, with Colchian poisons fed.
What final forfeit yet, what dread amercement still,
Awaits me? Speak! I'll pay; and bowing to your will,
Faithfully meet the cost; though you should ev'n demand
A hundred steers; or though with lying lyre I'm banned
To speak you fair, as thus: 'O modest maid, pure as you are,
You too shall walk heaven's floor, yourself a golden star!'
For slandered Helen's sake, Castor with anger raged,
And mighty Castor's brother: yet was their wrath assuaged
By prayer; and to the bard they gave his forfeit sight.
You too can save. This madness end! And to your might
Yielding, I'll swear your father was not mean, nor you
A wench besmirched and foul. Ne'er was't your wont, to strew
Upon the humble graves of poor folks you exhumed,
Ashes stol'n from a pyre, nine days before consumed.
Your heart, I swear, is hospitably kind; and pure
Your hands. Fruit of your womb was Pactumeius, sure."

. . . . . .

Canidia. "Close-bolted are my ears; what good such prayers to outpour?
Less deaf to sailors' cries are rocks on a lee shore,
When on them a wintry sea with waves high-towering smites.
You laugh and go scot-free? You, who Cotytto's rites
Blabbed, and the lecherous joys of our Free Love defamed?
In poisonings Esquiline past-master, yet you shamed
My honour all through Rome, nor e'er atonement made!

What good then had they served, the many fees I paid
Foul Sabine crones to enrich, or drugs of swifter power
To have learned to mingle? But the final hour
You pray for, lingers. Days must you still drag on of pain,
So as for tortures new to serve, once and again.
Peace 'tis that Tantalus asks, unfaithful Pelops' sire,
Still, by the meal's decoy, torn with unslaked desire.
Peace 'tis Prometheus craves, to the foul vulture bound;
Peace Sisyphus, by fate doomed to uplift from ground,
And uphill thrust the stone. But peace, Jove's laws deny.
Sometimes your wish will be, to hurl you from turrets high;
Sometimes, with sword of Noric steel, your breast to cleave;
Vainly, with bitter sorrow sick, a rope you'll weave,
Your own throat to impound. Then shall I joyful ride,
In glorious triumph borne, your hated back astride
And the whole earth shall bow, to my uplifted pride!
Dreamt you, that I,—who images of wax can make
To live, as for your curiousness you know; and take
The moon from out the sky, by my enchantments led;
Or call ev'n from their pyre the ashes of the dead;
And potions, fit to calm or heat men's lusts, can brew,—
Would e'er consent to weep failure of skill on you?"

THE SAECULAR HYMN

(CARMEN SAECULARE)

Phoebus, and wood-queen Dian, stars divine,
Worshipped and to be worshipped, gracious be
At this high season, when runes Sibylline
Have given decree,

That chosen bands of maids and youths unstained
A hymn shall chant in your twin godhead's praise,
From whom the seven famed Hills of Rome have gained
Favour always.

Kind Sun,—who to thy shining car both bind
The Day, to show and hide,—born ever new,
Ever the same, may'st thou naught greater find
Than Rome, to view!

Thou Cherisher, who dost in childbirth ease
Thy votaries' pangs, help mothers at their hour;
Revealer, Leavener, by what name thou please,
Be near with power!

Be pleased too, goddess, babes through youth to rear!
So shalt thou bless the Senate's high decree
And marriage laws, that wives each coming year
May fruitful be!

So, after lapse of years ten times eleven,
May this fixed cycle bring once more the songs
And sacred games, thrice daily, nightly, given
To reverent throngs.

And you, ye Fates, true in the dooms ye cast
Once uttered (And Rome's Mark, that aye hath stood,
Preserve them still!), add to a glorious past
Future as good!

Fruitful in crops and cattle, let the plains,
With crown of corn-ears, Ceres' head adorn.
May breezes, Jove-bestowed, and healthful rains
Feed broods new-born.

Put by thy bow, Apollo, and for boon
Lend favouring ear to thy young choir who plead!
Thou Crescent-bearing Star-queen, shining Moon,
Thy maidens heed!

If truly, to Rome's building, aid ye lent,—
If 'twas through you that Trojan wanderers found
Etruria's shore, on heav'n-blessed journey sent,
New homes, new ground

To seek,—for whom, unscathed by Trojan fires,
Pious Aeneas, Troy surviving, cleft
An open way, and gave to their desires
More than they'd left,—

Then, gods, to reverent youth grant purity,
Grant, gods, to quiet age a peaceful end;
And to the Roman race wealth, family,
And honour send!

What Venus' and Anchises' last great son
Prays for with white steers slain, grant to his pray'r.
First still in war, may he when war is done
The conquered spare!

Ev'n now on sea and land supreme, Rome's power
And Alba's axe of state the Parthians fear;
Scythians of late so proud, and Indians, cower,
Rome's word to hear!

Now Truth returns, Faith, old-world Shame, and Peace;
Virtue, so long neglected, homeward fares;
And in full horn, Plenty her due increase
Abundant bears.

Phoebus the seer, he of the shining bow,
Whom his nine Muses ever dearly love,—
Who from sick frames by healing art doth know
Pain to remove,—

Since kind his eyes upon the altars gaze
Which stand on Palatine, be sure he'll give
Through this next cycle ever better days
For Rome to live.

Diana too accepts the Fifteen's pray'r,
She who haunts Algidus and Aventine,
And to the children's vows makes it her care
Kind ears to incline.

That Jove approves and all the heavenly throng,
Good hope, and sure I with me homeward bring,
I and my choir, to the twin-gods their song
Well-trained to sing.

THE ART OF POETRY

If in a picture, Piso, you should see
A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
Or limbs of beasts of the most diff'rent kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whose incoherent style (like sick men's dreams)
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and poets have been still allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies, unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take;
But nature, and the common laws of sense
Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
Or make a snake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
Shine through th' insipid dullness of the rest;
Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine,
But they misplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he, that only can design a tree,
Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
When you begin with so much pomp and show;
Why is the end so little and so mean?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming excellence:
In striving to be short, they grow obscure;

And when they would write smoothly, they want strength,
Their spirits sink; while others that affect
A lofty style, swell to a tympany,
Some tim'rous wretches start at ev'ry blast,
And fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in th' Aemilian square,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun;
What is there more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd,

Let poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear.
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse,
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a muse should be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill:
You gain your point, if your industrious art
Can make unusual words easy and plain;
But if you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom and discreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Graecian spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint.
Can an impartial reader discommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes

In Plautus or Caecilius? Why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious style
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither ev'ry year,
And ev'ry year a younger race succeeds;
Death is a tribute all things owe to fate;
The Lucrine mole (Caesar's stupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine Lake)
We plough and reap where former ages row'd.
See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields,)
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
Confin'd by our great emperor's command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
Why then should words challenge Eternity,
When greatest men, and greatest actions die?
Use may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue;
Use is the judge, and law, and rule of speech.

Homer first taught the world in epic verse
To write of great commanders, and of kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
Though now we use them to express our joy:
But to whose muse we owe that sort of verse,
Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with iambics arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the dramatic muse,
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit,
And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,
Who neither knows, nor would observe a rule;
And chooses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?

A comic subject loves an humble verse,
Thyestes scorns a low and comic style.
Let ev'rything have its suited place and time.
Yet comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
And Chermes be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too, lay by their state to grieve;
Peleus and Telephus exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantic words.
He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write not only well, but movingly,
And raise men's passions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we see others do:
He only makes me sad who shows the way,
And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miseries my own.
But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh:
Your looks must alter, as your subject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe:
For Nature forms, and softens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,
And these are all interpreted by speech;
But he whose words and fortunes disagree,
Absurd, unpity'd, grows a public jest.
Observe the characters of those that speak,
Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,
Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,
Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives, or Thebans, Asians, or Greeks.

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,

Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea must be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io must wander, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well-known theme,
Than trust to an invention of your own;
For what originally others write,
May be so well disguised, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As they must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old poetaster did,
(*Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate I sing*)
In what will all this ostentation end?
The lab'ring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:
How far is this from the Meonian style?
Muse, speak the man, who since the siege of Troy,
So many towns, such change of manners saw.
One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,
The other out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with daring miracles,
The bloody Lestrygons' inhuman feasts,
With all the monsters of the land and sea;
How Scylla bark'd, and Polyphemus roar'd:
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:

Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Insensibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooses only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects;
If you intend that he should stay to hear
The epilogue, and see the curtain fall,
Mind how our tempers alter with our years,
And by those rules form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
Loves childish plays, is soon provok'd and pleased,
And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.
A youth that first casts off his tutor's yoke,
Loves horses, hounds, and sports and exercise,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.
Old men are only walking hospitals,
Where all defects, and all diseases, crowd
With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
Oppress'd with riches, which they dare not use;
Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
And fond of all the follies of the past.
Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves less than what we see;
Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
But auditors must trust their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a scene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,
And spill her children's blood upon the stage,

Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,
(She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.
Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god;
And in one scene no more than three should speak.

A chorus should supply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security, and peace,
And begs the gods to turn blind fortune's wheel,
To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing must be sung between the acts
But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
The verse, the music, and the scenes improv'd;
For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of sense applaud the jests of fools?
Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those delivered by the Delphic god

The first tragedians found that serious style
Too grave for their uncultivated age,

And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
Whose motion, words, and shape were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Because the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themselves so much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stripped of his golden crown and purple robe)
Descend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid such meanness) soaring high
With empty sound, and airy notions fly;
For, tragedy should blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would, to dance with girls:
You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with truth, then give invention scope,
And if your style be natural and smooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good method and connection may
Improve the common and the plainest things.
A satyr that comes staring from the woods
Must not at first speak like an orator;
But, tho' his language should not be refin'd,
It must not be obscene and impudent;
The better sort abhors scurrility,
And often censures what the rabble likes.

. . . . . .

Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is such a rash, ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praise.
Consider well the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time

With too much patience (not to call it worse),
His harsh, unequal verse, was music then,
And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the tragic muse,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of wine
Frighted the children, and amus'd the crowd;
This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
Brought vizards in (a civiller disguise)
And taught men how to speak, and how to act.
Next comedy appear'd with great applause,
Till her licentious and abusive tongue
Waken'd the magistrate's coercive pow'r,
And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted ev'ry way,
And they deserve our praise, whose daring muse
Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;
But that the time and care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some men's natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crack'd;
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.
O my unlucky stars! if in the spring
Some physic had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have wrote with more success than I;

But I am satisfied to keep my sense,
And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well:
And when philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe to country, parents, friends,
How judges, and how senators should act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.
Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
We meet with such a lucky character,
As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,
Succeeds much better than the shallow verse
And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is bred another way,
And taught no arts but those of usury;
And the glad father glories in his child,
When he can subdivide a fraction:
Can souls, who by their parents from their birth
Have been devoted thus to rust and gain,
Be capable of high and gen'rous thoughts?
Can verses writ by such an author live?
But you (brave youth) wise Numa's worthy heir,
Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

A poet should instruct, or please, or both;
Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
And faithful memories retain them long;
For superfluities are soon forgot.
Never be so conceited of your parts,
To think you may persuade us what you please,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That cannibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Austerity offends aspiring youths;
But he that joins instructions with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
These pass with admiration through the world,
And bring their author an eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
A string may jar in the best master's hand,
And the most skilful archer miss his aim;
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And still persists, is as impertinent,
As a musician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the same note;
When such a positive abandon'd fop
(Among his numerous absurdities)
Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
I fret to see them in such company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works sleep will sometimes surprise,
Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of diff'rent sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye,
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

But, Piso (tho' your own experience,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
Remember this as an important truth:
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Messala's pow'rful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cassellius;
Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is esteemed;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allows of any mean in poesy.
As an ill consort, and a coarse perfume,
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
So poesy, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.

In other things men have some reason left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Despairing of success, forbears to try;
But all (without consideration) write;
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they please.
But, Piso, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly struggle with your genius;
Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
Mine and your father's, and not see the light,
'Till time and care have ripen'd ev'ry line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend
But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human pow'r,
Did not (as poets feign) tame savage beasts,
But men as lawless, and as wild as they,
And first dissuaded them from rage and blood;
Thus when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feigned the stones obey'd his magic lute;
Poets, the first instructors of mankind,

Brought all things to their proper, native use;
Some they appropriated to the Gods,
And some to public, some to private ends:
Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
Cities were built, and useful laws were made;
So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function.
Then Homer's and Tyrtaeus' martial muse
Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
And our best precepts of morality;
Some have by verse obtain'd the love of kings,
(Who, with the muses, ease their weary'd minds)
Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
What gods inspire, and kings delight to hear.

Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
Others maintain, that nature makes them so;
I neither see what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they need each other's aid.
He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
And no musician dares pretend to skill,
Without a great expense of time and pains;
But ev'ry little busy scribbler now
Swells with the praises which he gives himself;
And taking sanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flatt'ring audience than poor tradesmen do
To persuade customers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourself, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor;
For he'll commend and feign an ecstasy,
Grow pale or weep, do anything to please;

True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at funerals
Are not so loud, as those that cry for hire.
Wise were the kings, who never chose a friend
'Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts;
You cannot arm yourself with too much care
Against the smiles of a designing knave.

Quintilius (if his advice were ask'd)
Would freely tell you what you should correct,
Or (if you could not) bid you blot it out,
And with more care supply the vacancy;
But if he found you fond, and obstinate,
(And apter to defend than mend your faults)
With silence leave you to admire yourself,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,
Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
And with a strict inquiry mark your faults;
Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love;
Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
Will be of serious consequence to you,
When they have made you once ridiculous.

A mad dog's foam, th' infection of the plague,
And all the judgments of the angry Gods,
We are not all more heedfully to shun,
Than poetasters in their raging fits,
Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys,
But dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense:
If (in the raving of a frantic muse)
And minding more his verses than his way,
Any of these should drop into a well,
Tho' he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.

Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Aetna's flames.
Give poets leave to make themselves away,
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will?
Nor was this chance, but a delib'rate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again,
And his pretensions to divinity:
'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
Or incest, or some more unheard of crime,
The rhyming fiend is sent into these men;
But they are all most visibly possess'd,
And like a baited bear, when he breaks loose,
Without distinction seize on all they meet;
None ever scap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking, like leeches, 'till they burst with blood,
Without remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave 'till they have read men dead.

THE SATIRES—BOOK I

SATIRE I

THAT ALL, BUT ESPECIALLY THE COVETOUS, THINK THEIR OWN CONDITION THE HARDEST

How comes it to pass, Maecenas, that no one lives content with his condition, whether reason gave it him, or chance threw it in his way; [but] praises those who follow different pursuits? "O happy merchants!" says the soldier, oppressed with years, and now broken down in his limbs through excess of labour. On the other side, the merchant, when the south winds toss his ship, [cries] "Warfare is preferable;" for why? the engagement is begun, and in an instant there comes a speedy death or a joyful victory. The lawyer praises the farmer's state when the client knocks at his door by cock-crow. He who, having entered into a recognisance, is dragged from the country into the city, cries, "Those only are happy who live in the city." The other instances of this kind (they are so numerous) would weary out the loquacious Fabius; not to keep you in suspense, hear to what an issue I will bring the matter. If any god should say, "Lo! I will effect what you desire: you, that were just now a soldier, shall be a merchant; you, lately a lawyer, [shall be] a farmer. Do ye depart one way, and ye another, having exchanged the parts [you are to act in life]. How now! Why do you stand?" They are unwilling; and yet it is in their power to be happy. What reason can be assigned, but that Jupiter should deservedly distend both his cheeks in indignation, and declare that for the future he will not be so indulgent as to lend an ear to their prayers? But further, that I may not run over this in a laughing manner, like those [who treat] on ludicrous subjects (though what hinders one being merry, while telling the truth? as good-natured teachers at first give cakes to their boys, that they may be willing to learn

their first rudiments: raillery, however, apart, let us investigate serious matters). He that turns the heavy glebe with the hard plough-share, this fraudulent tavern-keeper, the soldier, and the sailors, who dauntless run through every sea, profess that they endure toil with this intention, that as old men they may retire into a secure resting-place, when once they have gotten together a sufficient provision.

Thus the little ant, (for she is an example,) of great industry, carries in her mouth whatever she is able, and adds to the heap which she piles up, by no means ignorant and not careless for the future. Which [ant, nevertheless,] as soon as Aquarius saddens the changed year, never creeps abroad, but wisely makes use of those stores which were provided beforehand: while neither sultry summer, nor winter, fire, ocean, sword, can drive you from gain. You surmount every obstacle, that no other man may be richer than yourself. What pleasure is it for you, trembling to deposit an immense weight of silver and gold in the earth dug up by stealth? Because, if you should lessen it, it may be reduced to a paltry farthing.

But unless that be the case, what beauty has an accumulated hoard? Though your threshing-floor should yield a hundred thousand bushels of corn, your belly will not on that account contain more than mine: just as if it were your lot to carry on your loaded shoulder the basket of bread among slaves, you would receive no more [for your own share] than he who bore no part of the burthen. Or tell me, what it is to the purpose of that man, who lives within the compass of nature, whether he plough a hundred or a thousand acres?

"But it is still delightful to take out of a great hoard."

While you leave us to take as much out of a moderate store, why should you extol your granaries, more than our corn-baskets? As if you had occasion for no more than a pitcher or glass of water, and should say, "I had rather draw [so much] from a great river, than the very same quantity from this little fountain." Hence it comes to pass, that the rapid Aufidus carries away, together with the bank, such men as an abundance more copious than what is just delights. But he who desires only so much as is sufficient, neither drinks water fouled with the mud, nor loses his life in the waves.

But a great majority of mankind, misled by a wrong desire, cry, "No sum is enough; because you are esteemed in proportion to what you possess." What can one do to such a tribe as this? Why, bid them be wretched, since their inclination prompts them to it. As a certain person is recorded [to have lived] at Athens, covetous and rich, who was wont to despise the talk of the people in this manner: "The crowd hiss me; but I applaud myself at home, as soon as I contemplate my money in my chest." The thirsty Tantalus catches at the streams, which elude his lips. Why do you laugh? The name changed, the tale is told of you. You sleep upon your bags, heaped up on every side, gaping over them, and are obliged to abstain from them, as if they were consecrated things, or to amuse yourself with them as you would with pictures. Are you ignorant of what value money has, what use it can afford? Bread, herbs, a bottle of wine may be purchased; to which [necessaries], add [such others], as, being withheld, human nature would be uneasy with itself. What, to watch half dead with terror, night and day, to dread profligate thieves, fire, and your slaves, lest they should run away and plunder you; is this delightful? I should always wish to be very poor in possessions held upon these terms.

But if your body should be disordered by being seized with a cold, or any other casualty should confine you to your bed, have you one that will abide by you, prepare medicines, entreat the physician that he would set you upon your feet, and restore you to your children and dear relations?

Neither your wife, nor your son, desires your recovery; all your neighbours, acquaintances, [nay the very] boys and girls hate you. Do you wonder that no one tenders you the affection which you do not merit, since you prefer your money to everything else? If you think to retain, and preserve as friends, the relations which nature gives you, without taking any pains; wretch that you are, you lose your labour equally, as if any one should train an ass to be obedient to the rein, and run in the Campus [Martius]. Finally, let there be some end to your search: and, as your riches increase, be in less dread of poverty; and begin to cease from your toil, that being acquired which you coveted: nor do as did one Umidius, (it is no tedious story,) who was so rich that he measured his

money, so sordid that he never clothed himself any better than a slave; and, even to his last moments, was in dread lest want of bread should oppress him: but his freedwoman, the bravest of all the daughters of Tyndarus, cut him in two with a hatchet.

"What therefore do you persuade me to? That I should lead the life of a Nævius, or in such a manner as a Nomentanus?"

You are going [now] to make things tally, that are contradictory in their natures. When I bid you not be a miser, I do not order you to become a debauchee and a prodigal. There is some difference between the case of Tanaïs and his son-in-law Visellius: there is a mean in things; finally, there are certain boundaries, on either side of which moral rectitude cannot exist. I return now whence I digressed. Does no one, after the miser's example, like his own station, but rather praise those who have different pursuits; and pines, because his neighbour's she-goat bears a more distended udder; nor considers himself in relation to the greater multitude of poor; but labours to surpass, first one, and then another? Thus the richer man is always an obstacle to one that is hastening [to be rich]: as when the courser whirls along the chariot, dismissed from the place of starting; the charioteer presses upon those horses which outstrip his own, despising him that is left behind coming on among the last. Hence it is, that we rarely find a man who can say he has lived happy, and content with his past life, can retire from the world like a satisfied guest. Enough for the present: nor will I add one word more, lest you should suspect that I have plundered the escrutoire of the blear-eyed Crispinus.

SATIRE II

BAD MEN, WHEN THEY AVOID CERTAIN VICES, FALL INTO THEIR OPPOSITE EXTREMES

The tribes of female flute-players, quacks, vagrants, mimics, blackguards; all this set is sorrowful and dejected on account of the death of the singer Tigellius; for he was liberal [towards them]. On the other hand, this man, dreading to be called

a spendthrift, will not give a poor friend wherewithal to keep off cold and pinching hunger. If you ask him, why he wickedly consumes the noble estate of his grandfather and father in tasteless gluttony, buying with borrowed money all sorts of dainties; he answers, because he is unwilling to be reckoned sordid, or of a mean spirit; he is praised by some, condemned by others. Fufidius, wealthy in lands, wealthy in money put out at interest, is afraid of having the character of a rake and spendthrift. This fellow deducts 5 per cent. interest from the principal [at the time of lending]; and, the more desperate in his circumstances any one is, the more severely he pinches him: he hunts out the names of young fellows, that have just put on the toga virilis under rigid fathers. Who does not cry out, O sovereign Jupiter! when he has heard [of such knavery]? But [you will say, perhaps,] this man expends upon himself in proportion to his gain. You can hardly believe how little a friend he is to himself: insomuch that the father, whom Terence's comedy introduces as living miserable after he had caused his son to run away from him, did not torment himself worse than he. Now if any one should ask, "To what does this matter tend?" To this; while fools shun [one sort of] vices, they fall upon their opposite extremes. Malthinus walks with his garments trailing upon the ground; there is another droll fellow, who [goes] with them tucked up even to his middle; Rufillus smells like perfume itself, Gorgonius like a he-goat. There is no mean. There are some who would not keep company with a lady unless her modest garment perfectly conceal her feet. Another, again, will only have such as take their station in a filthy brothel. When a certain noted spark came out of a stew, the divine Cato [greeted] him with this sentence: "Proceed (says he) in your virtuous course. For, when once foul lust has inflamed the veins, it is right for young fellows to come hither, in comparison of their meddling with other men's wives." I should not be willing to be commended on such terms, says Cupiennius, an admirer of the silken veil.

Ye that do not wish well to the proceedings of adulterers, it is worth your while to hear how they are hampered on all sides; and that their pleasure, which happens to them but seldom, is interrupted with a great deal of pain, and often in

the midst of very great dangers. One has thrown himself headlong from the top of a house: another has been whipped almost to death: a third, in his flight, has fallen into a merciless gang of thieves: another has paid a fine, [to avoid] corporal [punishment]: the lowest servants have treated another with the vilest indignities. Moreover, this misfortune happened to a certain person, he entirely lost his manhood. Everybody said, it was with justice: Galba denied it.

But how much safer is the traffic among [women] of the second rate! I mean the freed-women: after which Sallustius is not less mad, than he who commits adultery. But if he had a mind to be good and generous, as far as his estate and reason would direct him, and as far as a man might be liberal with moderation; he would give a sufficiency, not what would bring upon himself ruin and infamy. However, he hugs himself in this one [consideration]; this he delights in, this he extols; "I meddle with no matron." Just as Marsaeus, the lover of Origo, he who gives his paternal estate and seat to an actress, says, "I never meddle with other men's wives." But you have with actresses, you have with common strumpets: whence your reputation derives a greater perdition, than your estate. What, is it abundantly sufficient to avoid the person, and not the [vice] which is universally noxious? To lose one's good name, to squander a father's effects, is in all cases an evil. What is the difference, [then, with regard to yourself,] whether you sin with the person of a matron, a maiden, or a prostitute?

Villius, the son-in-law of Sylla, (by this title alone he was misled,) suffered [for his commerce] with Fausta an adequate and more than adequate punishment, by being drubbed and stabbed, while he was shut out, that Longarenus might enjoy her within. Suppose this [young man's] mind had addressed him in the words of his appetite, perceiving such evil consequences: "What would you have? Did I ever, when my ardour was at the highest, demand a woman descended from a great consul, and covered with robes of quality?" What could he answer? Why, "the girl was sprung from an illustrious father." But how much better things, and how different from this, does nature, abounding in stores of her own, recommend; if you would only make a proper use of them,

and not confound what is to be avoided with that which is desirable! Do you think it is of no consequence, whether your distresses arise from your own fault or from [a real deficiency] of things? Wherefore, that you may not repent [when it is too late], put a stop to your pursuit after matrons; whence more trouble is derived, than you can obtain of enjoyment from success. Nor has [this particular matron], amidst her pearls and emeralds, a softer thigh, or limbs more delicate than yours, Cerinthus; nay, the prostitutes are frequently preferable. Add to this, that [the prostitute] bears about her merchandise without any varnish, and openly shows what she has to dispose of; nor, if she has aught more comely than ordinary, does she boast and make an ostentation of it, while she is industrious to conceal that which is offensive. This is the custom with men of fortune: when they buy horses, they inspect them covered: that, if a beautiful forehand (as often) be supported by a tender hoof, it may not take in the buyer, eager for the bargain, because the back is handsome, the head little, and the neck stately. This they do judiciously. Do not you, [therefore, in the same manner] contemplate the perfections of each [fair one's] person with the eyes of Lynceus but be blinder than Hypsaea, when you survey such parts as are deformed. [You may cry out,] "O what a leg! O what delicate arms!" But [you suppress] that she is low-hipped, short-waisted, with a long nose, and a splay foot. A man can see nothing but the face of a matron, who carefully conceals her other charms, unless it be a Catia. But if you will seek after forbidden charms, (for the [circumstance of their being forbidden] makes you mad after them,) surrounded as they are with a fortification, many obstacles will then be in your way: such as guardians, the sedan, dressers, parasites, the long robe hanging down to the ankles, and covered with an upper garment; a multiplicity of circumstances, which will hinder you from having a fair view. The other throws no obstacles in your way; through the silken vest you may discern her, almost as well as if she was naked; that she has neither a bad leg, nor a disagreeable foot, you may survey her form perfectly with your eye. Or would you choose to have a trick put upon you, and your money extorted, before the goods are shown you? [But perhaps you will sing to me

these verses out of Callimachus.] As the huntsman pursues the hare in the deep snow, but disdains to touch it when it is placed before him: thus sings the rake, and applies it to himself; my love is like to this, for it passes over an easy prey, and pursues what flies from it. Do you hope that grief, and uneasiness, and bitter anxieties, will be expelled from your breast by such verses as these? Would it not be more profitable to inquire what boundary nature has affixed to the appetites, what she can patiently do without, and what she would lament the deprivation of, and to separate what is solid from what is vain? What! when thirst parches your jaws, are you solicitous for golden cups to drink out of? What! when you are hungry, do you despise everything but peacock and turbot? When your passions are inflamed, and a common gratification is at hand, would you rather be consumed with desire than possess it? I would not: for I love such pleasures as are of easiest attainment. But she whose language is "By and by," "But for a small matter more," "If my husband should be out of the way," [is only] for petit-maîtres: and for himself, Philodemus says, he chooses her who neither stands for a great price, nor delays to come when she is ordered. Let her be fair, and straight, and so far decent as not to appear desirous of seeming fairer than nature has made her. When I am in the company of such an one, she is my Ilia and Aegeria; I give her any name. Nor am I apprehensive, while I am in her company, lest her husband should return from the country; the door should be broken open; the dog should bark; the house, shaken, should resound on all sides with a great noise; the woman, pale [with fear], should bound away from me; lest the maid, conscious [of guilt], should cry out, she is undone; lest she should be in apprehension for her limbs, the detected wife for her portion, I for myself; lest I must run away with my clothes all loose, and bare-footed, for fear my money, or my person, or, finally, my character should be demolished. It is a dreadful thing to be caught: I could prove this, even if Fabius were the judge.

SATIRE III

WE OUGHT TO CONNIVE AT THE FAULTS OF OUR FRIENDS, AND ALL OFFENCES ARE NOT TO BE RANKED IN THE CATALOGUE OF CRIMES

This is a fault common to all singers, that among their friends they never are inclined to sing when they are asked, [but] unasked they never desist. Tigellius, that Sardinian, had this [fault]. Had Caesar, who could have forced him to compliance, besought him on account of his father's friendship and his own, he would have had no success; if he himself was disposed, he would chant Io Bacche over and over, from the beginning of an entertainment to the very conclusion of it; one while at the deepest pitch of his voice, at another time with that which answers to the highest string of the tetrachord. There was nothing uniform in that fellow; frequently would he run along, as one flying from an enemy; more frequently [he walked], as if he bore [in procession] the sacrifice of Juno: he had often two hundred slaves, often but ten: one while talking of kings and potentates, every thing that was magnificent; at another—"Let me have a three-legged table, and a cellar of clean salt, and a gown which though coarse, may be sufficient to keep out the cold." Had you given ten hundred thousand sesterces to this moderate man who was content with such small matters, in five days time there would be nothing in his bags. He sat up at nights, [even] to day-light; he snored out all the day. Never was there anything so inconsistent with itself. Now some person may say to me, "What are you? Have you no faults?" Yes, others; but others, and perhaps of a less culpable nature.

When Maenius railed at Novius in his absence: "Hark ye," says a certain person, "are you ignorant of yourself? or do you think to impose yourself upon us a person we do not know?" "As for me, I forgive myself," quoth Maenius. This is a foolish and impious self-love, and worthy to be stigmatised. When you look over your own vices, winking

at them, as it were, with sore eyes; why are you with regard to those of your friends as sharp-sighted as an eagle, or the Epidaurian serpent? But, on the other hand, it is your lot that your friends should inquire into your vices in turn. [A certain person] is a little too hasty in his temper; not well calculated for the sharp-witted sneers of these men: he may be made a jest of because his gown hangs awkwardly, he [at the same time] being trimmed in a very rustic manner, and his wide shoe hardly sticks to his foot. But he is so good, that no man can be better; but he is your friend: but an immense genius is concealed under this unpolished person of his. Finally, sift yourself thoroughly, whether nature has originally sown the seeds of any vice in you, or even an ill habit [has done it]. For the fern, fit [only] to be burned, overruns the neglected fields.

Let us return from our digression. As his mistress's disagreeable failings escape the blinded lover, or even give him pleasure, (as Hagna's wen does to Balbinus,) I could wish that we erred in this manner with regard to friendship, and that virtue had affixed a reputable appellation to such an error. And as a father ought not to contemn his son, if he has any defect, in the same manner we ought not [to contemn] our friend. The father calls his squinting boy, a pretty leering rogue; and if any man has a little despicable brat, such as the abortive Sisyphus formerly was, he calls it a sweet moppet: this [child] with distorted legs, [the father] in a fondling voice calls one of the Vari; and another, who is club-footed, he calls a Scaurus. [Thus, does] this friend of yours live more sparingly than ordinarily? Let him be styled a man of frugality. Is another impertinent, and apt to brag a little? He requires to be reckoned entertaining to his friends. But [another] is too rude, and takes greater liberties than are fitting. Let him be esteemed a man of sincerity and bravery. Is he too fiery? Let him be numbered among persons of spirit. This method, in my opinion, both unites friends, and preserves them in a state of union. But we invert the very virtues themselves, and are desirous of throwing dirt upon the untainted vessel. Does a man of probity live among us? he is a person of singular diffidence; we give him the name of a dull and fat-headed fellow. Does this man avoid every

snare, and lay himself open to no ill-designing villain; since we live amidst such a race, where keen envy and accusations are flourishing? Instead of a sensible and wary man, we call him a disguised and subtle fellow. And is any one more open, [and less reserved] than usual in such a degree as I often have presented myself to you, Maecenas, so as perhaps impertinently to interrupt a person reading, or musing, with any kind of prate? We cry, "[this fellow] actually wants common sense." Alas! how indiscreetly do we ordain a severe law against ourselves! For no one is born without vices: he is the best man who is encumbered with the least. When my dear friend, as is just, weighs my good qualities against my bad ones, let him, if he is willing to be beloved, turn the scale to the majority of the former, (if I have indeed a majority of good qualities,) on this condition, he shall be placed in the same balance. He who requires that his friend should not take offence at his own protuberances, will excuse his friend's little warts. It is fair that he who entreats a pardon for his own faults, should grant one in his turn.

Upon the whole, forasmuch as the vice anger, as well as others inherent in foolish [mortals], cannot be totally eradicated, why does not human reason make use of its own weights and measures; and so punish faults, as the nature of the thing demands? If any man should punish with the cross a slave, who being ordered to take away the dish should gorge the half-eaten fish and warm sauce; he would, among people in their senses, be called a madder man than Labeo. How much more irrational and heinous a crime is this! Your friend has been guilty of a small error, (which, unless you forgive, you ought to be reckoned a sour, ill-natured fellow,) you hate and avoid him, as a debtor does Ruso; who, when the woeful calends come upon the unfortunate man, unless he procures the interest or capital by hook or by crook, is compelled to hear his miserable stories with his neck stretched out like a slave. [Should my friend] in his liquor water my couch, or has he thrown down a jar carved by the hands of Evander; shall he for this [trifling] affair, or because in his hunger he has taken a chicken before me out of my part of the dish, be the less agreeable friend to me? [If so], what could I do if he was guilty of theft, or had betrayed

things committed to him in confidence, or broken his word. They who are pleased [to rank all] faults nearly on an equality are troubled when they come to the truth of the matter: sense and morality are against them, and utility itself, the mother almost of right and of equity.

When [rude] animals, they crawled forth upon the first-formed earth, the mute and dirty herd fought with their nails and fists for their acorn and caves, afterwards with clubs, and finally with arms which experience had forged: till they found out words and names, by which they ascertained their language and sensations: thenceforward they began to abstain from war, to fortify towns, and establish laws: that no person should be a thief, a robber, or an adulterer. For before Helen's time there existed [many] a woman who was the dismal cause of war: but those fell by unknown deaths, whom pursuing uncertain venery, as the bull in the herd, the strongest slew. It must of necessity be acknowledged, if you have a mind to turn over the aeras and annals of the world, that laws were invented from an apprehension of the natural injustice [of mankind]. Nor can nature separate what is unjust from what is just, in the same manner as she distinguishes what is good from its reverse, and what is to be avoided from that which is to be sought: nor will reason persuade men to this, that he who breaks down the cabbage-stalk of his neighbour, sins in as great a measure, and in the same manner, as he who steals by night things consecrated to the gods. Let there be a settled standard, that may inflict adequate punishments upon crimes; lest you should persecute any one with the horrible thong, who is only deserving of a slight whipping. For I am not apprehensive, that you should correct with the rod one that deserves to suffer severer stripes; since you assert that pilfering is an equal crime with highway robbery, and threaten that you would prune off with an undistinguishing hook little and great vices, if mankind were to give you the sovereignty over them. If he be rich, who is wise, and a good shoemaker, and alone handsome, and a king, why do you wish for that which you are possessed of? You do not understand what Chrysippus, the father [of your sect], says: "The wise man never made himself shoes nor slippers: nevertheless, the wise man is a shoemaker.

How so? In the same manner, though Hermogenes be silent, he is a fine singer notwithstanding, and an excellent musician: as the subtle [lawyer] Alfenus, after every instrument of his calling was thrown aside, and his shop shut up, was [still] a barber: thus is the wise man of all trades, thus is he a king. O greatest of great kings, the waggish boys pluck you by the beard; whom unless you restrain with your staff, you will be jostled by a mob all about you, and you may wretchedly bark and burst your lungs in vain. Not to be tedious: while you, my king, shall go to the farthing bath, and no guard shall attend you, except the absurd Crispinus; my dear friends will both pardon me in any matter in which I shall foolishly offend, and I in turn will cheerfully put up with their faults; and, though a private man, I shall live more happily than you, a king.

SATIRE IV

HE APOLOGISES FOR THE LIBERTIES TAKEN BY SATIRIC POETS IN GENERAL, AND PARTICULARLY BY HIMSELF

THE poets Eupolis, and Cratinus, and Aristophanes, and others, who are authors of the ancient comedy, if there was any person deserving to be distinguished for being a rascal or a thief, an adulterer or a cut-throat, or in any shape an infamous fellow, branded him with great freedom. Upon these [models] Lucilius entirely depends, having imitated them, changing only their feet and numbers: a man of wit, of great keenness, inelegant in the composition of verse: for in this respect he was faulty; he would often, as a great feat, dictate two hundred verses in an hour, standing in the same position. As he flowed muddily, there was [always] something that one would wish to remove; he was verbose, and too lazy to endure the fatigue of writing—of writing accurately: for, with regard to the quantity [of his works], I make no account of it. See! Crispinus challenges me even for ever so little a wager. Take, if you dare, take your tablets, and I will take mine; let there be a place, a time, and persons appointed to

see fair play: let us see who can write the most. The gods have done a good part by me, since they have framed me of an humble and meek disposition, speaking but seldom, briefly: but do you, [Crispinus,] as much as you will, imitate air which is shut up in leathern bellows, perpetually puffing till the fire softens the iron. Fannius is a happy man, who, of his own accord, has presented his manuscripts and picture [to the Palatine Apollo]; when not a soul will peruse my writings, who am afraid to rehearse in public, on this account, because there are certain persons who can by no means relish this kind [of satiric writing], as there are very many who deserve censure. Single any man out of the crowd; he either labours under a covetous disposition, or under wretched ambition. One is mad in love with married women, another with youths; a third the splendour of silver captivates: Albius is in raptures with brass; another exchanges his merchandise from the rising sun, even to that with which the western regions are warmed: but he is hurried headlong through dangers, as dust wrapped up in a whirlwind; in dread lest he should lose anything out of his capital, or [in hope] that he may increase his store. All these are afraid of verses, they hate poets. "He has hay on his horn, [they cry;] avoid him at a great distance: if he can but raise a laugh for his own diversion, he will not spare any friend: and whatever he has once blotted upon his paper, he will take a pleasure in letting all the boys and old women know, as they return from the bakehouse or the lake." But, come on, attend to a few words on the other side of the question.

In the first place, I will except myself out of the number of those I would allow to be poets: for one must not call it sufficient to tag a verse: nor if any person, like me, writes in a style bordering on conversation, must you esteem him to be a poet. To him who has genius, who has a soul of a diviner cast, and a greatness of expression, give the honour of this appellation. On this account some have raised the question, whether comedy be a poem or not: because an animated spirit and force is neither in the style, nor the subject-matter: bating that it differs from prose by a certain measure, it is mere prose. But [one may object to this, that even in comedy] an inflamed father rages, because his dissolute son,

mad after a prostitute mistress, refuses a wife with a large portion; and (what is an egregious scandal) rambles about drunk with flambeaux by day-light. Yet could Pomponius, were his father alive, hear less severe reproofs! Wherefore it is not sufficient to write verses merely in proper language; which, if you take to pieces, any person may storm in the same manner as the father in the play. If from these verses which I write at this present, or those that Lucilius did formerly, you take away certain pauses and measures, and make that word which was first in order hindermost, by placing the latter [words] before those that preceded [in the verse]; you will not discern the limbs of a poet, when pulled in pieces, in the same manner as you would were you to transpose ever so [these lines of Ennius]:

> When discord dreadful bursts the brazen bars,
> And shatters iron locks to thunder forth her wars.

So far of this matter; at another opportunity [I may investigate] whether [a comedy] be a true poem or not: now I shall only consider this point, whether this [satiric] kind of writing be deservedly an object of your suspicion. Sulcius the virulent, and Caprius hoarse with their malignancy, walk [openly], and with their libels too [in their hands]; each of them a singular terror to robbers: but if a man lives honestly and with clean hands, he may despise them both. Though you be like highwaymen, Coelus and Byrrhus, I am not [a common accuser], like Caprius and Sulcius; why should you be afraid of me? No shop nor stall holds my books, which the sweaty hands of the vulgar and of Hermogenes Tigellius may soil. I repeat to nobody, except my intimates, and that when I am pressed; nor any where, and before any body. There are many, who recite their writings in the middle of the forum; and who [do it] while bathing: the closeness of the place, [it seems,] gives melody to the voice. This pleases coxcombs, who never consider whether they do this to no purpose, or at an unseasonable time. But you, says he, delight to hurt people, and this you do out of a mischievous disposition. From what source do you throw this calumny upon me? Is any one then your voucher, with whom I have lived? He who backbites his absent friend; [nay more,] who

does not defend, at another's accusing him; who affects to raise loud laughs in company, and the reputation of a funny fellow who can feign things he never saw; who cannot keep secrets; he is a dangerous man: be you, Roman, aware of him. You may often see it [even in crowded companies], where twelve sup together on three couches; one of which shall delight at any rate to asperse the rest, except him who furnishes the bath; and him too afterwards in his liquor, when truth-telling Bacchus opens the secrets of his heart. Yet this man seems entertaining, and well-bred, and frank to you, who are an enemy to the malignant: but do I, if I have laughed because the fop Rufillus smells all perfumes, and Gorgonius, like a he-goat, appear invidious and a snarler to you? If by any means mention happen to be made of the thefts of Petillius Capitolinus in your company, you defend him after your manner: [as thus,] Capitolinus has had me for a companion and friend from childhood, and on being applied to, has done many things on my account: and I am glad that he lives secure in the city; but I wonder, notwithstanding, how he evaded that sentence. This is the very essence of black malignity, this is mere malice itself: which crime, that it shall be far remote from my writings, and prior to them from my mind, I promise, if I can take upon me to promise anything sincerely of myself. If I shall say anything too freely, if perhaps too ludicrously, you must favour me by your indulgence with this allowance. For my excellent father inured me to this custom, that by noting each particular vice I might avoid it by the example [of others]. When he exhorted me that I should live thriftily, frugally, and content with what he had provided for me; don't you see, [would he say,] how wretchedly the son of Albius lives? and how miserably Barrus? A strong lesson to hinder any one from squandering away his patrimony. When he would deter me from filthy fondness for a light woman: [take care, said he,] that you do not resemble Sectanus. That I might not follow adulteresses, when I could enjoy a lawful amour: the character, cried he, of Trebonius, who was caught in the fact, is by no means creditable. The philosopher may tell you the reasons for what is better to be avoided, and what to be pursued. It is sufficient for me, if I can preserve the

morality traditional from my forefathers, and keep your life and reputation inviolate, so long as you stand in need of a guardian: so soon as age shall have strengthened your limbs and mind, you will swim without cork. In this manner he formed me, as yet a boy: and whether he ordered me to do any particular thing: You have an authority for doing this: [then] he instanced some one out of the select magistrates: or did he forbid me [anything]; can you doubt, [says he,] whether this thing be dishonourable, and against your interest to be done, when this person and the other is become such a burning shame for his bad character [on these accounts]? As a neighbouring funeral dispirits sick gluttons, and through fear of death forces them to have mercy upon themselves; so other men's disgraces often deter tender minds from vices. From this [method of education] I am clear from all such vices, as bring destruction along with them: by lighter foibles, and such as you may excuse, I am possessed. And even from these, perhaps, a maturer age, the sincerity of a friend, or my own judgment, may make great reductions. For neither when I am in bed, or in the piazzas, am I wanting to myself: this way of proceeding is better; by doing such a thing I shall live more comfortably; by this means I shall render myself agreeable to my friends; such a transaction was not clever; what, shall I, at any time, imprudently commit anything like it? These things I revolve in silence by myself. When I have any leisure, I amuse myself with my papers. This is one of those lighter foibles [I was speaking of]: to which if you do not grant your indulgence, a numerous band of poets shall come, which will take my part, (for we are many more in number,) and, like the Jews, we will force you to come over to our numerous party.

SATIRE V

HE DESCRIBES A CERTAIN JOURNEY OF HIS FROM ROME TO BRUNDUSIUM WITH GREAT PLEASANTRY

HAVING left mighty Rome, Aricia received me in but a middling inn: Heliodorus the rhetorician, most learned in the Greek language, was my fellow-traveller: thence we proceeded to Forum-Appî, stuffed with sailors and surly landlords. This stage, but one for better travellers than we, being laggard we divided into two; the Appian way is less tiresome to bad travellers. Here I, on account of the water, which was most vile, proclaim war against my belly, waiting not without impatience for my companions whilst at supper. Now the night was preparing to spread her shadows upon the earth, and to display the constellations in the heavens. Then our slaves began to be liberal of their abuse to the watermen, and the watermen to our slaves. "Here bring to." "You are stowing in hundreds; hold, now sure there is enough." Thus while the fare is paid, and the mule fastened, a whole hour is passed away. The cursed gnats, and frogs of the fens, drive off repose. While the waterman and a passenger, well-soaked with plenty of thick wine, vie with one another in singing the praises of their absent mistresses: at length the passenger, being fatigued, begins to sleep; and the lazy waterman ties the halter of the mule turned out a-grazing to a stone, and snores, lying flat on his back. And now the day approached, when we saw the boat made no way; until a choleric fellow, one of the passengers, leaps out of the boat, and drubs the head and sides of both mule and waterman with a willow cudgel. At last we were scarcely set ashore at the fourth hour. We wash our faces and hands in thy water, O Feronia. Then, having dined, we crawled on three miles; and arrive under Anxur, which is built upon rocks that look white to a great distance. Maecenas was to come here, as was the excellent Cocceius, both sent ambassadors on matters of great importance; having been accustomed to reconcile friends at variance. Here, having got sore eyes, I was obliged

to use the black ointment. In the meantime came Maecenas, and Cocceius, and Fonteius Capito along with them, a man of perfect polish, and intimate with Mark Antony, no man more so.

Without regret we passed Fundi, where Aufidius Luscus was praetor, laughing at the honours of that crazy scribe, his praetexta, laticlave, and pan of incense. At our next stage, being weary, we tarry in the city of the Mamurrae, Murena complimenting us with his house, and Capito with his kitchen.

The next day arises, by much the most agreeable to all: for Plotius, and Varius, and Virgil met us at Sinuessa; souls more candid ones than which the world never produced, nor is there a person in the world more bound to them than myself. Oh what embraces, and what transports were there! While I am in my senses, nothing can I prefer to a pleasant friend. The village, which is next adjoining to the bridge of Campania, accommodated us with lodging [at night]; and the public officers with such a quantity of fuel and salt as they are obliged to [by law]. From this place the mules deposited their pack-saddles at Capua betimes [in the morning]. Maecenas goes to play [at tennis]; but I and Virgil to our repose: for to play at tennis is hurtful to weak eyes and feeble constitutions.

From this place the villa of Cocceius, situated above the Caudian inns, which abounds with plenty, receives us. Now, my muse, I beg of you briefly to relate the engagement between the buffoon Sarmentus and Messius Cicirrus; and from what ancestry descended each began the contest. The illustrious race of Messius—Oscan: Sarmentus's mistress is still alive. Sprung from such families as these, they came to the combat. First, Sarmentus; "I pronounce thee to have the look of a mad horse." We laugh; and Messius himself [says], "I accept your challenge:" and wags his head. "O!" cries he, "if the horn were not cut off your forehead, what would you not do; since, maimed as you are, you bully at such a rate?" For a foul scar had disgraced the left part of Messius's bristly forehead. Cutting many jokes upon his Campanian disease, and upon his face, he desired him to exhibit Polyphemus's dance: that he had no occasion for a

mask, or the tragic buskins. Cicirrus [retorted] largely to these: he asked, whether he had consecrated his chain to the household gods according to his vow; though he was a scribe, [he told him] his mistress's property in him was not the less. Lastly, he asked, how he ever came to run away; such a lank meagre fellow, for whom a pound of corn [a-day] would be ample. We were so diverted, that we continued that supper to an unusual length.

Hence we proceed straight on for Beneventum; where the bustling landlord almost burned himself, in roasting some lean thrushes: for, the fire falling through the old kitchen [floor], the spreading flame made a great progress towards the highest part of the roof. Then you might have seen the hungry guests and frightened slaves snatching their supper out [of the flames], and everybody endeavouring to extinguish the fire.

After this Apulia began to discover to me her well-known mountains, which the Atabulus scorches [with his blasts]: and through which we should never have crept, unless the neighbouring village of Trivicus had received us, not without a smoke that brought tears into our eyes; occasioned by a hearth's burning some green boughs with the leaves upon them. Here, like a great fool as I was, I wait till midnight for a deceitful mistress: sleep, however, overcomes me, whilst meditating love; and disagreeable dreams make me ashamed of myself and everything about me.

Hence we were bowled away in chaises twenty-four miles, intending to stop at a little town, which one cannot name in a verse, but it is easily enough known by description. For water is sold here, though it is the worst in the world; but their bread is exceeding fine, insomuch that the wary traveller is used to carry it willingly on his shoulders; for [the bread] at Canusium is gritty; a pitcher of water is worth no more [than it is here]: which place was formerly built by the valiant Diomedes. Here Varius departs dejected from his weeping friends.

Hence we came to Rubi, fatigued: because we made a long journey, and it was rendered still more troublesome by the rains. Next day the weather was better, the road worse, even to the very walls of Barium that abounds in fish. In

the next place Egnatia, which [seems to have] been built on troubled waters, gave us occasion for jests and laughter; for they wanted to persuade us, that at this sacred portal the incense melted without fire. The Jew Apella may believe this, not I. For I have learned [from Epicurus], that the gods dwell in a state of tranquillity; nor, if nature effect any wonder, that the anxious gods send it from the high canopy of the heavens.

Brundusium ends both my long journey, and my paper.

SATIRE VI

OF TRUE NOBILITY

Not, Maecenas, though, of all the Lydians that ever inhabited the Tuscan territories, no one is of a nobler family than yourself; and though you have ancestors both on father's and mother's side, that in times past have had the command of mighty legions; do you, as the generality are wont, toss up your nose at obscure people, such as me, who had [only] a freed-man for my father: since you affirm that it is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit. You persuade yourself, with truth, that before the dominion of Tullius, and the reign of one born a slave, frequently numbers of men, descended from ancestors of no rank, have both lived as men of merit, and have been distinguished by the greatest honours: [while] on the other hand Laevinus, the descendant of that famous Valerius, by whose means Tarquinius Superbus was expelled from his kingdom, was not a farthing more esteemed [on account of his family, even] in the judgment of the people, with whose disposition you are well acquainted; who often foolishly bestow honours on the unworthy, and are from their stupidity slaves to a name: who are struck with admiration by inscriptions and statues. What is it fitting for us to do, who are far, very far removed from the vulgar [in our sentiments]? For grant it, that the people had rather confer a dignity on Laevinus than on Decius, who is a new man; and the censor

Appius would expel me [the senate-house], because I was not sprung from a sire of distinction: and that too deservedly, inasmuch as I rested not content in my own condition. But glory drags in her dazzling car the obscure as closely fettered as those of nobler birth. What did it profit you, O Tullius, to resume the robe that you [were forced] to lay aside, and become a tribune [again]? Envy increased upon you, which had been less, if you had remained in a private station. For when any crazy fellow has laced the middle of his leg with the sable buskins, and has let flow the purple robe from his breast, he immediately hears; "Who is this man? Whose son is he?" Just as if there be any one, who labours under the same distemper as Barrus does, so that he is ambitious of being reckoned handsome; let him go where he will, he excites curiosity amongst the girls of inquiring into particulars; as what sort of face, leg, foot, teeth, hair, he has. Thus he who engages to his citizens to take care of the city, the empire, and Italy, and the sanctuaries of the gods, forces every mortal to be solicitous, and to ask from what sire he is descended, or whether he is base by the obscurity of his mother. What? do you, the son of a Syrus, a Dama, or a Dionysius, dare to cast down the citizens of Rome from the [Tarpeian] rock, or deliver them up to Cadmus [the executioner]? But, [you may say,] my colleague Novius sits below me by one degree: for he is only what my father was. And therefore do you esteem yourself a Paulus or a Messala? But he, (Novius,) if two hundred carriages and three funerals were to meet in the forum, could make noise enough to drown all their horns and trumpets: this [kind of merit] at least has its weight with us.

Now I return to myself, who am descended from a freed-man; whom everybody nibbles at, as being descended from a freed-man. Now, because, Maecenas, I am a constant guest of yours; but formerly, because a Roman legion was under my command, as being a military tribune. This latter case is different from the former: for, though any person perhaps might justly envy me that post of honour, yet could he not do so with regard to your being my friend! especially as you are cautious to admit such as are worthy; and are far from having any sinister ambitious views. I cannot reckon

myself a lucky fellow on this account, as if it were by accident that I got you for my friend; for no kind of accident threw you in my way. That best of men, Virgil, long ago, and after him, Varius, told you what I was. When first I came into your presence, I spoke a few words in a broken manner (for childish bashfulness hindered me from speaking more); I did not tell you that I was the issue of an illustrious father: I did not [pretend] that I rode about the country on a Satureian horse, but plainly what I really was: you answer (as your custom is) a few words: I depart: and you re-invite me after the ninth month, and command me to be in the number of your friends. I esteem it a great thing that I pleased you, who distinguish probity from baseness, not by the illustriousness of a father, but by the purity of heart and feelings.

And yet if my disposition be culpable for a few faults, and those small ones, otherwise perfect, (as if you should condemn moles scattered over a beautiful skin,) if no one can justly lay in fine, (to speak in my own praise,) I live undefiled, and innocent, and dear to my friends; my father was the cause of all this: who though a poor man on a lean farm, was unwilling to send me to a school under [the pedant] Flavius, where great boys, sprung from great centurions, having their satchels and tablets swung over their left arm, used to go with money in their hands the very day it was due; but had the spirit to bring me a child to Rome, to be taught those arts which any Roman knight and senator can teach his own children. So that, if any person had considered my dress, and the slaves who attended me in so populous a city, he would have concluded that those expenses were supplied to me out of some hereditary estate. He himself, of all others the most faithful guardian, was constantly about every one of my preceptors. Why should I multiply words? He preserved me chaste (which is the first honour of virtue) not only from every actual guilt, but likewise from [every] foul imputation, nor was he afraid lest any should turn it to his reproach, if I should come to follow a business attended with small profits, in capacity of an auctioneer, or (what he was himself) a tax-gatherer. Nor [had that been the case] should I have complained. On this account the more praise is due to him, and from me a greater degree of gratitude. As long

as I am in my senses, I can never be ashamed of such a father as this, and therefore shall not apologise [for my birth], in the manner that numbers do, by affirming it to be no fault of theirs. My language and way of thinking is far different from such persons. For if nature were to make us from a certain term of years to go over our past time again, and [suffer us] to choose other parents, such as every man for ostentation's sake would wish for himself; I, content with my own, would not assume those that are honoured with the ensigns and seats of state; [for which I should seem] a madman in the opinion of the mob, but in yours, I hope, a man of sense; because I should be unwilling to sustain a troublesome burden, being by no means used to it. For I must [then] immediately set about acquiring a larger fortune, and more people must be complimented; and this and that companion must be taken along, so that I could neither take a jaunt into the country, or a journey by myself; more attendants and more horses must be fed; coaches must be drawn. Now, if I please, I can go as far as Tarentum on my bob-tailed mule, whose loins the portmanteau galls with its weight, as does the horseman his shoulders. No one will lay to my charge such sordidness as he may, Tullius, to you, when five slaves follow you, a praetor, along the Tiburtian way, carrying a travelling kitchen, and a vessel of wine. Thus I live more comfortably, O illustrious senator, than you, and than thousands of others. Wherever I have a fancy, I walk by myself: I inquire the price of herbs and bread: I traverse the tricking circus, and the forum often in the evening: I stand listening amongst the fortune-tellers: thence I take myself home to a plate of onions, pulse, and pancakes. My supper is served up by three slaves; and a white stone slab supports two cups and a brimmer: near the salt-cellar stand a homely cruet with a little bowl, earthen ware from Campania. Then I go to rest; by no means concerned that I must rise in the morning, and pay a visit to the statue of Marsyas, who denies that he is able to bear the look of the younger Novius. I lie a-bed to the fourth hour; after that I take a ramble, or having read or written what may amuse me in my privacy, I am anointed with oil, but not with such as the nasty Nacca, when he robs the lamps. But when the

sun, become more violent, has reminded me to go to bathe, I avoid the Campus Martius and the game of hand-ball. Having dined in a temperate manner, just enough to hinder me from having an empty stomach, during the rest of the day I trifle in my own house. This is the life of those who are free from wretched and burdensome ambition: with such things as these I comfort myself, in a way to live more delightfully than if my grandfather had been a quaestor, and father and uncle too.

SATIRE VII

HE HUMOROUSLY DESCRIBES A SQUABBLE BETWIXT RUPILIUS AND PERSIUS

In what manner the mongrel Persius revenged the filth and venom of Rupilius, surnamed King, is I think known to all the blind men and barbers. This Persius, being a man of fortune, had very great business at Clazomenae, and, into the bargain, certain troublesome litigations with King; a hardened fellow, and one who was able to exceed even King in virulence; confident, blustering, of such a bitterness of speech, that he would outstrip the Sisennae and Barri, if ever so well equipped.

I return to King. After nothing could be settled betwixt them, (for people amongst whom adverse war breaks out, are proportionably vexatious on the same account as they are brave. Thus between Hector, the son of Priam, and the high-spirited Achilles, the rage was of so capital a nature, that only the final destruction [of one of them] could determine it; on no other account, than that valour in each of them was consummate. If discord sets two cowards to work; or if an engagement happens between two that are not of a match, as that of Diomed and the Lycian Glaucus; the worse man will walk off, [buying his peace] by voluntarily sending presents,) when Brutus held as praetor the fertile Asia, this pair, Rupilius and Persius, encountered; in such a manner, that [the gladiators] Bacchius and Bithus were not

better matched. Impetuous they hurry to the cause, each of them a fine sight.

Persius opens his case; and is laughed at by all the assembly; he extols Brutus, and extols the guard; he styles Brutus the sun of Asia, and his attendants he styles salutary stars, all except King; that he, [he says,] came like that dog, the constellation hateful to husbandmen: he poured along like a wintry flood, where the axe seldom comes.

Then, upon his running on in so smart and fluent a manner, the Praenestine [king] directs some witticisms squeezed from the vineyard, himself a hardy vine-dresser, never defeated, to whom the passenger had often been obliged to yield, bawling cuckoo with roaring voice.

But the Grecian Persius, as soon as he had been well sprinkled with Italian vinegar, bellows out: O Brutus, by the great gods I conjure you, who are accustomed to take off kings, why do you not despatch this King? Believe me, this is a piece of work which of right belongs to you.

SATIRE VIII

PRIAPUS COMPLAINS THAT THE ESQUILIAN MOUNT IS INFESTED WITH THE INCANTATIONS OF SORCERESSES

Formerly I was the trunk of a wild fig-tree, an useless log: when the artificer, in doubt whether he should make a stool or a Priapus of me, determined that I should be a god. Henceforward I became a god, the greatest terror of thieves and birds: for my right hand restrains thieves, and a bloody-looking pole stretched out from my frightful middle: but a reed fixed upon the crown of my head terrifies the mischievous birds, and hinders them from settling in these new gardens. Before this the fellow-slave bore dead corpses thrown out of their narrow cells to this place, in order to be deposited in paltry coffins. This place stood a common sepulchre for the miserable mob, for the buffoon Pantolabus, and Nomentanus the rake. Here a column assigned a thousand feet [of ground] in front, and three hundred towards the

fields: that the burial-place should not descend to the heirs of the estate. Now one may live in the Esquiliae, [since it is made] a healthy place; and walk upon an open terrace, where lately the melancholy passengers beheld the ground frightful with white bones; though both the thieves and wild beasts accustomed to infest this place, do not occasion me so much care and trouble, as do [these hags], that turn people's minds by their incantations and drugs. These I cannot by any means destroy nor hinder, but that they will gather bones and noxious herbs, as soon as the fleeting moon has shown her beauteous face.

I myself saw Canidia, with her sable garment tucked up, walk with bare feet and dishevelled hair, yelling together with the elder Sagana. Paleness had rendered both of them horrible to behold. They began to claw up the earth with their nails, and to tear a black ewe-lamb to pieces with their teeth. The blood was poured into a ditch, that thence they might charm out the shades of the dead, ghosts that were to give them answers. There was a woollen effigy too, another of wax: the woollen one larger, which was to inflict punishment on the little one. The waxen stood in a suppliant posture, as ready to perish in a servile manner. One of the hags invokes Hecate, and the other fell Tisiphone. Then might you see serpents and infernal bitches wander about; and the moon with blushes hiding behind the lofty monuments, that she might not be a witness to these doings. But if I lie, even a tittle, may my head be contaminated with the white filth of ravens; and may Julius, and the effeminate Pediatia, and the knave Voranus, come to water upon me, and befoul me. Why should I mention every particular? viz. in what manner, speaking alternately with Sagana, the ghosts uttered dismal and piercing shrieks; and how by stealth they laid in the earth a wolf's beard, with the teeth of a spotted snake; and how great a blaze flamed forth from the waxen image? And how I was shocked at the voices and actions of these two furies, a spectator however by no means incapable of revenge? For from my cleft body of fig-tree wood I uttered a loud noise with as great an explosion as a burst bladder. But they ran into the city: and with exceeding laughter and diversion might you have seen Canidia's

artificial teeth, and Sagana's towering head of false hair falling off, and the herbs, and the enchanted bracelets from her arms.

SATIRE IX

HE DESCRIBES HIS SUFFERINGS FROM THE LOQUACITY OF AN IMPERTINENT FELLOW

I WAS accidentally going along the Via Sacra, meditating on some trifle or other, as is my custom, and totally intent upon it. A certain person, known to me by name only, runs up; and, having seized my hand, "How do you do, my dearest fellow?" "Tolerably well," say I, "as times go; and I wish you everything you can desire." When he still followed me; "Would you anything?" said I to him. But, "You know me," says he: "I am a man of learning." "Upon that account," said I, "you will have more of my esteem." Wanting sadly to get away from him, sometimes I walked on apace, now and then I stopped, and whispered something to my boy. When the sweat ran down to the bottom of my ankles; O, said I to myself, Bolanus, how happy were you in a headpiece! Meanwhile he kept prating on anything that came uppermost, praised the streets, the city; and, when I made him no answer; "You want terribly," said he, "to get away; I perceived it long ago; but you effect nothing. I shall still stick close to you; I shall follow you hence: where are you at present bound for?" "There is no need for your being carried so much about: I want to see a person, who is unknown to you: he lives a great way off across the Tiber, just by Caesar's gardens." "I have nothing to do, and I am not lazy; I will attend you thither." I hang down my ears like an ass of surly disposition, when a heavier load than ordinary is put upon his back. He begins again: "If I am tolerably acquainted with myself, you will not esteem Viscus or Varius as a friend, more than me; for who can write more verses, or in a shorter time than I? Who can move his limbs with softer grace [in the dance]? And then I sing, so that even Hermogenes may envy."

Here there was an opportunity of interrupting him. "Have you a mother, [or any] relations that are interested in your welfare?" "Not one have I; I have buried them all." "Happy they! now I remain. Despatch me: for the fatal moment is at hand, which an old Sabine sorceress, having shaken her divining urn, foretold when I was a boy; 'This child, neither shall cruel poison, nor the hostile sword, nor pleurisy, nor cough, nor the crippling gout destroy: a babbler shall one day demolish him; if he be wise, let him avoid talkative people, as soon as he comes to man's estate.'"

One-fourth of the day being now past, we came to Vesta's temple; and, as good luck would have it, he was obliged to appear to his recognisance; which unless he did, he must have lost his cause. "If you love me," said he, "step in here a little." "May I die! if I be either able to stand it out, or have any knowledge of the civil laws: and besides, I am in a hurry, you know whither." "I am in doubt what I shall do," said he; "whether desert you or my cause." "Me, I beg of you." "I will not do it," said he; and began to take the lead of me. I (as it is difficult to contend with one's master) follow him. "How stands it with Maecenas and you?" Thus he begins his prate again. "He is one of few intimates, and of a very wise way of thinking. No man ever made use of opportunity with more cleverness. You should have a powerful assistant, who could play an underpart, if you were disposed to recommend this man; may I perish, if you should not supplant all the rest!" "We do not live there in the manner you imagine; there is not a house that is freer or more remote from evils of this nature. It is never of any disservice to me, that any particular person is wealthier or a better scholar than I am: every individual has his proper place." "You tell me a marvellous thing, scarcely credible." "But it is even so." "You the more inflame my desires to be near his person." "You need only be inclined to it: such is your merit, you will accomplish it: and he is capable of being won; and on that account the first access to him he makes difficult." "I will not be wanting to myself: I will corrupt his servants with presents; if I am excluded to-day, I will not desist; I will seek opportunities; I will meet him in the public streets; I will wait upon him

home. Life allows nothing to mortals without great labour." While he was running on at this rate, lo! Fuscus Aristius comes up, a dear friend of mine, and one who knew the fellow well. We make a stop. "Whence come you? whither are you going?" he asks and answers. I began to twitch him [by the elbow], and to take hold of his arms [that were affectedly] passive, nodding and distorting my eyes, that he might rescue me. Cruelly arch he laughs, and pretends not to take the hint: anger galled my liver. "Certainly," [said I, "Fuscus,] you said that you wanted to communicate something to me in private." "I remember it very well; but will tell it you at a better opportunity: to-day is the thirtieth Sabbath. Would you affront the circumcised Jews?" I reply, "I have no scruple [on that account]." "But I have: I am something weaker, one of the multitude. You must forgive me: I will speak with you on another occasion." And has this sun arisen so disastrous upon me! The wicked rogue runs away, and leaves me under the knife. But by luck his adversary met him: and, "Whither are you going, you infamous fellow?" roars he with a loud voice: and, "Do you witness the arrest?" I assent. He hurries him into court: there is great clamour on both sides, a mob from all parts. Thus Apollo preserved me.

SATIRE X

HE SUPPORTS THE JUDGMENT WHICH HE HAD BEFORE GIVEN OF LUCILIUS, AND INTERSPERSES SOME EXCELLENT PRECEPTS FOR THE WRITING OF SATIRE

To be sure I did say, that the verses of Lucilius did not run smoothly. Who is so foolish an admirer of Lucilius that he would not own this? But the same writer is applauded in the same satire, on account of his having lashed the town with great humour. Nevertheless granting him this, I will not therefore give up the other [considerations]; for at that rate I might even admire the farces of Laberius, as fine poems. Hence, it is by no means sufficient to make an auditor grin

with laughter: and yet there is some degree of merit even in this. There is need of conciseness that the sentence may run, and not embarrass itself with verbiage, that overloads the sated ear; and sometimes a grave, frequently a jocose style is necessary, supporting the character one while of the orator, and [at another] of the poet, now and then that of a graceful rallier, that curbs the force of his pleasantry and weakens it on purpose. For ridicule often decides matters of importance more effectually, and in a better manner, than severity. Those poets by whom the ancient comedy was written, stood upon this [foundation], and in this are they worthy of imitation: whom neither the smooth-faced Hermogenes ever read. nor that baboon who is skilled in nothing but singing [the wanton compositions of] Calvus and Catullus.

But [Lucilius, say they,] did a great thing, when he intermixed Greek words with Latin. O late-learned dunces! What? do you think that arduous and admirable, which was done by Pitholeo the Rhodian? But [still they cry] the style elegantly composed of both tongues is the more pleasant, as if Falernian wine is mixed with Chian. When you make verses, I ask you this question; were you to undertake the difficult cause of the accused Petillius, would you, (for instance,) forgetful of your country and your father, while Pedius, Poplicola, and Corvinus sweat through their causes in Latin, choose to intermix words borrowed from abroad, like the double-tongued Canusinian. And as for myself, who was born on this side the water, when I was about making Greek verses; Romulus appearing to me after midnight, when dreams are true, forbade me in words to this effect; "You could not be guilty of more madness by carrying timber into a wood than by desiring to throng in among the great crowds of Grecian writers."

While bombastical Alpinus murders Memnon, and while he deforms the muddy source of the Rhine, I amuse myself with these satires; which can neither be recited in the temple [of Apollo], as contesting for the prize when Tarpa presides as judge, nor can have a run over and over again represented in the theatres. You, O Fundanius, of all men breathing, are the most capable of prattling tales in a comic vein, how an artful courtesan and a Davus impose upon an old Chremes:

Pollio sings the actions of kings in iambic measure; the sublime Varius composes the manly epic, in a manner that no one can equal: to Virgil the Muses, delighting in rural scenes, have granted the delicate and the elegant. It was this kind [of satiric writing], the Aticinian Varro and some others having attempted it without success, in which I may have some slight merit, inferior to the inventor: nor would I presume to pull off the [laurel] crown, placed upon his brow with great applause.

But I said that he flowed muddily, frequently indeed bearing along more things which ought to be taken away than left. Be it so; do you, who are a scholar, find no fault with anything in mighty Homer, I pray? Does the facetious Lucilius make no alterations in the tragedies of Accius? Does not he ridicule many of Ennius' verses, which are too light for the gravity [of the subject]? When he speaks of himself by no means as superior to what he blames. What should hinder me likewise, while I am reading the works of Lucilius, from inquiring whether it be his [genius], or the difficult nature of his subject, that will not suffer his verses to be more finished, and to run more smoothly than if some one, thinking it sufficient to conclude a something of six feet, be fond of writing two hundred verses before he eats, and as many after supper? Such was the genius of the Tuscan Cassius, more impetuous than a rapid river; who, as it is reported, was burned [at the funeral pile] with his own books and papers. Let it be allowed, I say, that Lucilius was a humorous and polite writer; that he was also more correct than [Ennius], the author of a kind of poetry [not yet] well cultivated, nor attempted by the Greeks, and [more correct likewise] than the tribe of our old poets: but yet he, if he had been brought down by the fates to this age of ours, would have retrenched a great deal from his writings: he would have pruned off everything that transgressed the limits of perfection; and, in the composition of verses, would often have scratched his head, and bit his nails to the quick.

You that intend to write what is worthy to be read more than once, blot frequently: and take no pains to make the multitude admire you, content with a few [judicious] readers. What, would you be such a fool, as to be ambitious that

your verses should be taught in petty schools? That is not my case. It is enough for me, that the knight [Maecenas] applauds: as the courageous actress Arbuscula expressed herself, in contempt of the rest of the audience, when she was hissed [by the populace]. What, shall that insect Pantilius have any effect upon me? Or can it vex me that Demetrius carps at me behind my back? or because the trifler Fannius, that hanger-on to Hermogenes Tigellius, attempts to hurt me? May Plotius and Varius, Maecenas and Virgil, Valgius and Octavius approve these satires, and the excellent Fuscus likewise; and I could wish that both the Visci would join in their commendations: ambition apart, I may mention you, O Pollio: you also, Messala, together with your brother; and at the same time, you, Bibulus and Servius; and along with these you, candid Furnius; many others whom, though men of learning and my friends, I purposely omit—to whom I could wish these satires, such as they are, may give satisfaction; and I should be chagrined, if they pleased in a degree below my expectation. You, Demetrius, and you, Tigellius, I bid lament among the forms of your female pupils.

Go, boy, and instantly annex this satire to the end of my book.

THE SATIRES—BOOK II

SATIRE I

HE SUPPOSES HIMSELF TO CONSULT WITH TREBATIUS, WHETHER HE SHOULD DESIST FROM WRITING SATIRES OR NOT

THERE are some persons, to whom I seem too severe in [the writing of] satire, and to carry it beyond proper bounds: another set are of opinion that all I have written is nerveless, and that a thousand verses like mine may be spun out in a day. Trebatius, give me your advice, what I shall do. Be quiet. I should not make, you say, verses at all. I do say so. May I be hanged, if that would not be best; but I cannot sleep. Let those, who want sound sleep, anointed swim thrice across the Tiber; and have their clay well moistened with wine over-night. Or, if such a great love of scribbling hurries you on, venture to celebrate the achievements of the invincible Caesar, certain of bearing off ample rewards for your pains.

Desirous I am, my good father, [to do this,] but my strength fails me: nor can any one describe the troops bristled with spears, nor the Gauls dying on their shivered darts, nor the wounded Parthian falling from his horse. Nevertheless you may describe him just and brave, as the wise Lucilius did Scipio. I will not be wanting to myself, when an opportunity presents itself: no verses of Horace's, unless well-timed, will gain the attention of Caesar; whom, [like a generous steed,] if you stroke awkwardly, he will kick back upon you, being at all quarters on his guard. How much better would this be than to wound with severe satire Pantolabus the buffoon, and the rake Nomentanus! when everybody is afraid for himself, [lest he should be the next,] and hates you, though he is not meddled with. What shall I do? Milonius falls a dancing the moment he becomes light-headed and warm, and the candles appear multiplied. Castor delights in horseman-

ship; and he, who sprang from the same egg, in boxing. As many thousands of people [as there are in the world], so many different inclinations are there. It delights me to combine words in metre, after the manner of Lucilius, a better man than both of us. He long ago communicated his secrets to his books, as to faithful friends: never having recourse elsewhere, whether things went well or ill with him: whence it happens, that the whole life of this old [poet] is as open to the view, as if it had been painted on a votive tablet. His example I follow, though in doubt whether I am a Lucanian or an Apulian; for the Venusinian farmers plough upon the boundaries of both countries, who (as the ancient tradition has it) were sent, on the expulsion of the Samnites, for this purpose, that the enemy might not make incursions on the Romans, through a vacant [unguarded frontier]: or lest the Apulian nation, or the fierce Lucanian, should make an invasion. But this pen of mine shall not wilfully attack any man breathing, and shall defend me like a sword that is sheathed in the scabbard: which why should I attempt to draw, [while I am] safe from hostile villains? O Jupiter, father and sovereign, may my weapon laid aside wear away with rust, and may no one injure me, who am desirous of peace? But that man who shall provoke me (I give notice, that it is better not to touch me) shall weep [his folly], and as a notorious character shall be sung through all the streets of Rome.

Cervius, when he is offended, threatens one with the laws and the [judiciary] urn; Canidia, Albutius' poison to those with whom she is at enmity; Turius [threatens] great damages, if you contest anything while he is judge. How every animal terrifies those whom he suspects, with that in which he is most powerful, and how strong natural instinct commands this, thus infer with me.—The wolf attacks with his teeth, the bull with his horns. From what principle is this, if not a suggestion from within? Intrust that debauchee Scaeva with the custody of his ancient mother; his pious hand will commit no outrage. A wonder indeed! just as the wolf does not attack any one with his hoof, nor the bull with his teeth; but the deadly hemlock in the poisoned honey will take off the old dame.

That I may not be tedious, whether a placid old age awaits me, or whether death now hovers about me with his sable wings; rich or poor, at Rome or (if fortune should so order it) an exile abroad; whatever be the complexion of my life, I will write. O my child, I fear you cannot be long-lived; and that some creature of the great ones will strike you with the cold of death. What? when Lucilius had the courage to be the first in composing verses after this manner, and to pull off that mask, by means of which each man strutted in public view with a fair outside, though foul within; was Laelius, and he who derived a well-deserved title from the destruction of Carthage, offended at his wit, or were they hurt at Metellus being lashed, or Lupus covered over with his lampoons? But he took to task the heads of the people, and the people themselves, class by class; in short, he spared none but virtue and her friends. Yet, when the valorous Scipio, and the mild philosophical Laelius, had withdrawn themselves from the crowd and the public scene, they used to divert themselves with him, and joke in a free manner, while a few vegetables were boiled [for supper]. Of whatever rank I am, though below the estate and wit of Lucilius, yet envy must be obliged to own that I have lived well with great men; and, wanting to fasten her tooth upon some weak part, will strike it against the solid: unless you, learned Trebatius, disapprove of anything [I have said]. For my part, I cannot make any objection to this. But however, that forewarned you may be upon your guard, lest an ignorance of our sacred laws should bring you into trouble, [be sure of this:] if any person shall make scandalous verses against a particular man, an action lies, and a sentence. Granted, if they are scandalous: but if a man composes good ones, and is praised by such a judge as Caesar? If a man barks only at him who deserves his invectives, while he himself is unblameable? The process will be cancelled with laughter: and you, being dismissed, may depart in peace.

SATIRE II

ON FRUGALITY

What and how great is the virtue to live on a little, (this is no doctrine of mine, but what Ofellus the peasant, a philosopher without rules and of a home-spun wit, taught me,) learn, my good friends, not among dishes and splendid tables; when the eye is dazzled with the vain glare, and the mind, intent upon false appearances, refuses [to admit] better things; but here, before dinner, discuss this point with me. Why so? I will inform you, if I can. Every corrupted judge examines badly the truth. After hunting the hare, or being wearied by an unruly horse, or (if the Roman exercise fatigues you, accustomed to act the Greek) whether the swift ball, while eagerness softens and prevents your perceiving the severity of the game, or quoits (smite the yielding air with the quoit) when exercise has worked off squeamishness, dry and hungry, [then let me see you] despise mean viands; and don't drink anything but Hymettian honey qualified with Falernian wine. Your butler is abroad, and the tempestuous sea preserves the fish by its wintry storms: bread and salt will sufficiently appease an importunate stomach. Whence do you think this happens? and how is it obtained? The consummate pleasure is not in the costly flavour, but in yourself. Do you seek for sauce by sweating. Neither oysters, nor scar, nor the far-fetched lagois, can give any pleasure to one bloated and pale through intemperance. Nevertheless, if a peacock were served up, I should hardly be able to prevent your gratifying the palate with that, rather than a pullet, since you are prejudiced by the vanities of things; because the scarce bird is bought with gold, and displays a fine sight with its painted tail: as if that were anything to the purpose. What, do you eat that plumage, which you extol? or has the bird the same beauty when dressed? Since however there is no difference in the meat, in one preferably to the other; it is manifest that you are imposed upon by the disparity of their appearances. Be it so.

By what gift are you able to distinguish, whether this lupus, that now opens its jaws before us, was taken in the Tiber, or in the sea? whether it was tossed between the bridges, or at the mouth of the Tuscan river? Fool, you praise a mullet that weighs three pounds, which you are obliged to cut into small pieces. Outward appearances lead you, I see. To what intent then do you contemn large lupuses? Because truly these are by nature bulky, and those very light. A hungry stomach seldom loathes common victuals. O that I could see a swingeing mullet extended on a swingeing dish! cries that gullet, which is fit for the voracious harpies themselves. But O [say I] ye southern blasts, be present to taint the delicacies of these [gluttons]: though the boar and turbot newly taken are rank, when surfeiting abundance provokes the sick stomach; and when the sated guttler prefers turnips and sharp elecampane. However, all [appearance of] poverty is not quite banished from the banquets of our nobles; for there is, even at this day, a place for paltry eggs and black olives. And it was not long ago, since the table of Gallonius the auctioneer was rendered infamous, by having a sturgeon [served up whole upon it]. What? was the sea at that time less nutritive of turbots? The turbot was secure and the stork unmolested in her nest; till the praetorian [Sempronius], the inventor, first taught you [to eat them]. Therefore, if any one were to give it out that roasted cormorants are delicious, the Roman youth, teachable in depravity, would acquiesce in it.

In the judgment of Ofellus, a sordid way of living will differ widely from frugal simplicity. For it is to no purpose for you to shun that vice [of luxury]; if you perversely fly to the contrary extreme. Avidienus, to whom the nickname of Dog is applied with propriety, eats olives of five years old, and wild cornels, and cannot bear to rack off his wine unless it be turned sour, and the smell of his oil you cannot endure: which (though clothed in white he celebrates the wedding festival, his birth-day, or any other festal days) he pours out himself by little and little from a horn cruet, that holds two pounds, upon his cabbage, [but at the same time] is lavish enough of his old vinegar.

What manner of living therefore shall the wise man put in

practice, and which of these examples shall he copy? On one side the wolf presses on, and the dog on the other, as the saying is. A person will be accounted decent, if he offends not by sordidness, and is not despicable through either extreme of conduct. Such a man will not, after the example of old Albutius, be savage whilst he assigns to his servants their respective offices; nor, like simple Naevius, will he offer greasy water to his company: for this too is a great fault.

Now learn what and how great benefits a temperate diet will bring along with it. In the first place, you will enjoy good health; for you may believe how detrimental a diversity of things is to any man, when you recollect that sort of food, which by its simplicity sat so well upon your stomach some time ago. But, when you have once mixed boiled and roast together, thrushes and shell-fish; the sweet juices will turn into bile, and the thick phlegm will bring a jarring upon the stomach. Do not you see how pale each guest rises from a perplexing variety of dishes at an entertainment. Beside this, the body, overloaded with the debauch of yesterday, depresses the mind along with it, and dashes to the earth that portion of the divine spirit. Another man, as soon as he has taken a quick repast, and rendered up his limbs to repose, rises vigorous to the duties of his calling. However, he may sometimes have recourse to better cheer; whether the returning year shall bring on a festival, or if he have a mind to refresh his impaired body; and when years shall approach, and feeble age require to be used more tenderly. But as for you, if a troublesome habit of body, or creeping old age, should come upon you, what addition can be made to that soft indulgence, which you, now in youth and in health, anticipate?

Our ancestors praised a boar when it was stale: not because they had no noses; but with this view, I suppose, that a visitor coming later than ordinary [might partake of it], though a little musty, rather than the voracious master should devour it all himself while sweet. I wish that the primitive earth had produced me among such heroes as these.

Have you any regard for reputation, which affects the human ear more agreeably than music? Great turbots and dishes bring great disgrace along with them, together with

expense. Add to this, that your relations and neighbours will be exasperated at you, while you will be at enmity with yourself and desirous of death in vain, since you will not in your poverty have three farthings left to purchase a rope withal. Trausius, you say, may with justice be called to account in such language as this; but I possess an ample revenue, and wealth sufficient for three potentates. Why then have you no better method of expending your superfluities? Why is any man, undeserving [of distressed circumstances], in want, while you abound? How comes it to pass that the ancient temples of the gods are falling to ruin? Why do not you, wretch that you are, bestow something on your dear country, out of so vast a hoard? What, will matters always go well with you alone? O thou that hereafter shalt be the great derision of thine enemies; which of the two shall depend upon himself in exigencies with most certainty? He who has used his mind and high-swollen body to redundancies; or he who, contented with a little and provident for the future, like a wise man in time of peace, shall make the necessary preparations for war?

That you may the more readily give credit to these things: I myself, when a little boy, took notice that this Ofellus did not use his unencumbered estate more profusely, than he does now it is reduced. You may see the sturdy husbandman labouring for hire in the land [once his own, but now] assigned [to others], with his cattle and children, talking to this effect; I never ventured to eat anything on a work-day except potherbs, with a hock of smoke-dried bacon. And when a friend came to visit me after a long absence, or a neighbour, an acceptable guest to me resting from work on account of the rain, we lived well; not on fishes fetched from the city, but on a pullet and a kid; then a dried grape, and a nut, with a large fig, set off our second course. After this, it was our diversion to have no other regulation in our cups, save that against drinking to excess: then Ceres worshipped [with a libation], that the corn might arise in lofty stems, smoothed with wine the melancholy of the contracted brow. Let fortune rage, and stir up new tumults: what can she do more to impair my estate? How much more savingly have either I lived, or how much less neatly have you gone, my children,

since this new possessor came? For nature has appointed to be lord of this earthly property, neither him, nor me, nor any one. He drove us out: either iniquity or ignorance in the quirks of the law shall [do the same by] him; certainly in the end his long-lived heir shall expel him. Now this field under the denomination of Umbrenus', lately it was Ofellus', the perpetual property of no man; for it turns to my use one while, and by and by to that of another. Wherefore, live undaunted; and oppose gallant breasts against the strokes of adversity.

SATIRE III

DAMASIPPUS, IN A CONVERSATION WITH HORACE, PROVES THIS PARADOX OF THE STOIC PHILOSOPHY, THAT MOST MEN ARE ACTUALLY MAD

You write so seldom, as not to call for parchment four times in the year, busied in reforming your writings, yet are you angry with yourself, that indulging in wine and sleep you produce nothing worthy to be the subject of conversation. What will be the consequence? But you took refuge here, it seems, at the very celebration of the Saturnalia, out of sobriety. Dictate therefore something worthy of your promises: begin. There is nothing. The pens are found fault with to no purpose, and the harmless wall, which must have been built under the displeasure of gods and poets, suffers [to no end]. But you had the look of one that threatened many and excellent things, when once your villa had received you, free from employment, under its warm roof. To what purpose was it to stow Plato upon Menander? Eupolis, Archilochus? For what end did you bring abroad such companions? What? are you setting about appeasing envy by deserting virtue? Wretch, you will be despised. That guilty siren, sloth, must be avoided; or whatever acquisitions you have made in the better part of your life, must with equanimity be given up. May the gods and goddesses, O Damasippus, present you with a barber for your sound advice! But by what means did you get so well

acquainted with me? Since all my fortunes were dissipated at the middle of the exchange, detached from all business of my own, I mind that of other people. For formerly I used to take a delight in inquiring, in what vase the crafty Sisyphus might have washed his feet; what was carved in an unworkmanlike manner, and what more roughly cast than it ought to be; being a connoisseur, I offered a hundred thousand sesterces for such a statue; I was the only man who knew how to purchase gardens and fine seats to the best advantage: whence the crowded ways gave me the surname of Mercurial. I know it well; and am amazed at your being cured of that disorder. Why a new disorder expelled the old one in a marvellous manner; as it is accustomed to do, when the pain of the afflicted side, or the head, is turned upon the stomach; as it is with a man in a lethargy, when he turns boxer, and attacks his physician. As long as you do nothing like this, be it even as you please. O my good friend, do not deceive yourself; you likewise are mad, and it is almost "fools all," if what Stertinius insists upon has any truth in it; from whom, being of a teachable disposition, I derived these admirable precepts, at the very time when, having given me consolation, he ordered me to cultivate a philosophical beard, and to return cheerfully from the Fabrician bridge. For when, my affairs being desperate, I had a mind to throw myself into the river, having covered my head [for that purpose], he fortunately was at my elbow; and [addressed me to this effect]: Take care, how you do anything unworthy of yourself; a false shame, says he, afflicts you, who dread to be esteemed a madman among madmen. For in the first place I will inquire, what it is to be mad: and, if this distemper be in you exclusively, I will not add a single word to prevent you from dying bravely.

The school and sect of Chrysippus deem every man mad, whom vicious folly or the ignorance of truth drives blindly forward. This definition takes in whole nations, this even great kings, the wise man [alone] excepted. Now learn, why all those who have fixed the name of madman upon you, are as senseless as yourself. As in the woods, where a mistake makes people wander about from the proper path; one goes out of the way to the right, another to the left; there is the

same blunder on both sides, only the illusion is in different directions: in this manner imagine yourself mad; so that he, who derides you, hangs his tail not one jot wiser than yourself. There is one species of folly that dreads things not in the least formidable; insomuch that it will complain of fires, and rocks, and rivers opposing it in the open plain; there is another different from this, but not a whit more approaching to wisdom, that runs headlong through the midst of flames and floods. Let the loving mother, the virtuous sister, the father, the wife, together with all the relations [of a man possessed with this latter folly], cry out; "Here is a deep ditch; here is a prodigious rock; take care of yourself:" he would give no more attention, than did the drunken Fufius some time ago, when he over-slept the character of Ilione, twelve hundred Catieni at the same time roaring out, *O mother, I call you to my aid.* I will demonstrate to you, that the generality of all mankind are mad in the commission of some folly similiar to this.

Damasippus is mad for purchasing antique statues: but is Damasippus' creditor in his senses? Well, suppose I should say to you; receive this, which you can never repay: will you be a madman, if you receive it; or would you be more absurd for rejecting a booty, which propitious Mercury offers? Take bond, like the banker Nerius, for ten thousand sesterces; it will not signify: add the forms of Cicuta, so versed in the knotty points of law: add a thousand obligations: yet this wicked Proteus will evade all these ties. When you shall drag him to justice, laughing as if his cheeks were none of his own; he will be transformed into a boar, sometimes into a bird, sometimes into a stone, and when he pleases into a tree. If to conduct one's affairs badly be the part of a madman; and the reverse, that of a man in his senses; the brain of Perillius, (believe me,) who orders you [that sum of money], which you can never repay, is much more unsound [than yours].

Whoever grows pale with evil ambition, or the love of money: whoever is heated with luxury, or gloomy superstition, or any other disease of the mind, I command him to adjust his garment and attend: hither, all of ye, come near me in order, while I convince you that you are mad.

By far the largest portion of hellebore is to be administered

to the covetous: I know not, whether reason does not consign all Anticyra to their use. The heirs of Staberius engraved the sum [which he left them] upon his tomb: unless they had acted in this manner, they were under an obligation to exhibit a hundred pair of gladiators to the people, beside an entertainment according to the direction of Arrius; and as much corn as is cut in Africa. Whether I have willed this rightly or wrongly, it was my will; be not severe against me, [cries the testator]. I imagine the provident mind of Staberius foresaw this. What then did he mean, when he appointed by will that his heirs should engrave the sum of their patrimony upon his tomb-stone? As long as he lived, he deemed poverty a great vice, and nothing did he more industriously avoid: insomuch that, had he died less rich by one farthing, the more iniquitous would he have appeared to himself. For everything, virtue, fame, glory, divine and human affairs, are subservient to the attraction of riches; which whoever shall have accumulated, shall be illustrious, brave, just—What, wise too? Ay, and a king, and whatever else he pleases. This he was in hopes would greatly redound to his praise, as if it had been an acquisition of his virtue. In what respect did the Grecian Aristippus act like this; who ordered his slaves to throw away his gold in the midst of Libya; because, encumbered with the burden, they travelled too slowly? Which is the greater madman of these two? An example is nothing to the purpose, that decides one controversy by creating another. If any person were to buy lyres, and (when he had bought them) to stow them in one place, though neither addicted to the lyre nor to any one muse whatsoever: if a man were [to buy] paring knives and lasts and were no shoemaker; sails fit for navigation, and were averse to merchandising; he would everywhere deservedly be styled delirious and out of his senses. How does he differ from these, who hoards up cash and gold, [and] knows not how to use them when accumulated, and is afraid to touch them as if they were consecrated? If any person before a great heap of corn should keep perpetual watch with a long club, and, though the owner of it, and hungry, should not dare to take a single grain from it; and should rather feed upon bitter leaves: if, while a thousand hogsheads of Chian,

or old Falernian, is stored up within, (nay, that is nothing—three hundred thousand,) he drink nothing, but what is mere sharp vinegar: again—if, wanting but one year of eighty, he should lie upon straw, who has bed-clothes rotting in his chest, the food of worms and moths; he would seem mad, belike, but to few persons: because the greatest part of mankind labours under the same malady.

Thou dotard, hateful to the gods, dost thou guard [these possessions], for fear of wanting thyself: to the end that thy son, or even the freedman thy heir, should guzzle it all up? For how little will each day deduct from your capital, if you begin to pour better oil upon your greens and your head, filthy with scurf not combed out? If anything be a sufficiency, wherefore are you guilty of perjury, [wherefore] do you rob, and plunder from all quarters? Are you in your senses? If you were to begin to pelt the populace with stones, and the slaves, which you purchased with your money; all the very boys and girls will cry out that you are a madman. When you despatch your wife with a rope, and your mother with poison, are you right in your head? Why not? You neither did this at Argos, nor slew your mother with the sword as the mad Orestes did. What, do you imagine that he ran mad after he had murdered his parent; and that he was not driven mad by the wicked Furies, before he warmed his sharp steel in his mother's throat? Nay, from the time that Orestes is deemed to have been of a dangerous disposition, he did nothing in fact that you can blame: he did not dare to offer violence with his sword to Pylades, nor to his sister Electra; he only gave ill language to both of them, by calling her a Fury, and him some other [opprobrious name], which his violent choler suggested.

Opimius, poor amid silver and gold hoarded up within, who used to drink out of Campanian ware Veientine wine on holidays, and mere dregs on common days, was some time ago taken with a prodigious lethargy; insomuch that his heir was already scouring about his coffers and keys, in joy and triumph. His physician, a man of much despatch and fidelity, raises him in this manner: he orders a table to be brought, and the bags of money to be poured out, and several persons to approach in order to count it: by this method he

sets the man upon his legs again. And at the same time he addresses him to this effect. Unless you guard your money your ravenous heir will even now carry off these [treasures] of yours. What, while I am alive? That you may live, therefore, awake; do this. What would you have me do? Why your blood will fail you that are so much reduced, unless food and some great restorative be administered to your decaying stomach. Do you hesitate? come on; take this ptisan made of rice. How much did it cost? A trifle. How much then? Eight asses. Alas! what does it matter, whether I die of a disease, or by theft and rapine?

Who then is sound? He, who is not a fool. What is the covetous man? Both a fool and a madman. What—if a man be not covetous, is he immediately [to be deemed] sound? By no means. Why so, Stoic? I will tell you. Such a patient (suppose Craterus [the physician] said this) is not sick at the heart. Is he therefore well, and shall he get up? No, he will forbid that; because his side or his reins are harassed with an acute disease. [In like manner], such a man is not perjured, nor sordid; let him then sacrifice a hog to his propitious household gods. But he is ambitious and assuming. Let him make a voyage, [then,] to Anticyra. For what is the difference, whether you fling whatever you have into a gulf, or make no use of your acquisitions?

Servius Oppidius, rich in the possession of an ancient estate, is reported when dying to have divided two farms at Canusium between his two sons, and to have addressed the boys, called to his bed-side, [in the following manner]: When I saw you, Aulus, carry your playthings and nuts carelessly in your bosom, [and] to give them and game them away; you, Tiberius, count them, and anxious hide them in holes; I was afraid lest a madness of a different nature should possess you: lest you, [Aulus,] should follow the example of Nomentanus, you, [Tiberius,] that of Cicuta. Wherefore each of you, entreated by our household gods, do you (Aulus) take care lest you lessen; you (Tiberius) lest you make that greater, which your father thinks and the purposes of nature determine to be sufficient. Further, lest glory should entice you, I will bind each of you by an oath: whichever of you shall be an aedile or a praetor, let him be excommunicated and accursed.

Would you destroy your effects in [largesses of] peas, beans, and lupines, that you may stalk in the circus at large, or stand in a statue of brass, O madman, stripped of your paternal estate, stripped of your money? To the end, forsooth, that you may gain those applauses, which Agrippa gains, like a cunning fox imitating a generous lion?

O Agamemnon, why do you prohibit any one from burying Ajax? I am a king. I, a plebeian, make no further inquiry. And I command a just thing: but, if I seem unjust to any one, I permit you to speak your sentiments with impunity. Greatest of kings, may the gods grant that, after the taking of Troy, you may conduct your fleet safe home: may I then have the liberty to ask questions, and reply in my turn? Ask. Why does Ajax, the second hero after Achilles, rot [above ground], so often renowned for having saved the Grecians; that Priam and Priam's people may exult in his being unburied, by whose means so many youths have been deprived of their country's rites of sepulture? In his madness he killed a thousand sheep, crying out that he was destroying the famous Ulysses and Menelaus, together with me. When you at Aulis substituted your sweet daughter in the place of a heifer before the altar, and, O impious one, sprinkled her head with the salt cake; did you preserve soundness of mind? Why do you ask? What then did the mad Ajax do, when he slew the flock with his sword? He abstained from any violence to his wife and child, though he had imprecated many curses on the sons of Atreus: he neither hurt Teucer, nor even Ulysses himself. But I, out of prudence, appeased the gods with blood, that I might loose the ships detained on an adverse shore. Yes, madman! with your own blood. With my own [indeed], but I was not mad. Whoever shall form images foreign from reality, and confused in the tumult of impiety, will always be reckoned disturbed in mind: and it will not matter, whether he go wrong through folly or through rage. Is Ajax delirious, while he kills the harmless lambs? Are you right in your head, when you wilfully commit a crime for empty titles? And is your heart pure, while it is swollen with the vice? If any person should take a delight to carry about with him in his sedan a pretty lambkin; and should provide clothes,

should provide maids and gold for it, as for a daughter; should call it Rufa and Rufilla, and should destine it a wife for some stout husband; the praetor would take power from him being interdicted, and the management of him would devolve to his relations, that were in their senses. What, if a man devote his daughter instead of a dumb lambkin, is he right of mind? Never say it. Therefore, wherever there is a foolish depravity, there will be the height of madness. He who is wicked, will be frantic too: Bellona, who delights in bloodshed, has thundered about him, whom precarious fame has captivated.

Now, come on, arraign with me luxury and Nomentanus: for reason will evince that foolish spendthrifts are mad. This fellow, as soon as he received a thousand talents of patrimony, issues an order that the fishmonger, the fruiterer, the poulterer, the perfumer, and the impious gang of the Tuscan alley, sausage-maker, and buffoons, the whole shambles, together with [all] Velabrum, should come to his house in the morning. What was the consequence? They came in crowds. The pander makes a speech: "Whatever I, or whatever each of these has at home, believe it to be yours: and give your order for it either directly, or to-morrow." Hear what reply the considerate youth made. "You sleep booted in Lucanian snow, that I may feast on a boar: you sweep the wintry seas for fish: I am indolent, and unworthy to possess so much. Away with it: do you take for your share ten hundred thousand sesterces; you as much; you thrice the sum, from whose house your spouse runs, when called for, at midnight." The son of Æsopus, [the actor,] (that he might, forsooth, swallow a million of sesterces at a draught,) dissolved in vinegar a precious pearl, which he had taken from the ear of Metella: how much wiser was he [in doing this], than if he had thrown the same into a rapid river, or the common sewer? The progeny of Quintius Arrius, an illustrious pair of brothers, twins in wickedness and trifling and the love of depravity, used to dine upon nightingales bought at a vast expense: to whom do these belong? Are they in their senses? Are they to be marked with chalk, or with charcoal?

If an [aged person] with a long beard should take a delight to build baby-houses, to yoke mice to a go-cart, to play at

odd and even, to ride upon a long cane, madness must be his motive. If reason shall evince, that to be in love is a more childish thing than these; and that there is no difference whether you play the same games in the dust as when three years old, or whine in anxiety for the love of a harlot: I beg to know, if you will act as the reformed Polemon did of old? Will you lay aside those ensigns of your disease, your rollers, your mantle, your mufflers; as he in his cups is said to have privately torn the chaplet from his neck, after he was corrected by the speech of his fasting master? When you offer apples to an angry boy, he refuses them: here, take them, you little dog; he denies you: if you don't give them, he wants them. In what does an excluded lover differ [from such a boy]; when he argues with himself whether he should go or not to that very place whither he was returning without being sent for, and cleaves to the hated doors? "What, shall I not go to her now, when she invites me of her own accord? or shall I rather think of putting an end to my pains? She has excluded me; she recalls me: shall I return? No, not if she would implore me." Observe the servant, not a little wiser: "O master, that which has neither moderation nor conduct, cannot be guided by reason or method. In love these evils are inherent; war [one while], then peace again. If any one should endeavour to ascertain these things, that are various as the weather, and fluctuating by blind chance; he will make no more of it, than if he should set about raving by right reason and rule." What—when, picking the pippins from the Picenian apples, you rejoice if haply you have hit the vaulted roof; are you yourself? What—when you strike out faltering accents from your antiquated palate, how much wiser are you than [a child] that builds little houses? To the folly [of love] add bloodshed, and stir the fire with a sword. I ask you, when Marius lately, after he had stabbed Hellas, threw himself down a precipice, was he raving mad? Or will you absolve the man from the imputation of a disturbed mind, and condemn him for the crime, according to your custom, imposing on things names that have an affinity in signification?

There was a certain freedman, who, an old man, ran about the streets in a morning fasting, with his hands washed, and

prayed thus: "Snatch me alone from death," (adding some solemn vow,) "me alone, for it is an easy matter for the gods:" this man was sound in both his ears and eyes; but his master, when he sold him, would except his understanding, unless he were fond of law-suits. This crowd too Chrysippus places in the fruitful family of Menenius.

O Jupiter, who givest and takest away great afflictions, (cries the mother of a boy, now lying sick a-bed for five months,) if this cold quartan ague should leave the child, in the morning of that day on which you enjoin a fast, he shall stand naked in the Tiber. Should chance or the physician relieve the patient from his imminent danger, the infatuated mother will destroy [the boy] placed on the cold bank, and will bring back the fever. With what disorder of the mind is she stricken? Why, with a superstitious fear of the gods.

These arms Stertinius, the eighth of the wise men, gave to me, as to a friend, that for the future I might not be roughly accosted without avenging myself. Whosoever shall call me madman, shall hear as much from me [in return]; and shall learn to look back upon the bag that hangs behind him.

O Stoic, so may you, after your damage, sell all your merchandise the better: what folly (for, [it seems,] there are more kinds than one) do you think I am infatuated with? For to myself I seem sound. What—when mad Agave carries the amputated head of her unhappy son, does she then seem mad to herself? I allow myself a fool (let me yield to the truth) and a madman likewise: only declare this, with what distemper of mind you think me afflicted. Hear, then: in the first place you build; that is, though from top to bottom you are but of the two-foot size, you imitate the tall: and you, the same person, laugh at the spirit and strut of Turbo in armour, too great for his [little] body: how are you less ridiculous than him? What—is it fitting that, in everything Maecenas does, you, who are so very much unlike him and so much his inferior, should vie with him? The young ones of a frog being in her absence crushed by the foot of a calf, when one of them had made his escape, he told his mother what a huge beast had dashed his brethren to pieces. She began to ask, how big? Whether it were so great? puffing herself up. Greater by half. What, so big? when she had

swelled herself more and more. If you should burst yourself, says he, you will not be equal to it. This image bears no great dissimilitude to you. Now add poems, (that is, add oil to the fire,) which if ever any man in his senses made, why so do you. I do not mention your horrid rage.—At length, have done—your way of living beyond your fortune—confine yourself to your own affairs, Damasippus—those thousand passions for the fair, the young. Thou greater madman, at last, spare thy inferior.

SATIRE IV

HE RIDICULES THE ABSURDITY OF ONE CATIUS, WHO PLACED THE SUMMIT OF HUMAN FELICITY IN THE CULINARY ART

WHENCE, and whither, Catius? I have not time [to converse with you], being desirous of impressing on my memory some new precepts; such as excel Pythagoras, and him that was accused by Anytus, and the learned Plato. I acknowledge my offence, since I have interrupted you at so unlucky a juncture: but grant me your pardon, good sir, I beseech you. If anything should have slipped you now, you will presently recollect it: whether this talent of yours be of nature, or of art, you are amazing in both. Nay, but I was anxious, how I might retain all [these precepts]: as being things of a delicate nature, and in a delicate style. Tell me the name of this man; and at the same time whether he is a Roman, or a foreigner? As I have them by heart, I will recite the precepts: the author shall be concealed.

Remember to serve up those eggs that are of an oblong make, as being of sweeter flavour and more nutritive than the round ones: for, being tough-shelled, they contain a male yolk. Cabbage that grows in dry lands, is sweeter than that about town: nothing is more insipid than a garden much watered. If a visitor should come unexpectedly upon you in the evening, lest the tough old hen prove disagreeable to his palate, you must learn to drown it in Falernian wine mixed [with water]: this will make it tender. The mushrooms

that grow in meadows are of the best kind: all others are dangerously trusted. That man shall spend his summers healthy, who shall finish his dinners with mulberries black [with ripeness], which he shall have gathered from the tree before the sun becomes violent. Aufidius used to mix honey with strong Falernian injudiciously; because it is right to commit nothing to the empty veins, but what is emollient: you will, with more propriety, wash your stomach with soft mead. If your belly should be hard bound, the limpet and coarse cockles will remove obstructions, and leaves of the small sorrel; but not without Coan white wine. The increasing moons swell the lubricating shell-fish. But every sea is not productive of the exquisite sorts. The Lucrine mussel is better than the Baian murex: [the best] oysters come from the Circaean promontory; cray-fish from Misenum: the soft Tarentum plumes herself on her broad escalops. Let no one presumptuously arrogate to himself the science of banqueting, unless the nice doctrine of tastes has been previously considered by him with exact system. Nor is it enough to sweep away a parcel of fishes from the expensive stall, [while he remains] ignorant for what sort stewed sauce is more proper, and what being roasted, the sated guest will presently replace himself on his elbow. Let the boar from Umbria, and that which has been fed with the acorns of the scarlet oak, bend the round dishes of him who dislikes all flabby meat: for the Laurentian boar, fattened with flags and reeds, is bad. The vineyard does not always afford the most eatable kids. A man of sense will be fond of the shoulders of a pregnant hare. What is the proper age and nature of fish and fowl, though inquired after, was never discovered before my palate. There are some, whose genius invents nothing but new kinds of pastry. To waste one's care upon one thing, is by no means sufficient; just as if any person should use all his endeavours for this only, that the wine be not bad; quite careless what oil he pours upon his fish. If you set out Massic wine in fair weather, should there be anything thick in it, it will be attenuated by the nocturnal air, and the smell unfriendly to the nerves will go off: but, if filtrated through linen, if will lose its entire flavour. He, who skilfully mixes the Surrentine wine with Falernian lees, collects the sediment

with a pigeon's egg; because the yoke sinks to the bottom, rolling down with it all the heterogeneous parts. You may rouse the jaded toper with roasted shrimps and African cockles; for lettuce after wine floats upon the soured stomach: by ham preferably, and by sausages, it craves to be restored to its appetite: nay, it will prefer everything which is brought smoking hot from the nasty eating-houses. It is worth while to be acquainted with the two kinds of sauce. The simple consists of sweet oil; which it will be proper to mix with rich wine and pickle, but with no other pickle than that by which the Byzantian jar has been tainted. When this, mingled with shredded herbs, has boiled, and sprinkled with Corycian saffron, has stood, you shall over and above add what the pressed berry of the Venafran olive yields. The Tiburtian yield to the Picenian apples in juice, though they excel in look. The Venusian grape is proper for [preserving in] pots. The Albanian you had better harden in the smoke. I am found to be the first that served up this grape with apples in neat little side-plates, to be the first [likewise that served up] wine-lees and herring-brine, and white pepper finely mixed with black salt. It is an enormous fault to bestow three thousand sesterces on the fish-market, and then to cramp the roving fishes in a narrow dish. It causes a great nausea in the stomach, if even the slave touches the cup with greasy hands, while he licks up snacks, or if offensive grime has adhered to the ancient goblet. In trays, in mats, in sawdust, [that are so] cheap, what great expense can there be? But, if they are neglected, it is a heinous shame. What, should you sweep Mosaic pavements with a dirty broom made of palm, and throw Tyrian carpets over the unwashed furniture of your couch! forgetting that, by how much less care and expense these things are attended, so much the more justly may [the want of them] be censured, than of those things which cannot be obtained but at the tables of the rich?

Learned Catius, entreated by our friendship and the gods, remember to introduce me to an audience [with this great man], whenever you shall go to him. For, though by your memory you relate everything to me, yet as a relater you cannot delight me in so high a degree. Add to this the countenance and deportment of the man; whom you, happy in

having seen, do not much regard, because it has been your lot; but I have no small solicitude, that I may approach the distant fountain-heads, and imbibe the precepts of [such] a blessed life.

SATIRE V

IN A HUMOROUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS, HE EXPOSES THOSE ARTS WHICH THE FORTUNE-HUNTERS MADE USE OF, IN ORDER TO BE APPOINTED THE HEIRS OF RICH OLD MEN

BESIDE what you have told me, O Tiresias, answer to this petition of mine: by what arts and expedients may I be able to repair my ruined fortunes—why do you laugh? Does it already seem little to you, who are practised in deceit, to be brought back to Ithaca, and to behold [again] your family household gods? O you who never speak falsely to any one, you see how naked and destitute I return home, according to your prophecy: nor is either my cellar, or my cattle there, unembezzled by the suitors [of Penelope]. But birth and virtue, unless [attended] with substance, is viler than sea-weed.

Since (circumlocutions apart) you are in dread of poverty, hear by what means you may grow wealthy. If a thrush, or any [nice] thing for your own private [eating], shall be given you; it must wing way to that place, where shines a great fortune, the possessor being an old man: delicious apples, and whatever dainties your well-cultivated ground brings forth for you, let the rich man, as more to be reverenced than your household god, taste before him: and, though he be perjured, of no family, stained with his brother's blood, a runaway; if he desire it, do not refuse to go along with him, his companion on the outer side. What, shall I walk cheek by jowl with a filthy Damas? I did not behave myself in that manner at Troy, contending always with the best. You must then be poor. I will command my sturdy soul to bear this evil; I have formerly endured even greater. Do thou, O prophet, tell me forthwith how I may amass riches, and heaps of

money. In troth I have told you, and tell you again. Use your craft to lie at catch for the last wills of old men: nor, if one or two cunning chaps escape by biting the bait off the hook, either lay aside hope, or quit the art, though disappointed in your aim. If an affair, either of little or great consequence, shall be contested at any time at the bar; whichever of the parties lives wealthy without heirs, should he be a rogue, who daringly takes the law of a better man, be thou his advocate: despise the citizen, who is superior in reputation, and [the justness of] his cause, if at home he had a son or a fruitful wife. [Address him thus:] "Quintus, for instance, or Publius, (delicate ears delight in the prefixed name,) your virtue has made me your friend. I am acquainted with the precarious quirks of the law; I can plead causes. Any one shall sooner snatch my eyes from me, than he shall despise and defraud you of an empty nut. This is my care, that you lose nothing, that you be not made a jest of." Bid him go home, and make much of himself. Be his solicitor yourself: persevere, and be steadfast: whether the glaring dog-star shall cleave the infant statues; or Furius, distended with his greasy paunch, shall spue white snow over the wintry Alps. Do not you see (shall some one say, jogging the person that stands next to him by the elbow) how indefatigable he is, how serviceable to his friends, how acute? [By this means] more tunnies shall swim in, and your fish-ponds will increase.

Further, if any one in affluent circumstances has reared an ailing son, lest a too open complaisance to a single man should detect you, creep gradually into the hope [of succeeding him], and that you may be set down as second heir; and, if any casualty should despatch the boy to Hades, you may come into the vacancy. This die seldom fails. Whoever delivers his will to you to read, be mindful to decline it, and push the parchment from you: [do it] however in such a manner, that you may catch with an oblique glance, what the first page intimates to be in the second clause: run over with a quick eye, whether you are sole heir, or co-heir with many. Sometimes a well-seasoned lawyer, risen from a Quinquevir, shall delude the gaping raven; and the fortune-hunter Nasica shall be laughed at by Coranus.

What, art thou in a [prophetic] raving; or dost thou play

upon me designedly, by uttering obscurities? O son of Laërtes, whatever I shall say will come to pass, or it will not: for the great Apollo gives me the power to divine. Then, if it is proper, relate what that tale means.

At that time when the youth dreaded by the Parthians, an offspring derived from the noble Aeneas, shall be mighty by land and sea; the tall daughter of Nasica, averse to pay the sum total of his debt, shall wed the stout Coranus. Then the son-in-law shall proceed thus: he shall deliver his will to his father-in-law, and entreat him to read it; Nasica will at length receive it, after it has been several times refused, and silently peruse it; and will find no other legacy left to him and his, except leave to lament.

To these [directions I have already given], I subjoin the [following]: if haply a cunning woman or a freedman have the management of an old driveller, join with them as an associate: praise them, that you may be praised in your absence. This too is of service; but to storm [the capital] itself excels this method by far. Shall he, a dotard, scribble wretched verses? Applaud them. Shall he be given to pleasure? Take care [you do not suffer him] to ask you: of your own accord complaisantly deliver up your Penelope to him, as preferable [to yourself]. What—do you think so sober and so chaste a woman can be brought over, whom [so many] wooers could not divert from the right course? Because, forsooth, a parcel of young fellows came, who were too parsimonious to give a great price, nor so much desirous of an amorous intercourse, as of the kitchen. So far your Penelope is a good woman: who, had she once tasted of one old [doting gallant], and shared with you the profit, like a hound, will never be frightened away from the reeking skin [of the new-killed game].

What I am going to tell you happened when I was an old man. A wicked hag at Thebes was, according to her will, carried forth in this manner: her heir bore her corpse, anointed with a large quantity of oil, upon his naked shoulders; with the intent that, if possible, she might escape from him even when dead; because, I imagine, he had pressed upon her too much when living. Be cautious in your addresses: neither be wanting in your pains, nor immoderately

exuberant. By garrulity you will offend the splenetic and morose. You must not, however, be too silent. Be Davus in the play; and stand with your head on one side, much like one who is in great awe. Attack him with complaisance: if the air freshens, advise him carefully to cover up his precious head: disengage him from the crowd, by opposing your shoulders to it: closely attach your ear to him, if chatty. Is he immoderately fond of being praised? Pay him home, till he shall cry out, with his hands lifted up to heaven, "Enough:" and puff up the swelling bladder with tumid speeches. When he shall have [at last] released you from your long servitude and anxiety; and being certainly awake, you shall hear [this article in his will]? "Let Ulysses be heir to one-fourth of my estate:" "is then my companion Damas now no more? Where shall I find one so brave, and so faithful?" Throw out [something of this kind] every now and then: and if you can a little, weep for him. It is fit to disguise your countenance, which [otherwise] would betray your joy. As for the monument, which is left to your own discretion, erect it without meanness. The neighbourhood will commend the funeral handsomely performed. If haply any of your coheirs, being advanced in years, should have a dangerous cough; whether he has a mind to be a purchaser of a farm or a house out of your share, tell him, you will [come to any terms he shall propose, and] make it over to him gladly for a trifling sum. But the imperious Proserpine drags me hence. Live, and prosper.

SATIRE VI

HE SETS THE CONVENIENCES OF A COUNTRY RETIREMENT IN OPPOSITION TO THE TROUBLES OF A LIFE IN TOWN

This was [ever] among the number of my wishes: a portion of ground not over-large, in which was a garden, and a fountain with a continual stream close to my house, and a little woodland besides. The gods have done more abundantly, and better, for me [than this]. It is well: O son of

Maia, I ask nothing more save that you would render these donations lasting to me. If I have neither made my estate larger by bad means, nor am in a way to make it less by vice or misconduct; if I do not foolishly make any petition of this sort—" Oh that that neighbouring angle, which now spoils the regularity of my field, could be added! Oh that some accident would discover to me an urn [full] of money! as it did to him, who having found a treasure, bought that very ground he before tilled in the capacity of an hired servant, enriched by Hercules' being his friend;" if what I have at present satisfies me grateful, I supplicate you with this prayer: make my cattle fat for the use of their master, and everything else, except my genius: and, as you are wont, be present as my chief guardian. Wherefore, when I have removed myself from the city to the mountains and my castle, (what can I polish, preferably to my satires and prosaic muse?) neither evil ambition destroys me, nor the heavy south wind, nor the sickly autumn, the gain of baleful Libitina.

Father of the morning, or Janus, if with more pleasure thou hearest thyself [called by that name], from whom men commence the toils of business, and of life, (such is the will of the gods,) be thou the beginning of my song. At Rome you hurry me away to be bail; " Away, despatch, [you cry,] lest any one should be before-hand with you in doing that friendly office: I must go, at all events, whether the north wind sweep the earth, or winter contracts the snowy day into a narrower circle. After this, having uttered in a clear and determinate manner [the legal form], which may be a detriment to me, I must bustle through the crowd; and must disoblige the tardy. " What is your will, madman, and what are you about, impudent fellow?" So one accosts me with his passionate curses. " You jostle everything that is in your way, if with an appointment full in your mind you are posting away to Maecenas." This pleases me, and is like honey: I will not tell a lie. But by the time I reach the gloomy Esquiliae, a hundred affairs of other people's encompass me on every side: " Roscius begged that you would be with him at the court-house to-morrow before the second hour." " The secretaries requested you would remember, Quintus, to return to-day about an affair of public concern,

and of great consequence." "Get Maecenas to put his signet to these tablets." Should one say, "I will endeavour at it:" "If you will, you can," adds he; and is more earnest. The seventh year approaching to the eighth is now elapsed, from the time that Maecenas began to reckon me in the number of his friends; only thus far, as one he would like to take along with him in his chariot, when he went a journey, and to whom he would trust such kind of trifles as these: "What is the hour?" "Is Gallina, the Thracian, a match for [the gladiator] Syrus?" "The cold morning air begins to pinch those that are ill provided against it;"—and such things as are well enough intrusted to a leaky ear. For all this time, every day and hour, I have been more subjected to envy. Our son of fortune here, says everybody, witnessed the shows in company with [Maecenas], and played with him in the Campus Martius." Does any disheartening report spread from the rostrum through the streets, whoever comes in my way consults me [concerning it]: "Good Sir, have you (for you must know, since you approach nearer the gods) heard anything relating to the Dacians?" "Nothing at all for my part," [I reply]. "How you ever are a sneerer!" "But may all the gods torture me, if I know anything of the matter." "What! will Caesar give the lands he promised the soldiers, in Sicily, or in Italy?" As I am swearing I know nothing about it, they wonder at me, [thinking] me, to be sure, a creature of extraordinary and profound secrecy.

Among things of this nature the day is wasted by me, mortified as I am, not without such wishes as these: O rural retirement, when shall I behold thee? and when shall it be in my power to pass through the pleasing oblivion of a life full of solicitude, one while with the books of the ancients, another while in sleep and leisure? O when shall the bean related to Pythagoras, and at the same time herbs well larded with fat bacon, be set before me? O evenings, and suppers fit for gods! with which I and my friends regale ourselves in the presence of my household gods; and feed my saucy slaves with viands, of which libations have been made. The guest, according to every one's inclination, takes off the glasses of different sizes, free from mad laws: whether one of a strong constitution chooses hearty bumpers; or another more

joyously gets mellow with moderate ones. Then conversation arises, not concerning other people's villas and houses, nor whether Lepos dances well or not; but we debate on what is more to our purpose, and what it is pernicious not to know—whether men are made happy by riches or by virtue; or what leads us into intimacies, interest or moral rectitude; and what is the nature of good, and what its perfection. Meanwhile, my neighbour Cervius prates away old stories relative to the subject. For, if any one ignorantly commends the troublesome riches of Arelius, he thus begins: "On a time a country-mouse is reported to have received a city-mouse into his poor cave, an old host his old acquaintance; a blunt fellow and attentive to his acquisitions, yet so as he could [on occasion] enlarge his narrow soul in acts of hospitality. What need of many words? He neither grudged him the hoarded vetches, nor the long oats; and bringing in his mouth a dry plum, and nibbled scraps of bacon, presented them to him, being desirous by the variety of the supper to get the better of the daintiness of his guest, who hardly touched with his delicate tooth the several things: while the father of the family himself, extended on fresh straw, ate a spelt and darnel, leaving that which was better [for his guest]. At length the citizen addressing him, 'Friend,' says he, 'what delight have you to live laboriously on the ridge of a rugged thicket? Will you not prefer men and the city to the savage woods? Take my advice, and go along with me: since mortal lives are allotted to all terrestrial animals, nor is there any escape from death, either for the great or the small. Wherefore, my good friend, while it is in your power, live happy in joyous circumstances: live mindful of how brief an existence you are.' Soon as these speeches had wrought upon the peasant, he leaps nimbly from his cave: thence they both pursue their intended journey, being desirous to steal under the city-walls by night. And now the night possessed the middle region of the heavens, when each of them set foot in a gorgeous palace, where carpets dyed with crimson grain glittered upon ivory couches, and many baskets of a magnificent entertainment remained, which had yesterday been set by in baskets piled upon one another. After he had placed the peasant then, stretched at ease, upon a splendid carpet;

he bustles about like an adroit host, and keeps bringing up one dish close upon another, and with an affected civility performs all the ceremonies, first tasting of everything he serves up. He, reclined, rejoices in the change of his situation, and acts the part of a boon companion in the good cheer; when on a sudden a prodigious rattling of the folding doors shook them both from their couches. Terrified they began to scamper all about the room, and more and more heartless to be in confusion, while the lofty house resounded with [the barking of] mastiff dogs; upon which, says the country-mouse, 'I have no desire for a life like this; and so farewell: my wood and cave, secure from surprises, shall with homely tares comfort me.'"

SATIRE VII

ONE OF HORACE'S SLAVES, MAKING USE OF THAT FREEDOM WHICH WAS ALLOWED THEM AT THE SATURNALIA, RATES HIS MASTER IN A DROLL AND SEVERE MANNER

I HAVE a long while been attending [to you], and would fain speak a few words [in return; but, being] a slave, I am afraid. What, Davus? Yes, Davus, a faithful servant to his master and an honest one, at least sufficiently so: that is, for you to think his life in no danger. Well, (since our ancestors would have it so,) use the freedom of December: speak on.

One part of mankind are fond of their vices with some constancy, and adhere to their purpose: a considerable part fluctuates; one while embracing the right, another while liable to depravity. Priscus, frequently observed with three rings, sometimes with his left hand bare, lived so irregularly that he would change his robe every hour; from a magnificent edifice, he would on a sudden hide himself in a place, whence a decent freedman could scarcely come out in a decent manner; one while he would choose to lead the life of a rake at Rome, another while that of a teacher at Athens; born under the evil influence of every Vertumnus. That buffoon, Volanerius,

when the deserved gout had crippled his fingers, maintained [a fellow] that he had hired at a daily price, who took up the dice and put them into the box for him: yet by how much more constant he was in his vice, by so much less wretched was he than the former person, who is now in difficulties by too loose, now by too tight a rein.

"Will you not tell to-day, you varlet, whither such wretched stuff as this tends?" "Why, to you, I say." "In what respect to me, scoundrel?" "You praise the happiness and manners of the ancient [Roman] people; and yet, if any god were on a sudden to reduce you to them, you, the same man, would earnestly beg to be excused; either because you are not really of opinion, that what you bawl about is right; or because you are irresolute in defending the right, and hesitate, in vain desirous to extract your foot from the mire. At Rome, you long for the country; when you are in the country, fickle, you extol the absent city to the skies. If haply you are invited out no where to supper, you praise your quiet dish of vegetables; and as if you ever go abroad upon compulsion, you think yourself so happy, and do so hug yourself, that you are obliged to drink out no where. Should Maecenas lay his commands upon you to come late, at the first lighting up of the lamps, as his guest; 'Will nobody bring the oil with more expedition? Does anybody hear?' You stutter with a mighty bellowing, and storm with rage. Milvius, and the buffoons [who expected to sup with you], depart, after having uttered curses not proper to be repeated. Any one may say, for I own [the truth], that I am easy to be seduced by my appetite; I snuff up my nose at a savoury smell: I am weak, lazy; and, if you have a mind to add anything else, I am a sot. But seeing you are as I am, and perhaps something worse, why do you wilfully call me to an account, as if you were the better man; and, with specious phrases, disguise your own vice? What, if you are found out to be a greater fool than me, who was purchased for five hundred drachmas? Forbear to terrify me with your looks; restrain your hand and your anger, while I relate to you what Crispinus' porter taught me.

"Another man's wife captivates you; a harlot, Davus: which of us sins more deservingly of the cross? When keen

nature inflames me, any common wench that picks me up, dismisses me neither dishonoured, nor caring whether a richer or a handsomer man enjoys her next. You, when you have cast off your ensigns of dignity, your equestrian ring and your Roman habit, turn out from a magistrate a wretched Dama, hiding with a cape your perfumed head: are you not really what you personate? You are introduced, apprehensive [of consequences]; and, as you are altercating with your passions, your bones shake with fear. What is the difference whether you go condemned, [like a gladiator,] to be galled with scourges, or slain with the sword; or be closed up in a filthy chest, where [the maid], conscious of her mistress' crime, has stowed you? Has not the husband of the offending dame a just power over both; against the seducer even a juster? But she neither changes her dress, nor place, nor sins to that excess [which you do]; since the woman is in dread of you, nor gives any credit to you, though you profess to love her. You must go under the yoke knowingly, and put all your fortune, your life, and reputation, together with your limbs, into the power of an enraged husband. Have you escaped? I suppose, then, you will be afraid [for the future]; and, being warned, will be cautious. No, you will seek occasion when you may be again in terror, and again may be likely to perish. O so often a slave! What beast, when it has once escaped by breaking its toils, absurdly trusts itself to them again? You say, "I am no adulterer." Nor, by Hercules, am I a thief, when I wisely pass by the silver vases. Take away the danger, and vagrant nature will spring forth, when restraints are removed. Are you my superior, subjected as you are, to the dominion of so many things and persons, whom the praetor's rod, though placed on your head three or four times over, can never free from this wretched solicitude? Add, to what has been said above, a thing of no less weight; whether he be an underling, who obeys the master-slave, (as it is your custom to affirm,) or only a fellow-slave, what am I in respect of you? You, for example, who have the command of me, are in subjection to other things, and are led about, like a puppet movable by means of wires not its own.

"Who then is free? The wise man, who has dominion

over himself; whom neither poverty, nor death, nor chains affright; brave in the checking of his appetites, and in contemning honours; and, perfect in himself, polished and round as a globe, so that nothing from without can retard, in consequence of its smoothness; against whom misfortune ever advances ineffectually. Can you, out of these, recognise anything applicable to yourself? A woman demands five talents of you, plagues you, and after you are turned out of doors, bedews you with cold water: she calls you again. Rescue your neck from this vile yoke; come, say, I am free, I am free. You are not able: for an implacable master oppresses your mind, and claps the sharp spurs to your jaded appetite, and forces you on though reluctant. When you, mad one, quite languish at a picture by Pausias; how are you less to blame than I, when I admire the combats of Fulvius and Rutuba and Placideianus, with their bended knees, painted in crayons or charcoal, as if the men were actually engaged, and push and parry, moving their weapons? Davus is a scoundrel, and a loiterer; but you have the character of an exquisite and expert connoisseur in antiquities. If I am allured by a smoking pasty, I am a good-for-nothing fellow: does your great virtue and soul resist delicate entertainments? Why is a tenderness for my belly too destructive for me? For my back pays for it. How do you come off with more impunity, since you hanker after such dainties as cannot be had for a little expense? Then those delicacies, perpetually taken, pall upon the stomach; and your mistaken feet refuse to support your sickly body. Is that boy guilty, who by night pawns a stolen scraper for some grapes? Has he nothing servile about him, who in indulgence to his guts sells his estates? Add to this, that you yourself cannot be an hour by yourself, nor dispose of your leisure in a right manner; and shun yourself as a fugitive and vagabond, one while endeavouring with wine, another while with sleep, to cheat care —in vain: for the gloomy companion presses upon you, and pursues you in your flight."

"Where can I get a stone?" "What occasion is there for it?" "Where some darts?" "The man is either mad, or making verses." "If you do not take yourself away in an instant, you shall go [and make] a ninth labourer at my Sabine estate."

SATIRE VIII

A SMART DESCRIPTION OF A MISER RIDICULOUSLY ACTING THE EXTRAVAGANT

How did the entertainment of that happy fellow Nasidienus please you? for yesterday, as I was seeking to make you my guest, you were said to be drinking there from mid-day. [It pleased me so], that I never was happier in my life. Say (if it be not troublesome) what food first calmed your raging appetite.

In the first place, there was a Lucanian boar, taken when the gentle south wind blew, as the father of the entertainment affirmed; around it sharp rapes, lettuces, radishes; such things as provoke a languid appetite; skirrets, anchovies, dregs of Coan wine. These once removed, one slave, tucked high with a purple cloth, wiped the maple table, and a second gathered up whatever lay useless, and whatever could offend the guests; swarthy Hydaspes advances like an Attic maid with Ceres' sacred rites, bearing wines of Caecubum; Alcon brings those of Chios, undamaged by the sea. Here the master [cries], "Maecenas, if Alban or Falernian wine delight you more than those already brought, we have both."

Ill-fated riches! But, Fundanius, I am impatient to know, who were sharers in this feast where you fared so well.

I was highest, and next me was Viscus Thurinus, and below, if I remember, was Varius; with Servilius Balatro, Vibidius, whom Maecenas had brought along with him, unbidden guests. Above [Nasidienus] himself was Nomentanus, below him Porcius, ridiculous for swallowing whole cakes at once. Nomentanus [was present] for this purpose, that if anything should chance to be unobserved, he might show it with his pointing finger. For the other company, we, I mean, eat [promiscuously] of fowls, oysters, fish, which had concealed in them a juice far different from the known: as presently appeared, when he reached to me the entrails of a plaice and of a turbot, such as had never been tasted before. After this he informed me that honey-apples were most ruddy when

gathered under the waning moon. What difference this makes you will hear best from himself. Then [says] Vibidius to Balatro; "If we do not drink to his cost, we shall die in his debt:" and he calls for larger tumblers. A paleness changed the countenance of our host, who fears nothing so much as hard drinkers: either because they are more freely censorious; or because heating wines deafen the subtle [judgment of the] palate. Vibidius and Balatro, all following their example, pour whole casks into Alliphanians; the guests of the lowest couch did no hurt to the flagons. A lamprey is brought in, extended in a dish, in the midst of floating shrimps. Whereupon, "This," says the master, "was caught when pregnant; which, after having young, would have been less delicate in its flesh." For these a sauce is mixed up; with oil which the best cellar of Venafrum pressed, with pickle from the juices of the Iberian fish, with wine of five years old, but produced on this side the sea, while it is boiling (after it is boiled, the Chian wine suits it so well, that no other does better than it) with white pepper, and vinegar which, by being vitiated, turned sour the Methymnean grape. I first showed the way to stew in it green rockets and bitter elecampane: Curtillus, [to stew in it] the sea-urchins unwashed, as being better than the pickle which the sea shell-fish yields.

In the meantime the suspended tapestry made a heavy downfall upon the dish, bringing along with it more black dust than the north wind ever raises on the plains of Campania. Having been fearful of something worse, as soon as we perceived there was no danger, we rise up. Rufus, hanging his head, began to weep, as if his son had come to an untimely death: what would have been the end, had not the discreet Nomentanus thus raised his friend! "Alas! O Fortune, what god is more cruel to us than thou? How dost thou always take pleasure in sporting with human affairs!" Varius could scarcely smother a laugh with his napkin. Balatro, sneering at everything, observed; "This is the condition of human life, and therefore a suitable glory will never answer your labour. Must you be rent and tortured with all manner of anxiety, that I may be entertained sumptuously; lest burned bread, lest ill-seasoned soup should be set before us; that all your slaves should wait, properly attired and

neat? Add, besides, these accidents; if the hangings should tumble down, as just now, if the groom slipping with his foot should break a dish. But adversity is wont to disclose, prosperity to conceal, the abilities of a host as well as of a general." To this Nasidienus: "May the gods give you all the blessings, whatever you can pray for, you are so good a man and so civil a guest;" and calls for his sandals. Then on every couch you might see divided whispers buzzing in each secret ear.

I would not choose to have seen any theatrical entertainments sooner than these things. But come, recount what you laughed at next. While Vibidius is inquiring of the slaves, whether the flagon was also broken, because cups were not brought when he called for them; and while a laugh is continued on feigned pretences, Balatro seconding it; you, Nasidienus, return with an altered countenance, as if to repair your ill-fortune by art. Then followed the slaves, bearing on a large charger the several limbs of a crane besprinkled with much salt, not without flour, and the liver of a white goose fed with fattening figs, and the wings of hares torn off, as a much daintier dish than if one eats them with the loins. Then we saw blackbirds also set before us with scorched breasts, and ring-doves without the rumps: delicious morsels! did not the master give us the history of their causes and natures: whom we in revenge fled from, so as to taste nothing at all; as if Canidia, more venomous than African serpents, had poisoned them with her breath.

THE EPISTLES—BOOK I

EPISTLE I

TO MAECENAS

The poet renounces all verses of a ludicrous turn, and resolves to apply himself wholly to the study of philosophy, which teaches to bridle the desires and to postpone everything to virtue.

MAECENAS, the subject of my earliest song, justly entitled to my latest, dost thou seek to engage me again in the old lists, having been tried sufficiently, and now presented with the foils? My age is not the same, nor is my genius. Veianius, his arms consecrated on a pillar of Hercules' temple, lives snugly retired in the country, that he may not from the extremity of the sandy amphitheatre so often supplicate the people's favour. Some one seems frequently to ring in my purified ear: "Wisely in time dismiss the aged courser, lest, an object of derision, he miscarry at last, and break his wind." Now therefore I lay aside both verses, and all other sportive matters; my study and inquiry is after what is true and fitting, and I am wholly engaged in this: I lay up, and collect rules which I may be able hereafter to bring into use. And lest you should perchance ask under what leader, in what house [of philosophy], I enter myself a pupil: addicted to swear implicitly to the ipse-dixits of no particular master, wherever the weather drives me, I am carried a guest. One while I become active, and am plunged in the waves of state affairs, a maintainer and a rigid partisan of strict virtue; then again I relapse insensibly into Aristippus' maxims, and endeavour to adapt circumstances to myself, not myself to circumstances. As the night seems long to those with whom a mistress has broken her appointment, and the day slow to those who owe their labour; as the year moves lazy with minors, whom the harsh guardianship of their mothers con-

fines; so all that time to me flows tedious and distasteful, which delays my hope and design of strenuously executing that which is of equal benefit to the poor and to the rich, which neglected will be of equal detriment to young and to old. It remains, that I conduct and comfort myself by these principles: your sight is not so piercing as that of Lynceus; you will not however therefore despise being anointed, if you are sore-eyed: nor because you despair of the muscles of the invincible Glycon, will you be careless of preserving your body from the knotty gout. There is some point to which we may reach, if we can go no further. Does your heart burn with avarice, and a wretched desire of more? Spells there are, and incantations, with which you may mitigate this pain, and rid yourself of a great part of the distemper. Do you swell with the love of praise? There are certain purgations which can restore you, a certain treatise being perused thrice with purity of mind. The envious, the choleric, the indolent, the slave to wine, to women—none is so savage that he cannot be tamed, if he will only lend a patient ear to discipline.

It is virtue, to fly vice; and the highest wisdom to have lived free from folly. You see with what toil of mind and body you avoid those things which you believe to be the greatest evils, a small fortune and a shameful repulse. An active merchant, you run to the remotest Indies, fleeing poverty through sea, through rocks, through flames. And will you not learn, and hear, and be advised by one who is wiser, that you may no longer regard those things which you foolishly admire and wish for? What little champion of the villages and of the streets would scorn being crowned at the great Olympic games, who had the hopes and happy opportunity of victory without toil? Silver is less valuable than gold, gold than virtue. "O citizens, citizens, money is to be sought first; virtue after riches:" this the highest Janus from the lowest inculcates; young men and old repeat these maxims, having their bags and account-books hung on the left arm. You have soul, have breeding, have eloquence and honour: yet if six or seven thousand sesterces be wanting to complete your four hundred thousand, you shall be a plebeian. But boys at play cry, "You shall be king, if you will do right." Let this be a [man's] brazen wall, to be con-

scious of no ill, to turn pale with no guilt. Tell me, pray, is the Roscian law best, or the boy's song which offers the kingdom to them that do right, sung by the manly Curii and Camilli? Does he advise you best, who says, "Make a fortune; a fortune, if you can, honestly; if not, a fortune by any means"—that you may view from a nearer bench the tear-moving poems of Puppius: or he, who still animates and enables you to stand free and upright, a match for haughty fortune?

If now perchance the Roman people should ask me, why I do not enjoy the same sentiments with them, as [I do the same] porticoes, nor pursue or fly from whatever they admire or dislike; I will reply, as the cautious fox once answered the sick lion: "Because the foot-marks all looking toward you, and none from you, affright me." Thou art a monster with many heads. For what shall I follow, or whom? One set of men delight to farm the public revenues: there are some, who would inveigle covetous widows with sweetmeats and fruits, and insnare old men, whom they would send [like fish] into their ponds: the fortunes of many grow by concealed usury. But be it, that different men are engaged in different employments and pursuits: can the same person continue an hour together approving the same things? If the man of wealth has said, "No bay in the world outshines delightful Baiae," the lake and the sea presently feel the eagerness of their impetuous master: to whom, if a vicious humour gives the omen, [he will cry,]—"to-morrow, workmen, ye shall convey hence your tools to Teanum." Has he in his hall the genial bed? He says nothing is preferable to, nothing better than a single life. If he had not, he swears the married only are happy. With what noose can I hold this Proteus, varying thus his forms? What does the poor man? Laugh [at him too]: is he not for ever changing his garrets, beds, baths, barbers? He is as much surfeited in a hired boat, as the rich man is, whom his own galley conveys.

If I meet you with my hair badly cut by the barber, you laugh [at me]: if I chance to have a ragged shirt under a handsome coat, or if my disproportioned gown fits me ill, you laugh. What [do you do], when my judgment contradicts itself? it despises what it before desired; seeks for that

which lately it neglected; is all in a ferment, and is inconsistent in the whole tenor of life; pulls down, builds up, changes square to round. In this case, you think I am mad in the common way, and you do not laugh, nor believe that I stand in need of a physician, or of a guardian assigned by the praetor; though you are the patron of my affairs, and are disgusted at the ill-pared nail of a friend that depends upon you, that reveres you.

In a word, the wise man is inferior to Jupiter alone, is rich, free, honourable, handsome, lastly, king of kings; above all, he is sound, unless when phlegm is troublesome.

EPISTLE II

TO LOLLIUS

He prefers Homer to all the philosophers, as a moral writer, and advises an early cultivation of virtue.

While you, great Lollius, declaim at Rome, I at Praeneste have perused over again the writer of the Trojan war; who teaches more clearly, and better than Chrysippus and Crantor, what is honourable, what shameful, what profitable, what not so. If nothing hinders you, hear why I have thus concluded. The story in which, on account of Paris's intrigue, Greece is stated to be wasted in a tedious war with the barbarians, contains the tumults of foolish princes and people. Antenor gives his opinion for cutting off the cause of the war. What does Paris? He cannot be brought to comply, [though it be in order] that he may reign safe, and live happy. Nestor labours to compose the differences between Achilles and Agamemnon: love inflames one; rage both in common. The Greeks suffer for what their princes act foolishly. Within the walls of Ilium, and without, enormities are committed by sedition, treachery, injustice, and lust, and rage.

Again, to show what virtue and what wisdom can do, he has propounded Ulysses an instructive pattern: who, having subdued Troy, wisely got an insight into the constitutions

and customs of many nations; and, while for himself and his associates he is contriving a return, endured many hardships on the spacious sea, not to be sunk by all the waves of adversity. You are well acquainted with the songs of the Sirens, and Circe's cups: of which, if he had foolishly and greedily drunk along with his attendants, he had been an ignominious and senseless slave under the command of a prostitute: he had lived a filthy dog, or a hog delighting in mire.

We are a mere number, and born to consume the fruits of the earth; like Penelope's suitors, useless drones; like Alcinous' youth, employed above measure in pampering their bodies; whose glory was to sleep till mid-day, and to lull their cares to rest by the sound of the harp. Robbers rise by night, that they may cut men's throats; and will not you awake to save yourself? But, if you will not when you are in health, you will be forced to take exercise when you are in a dropsy; and unless before day you call for a book with a light, unless you brace your mind with study and honest employments, you will be kept awake and tormented with envy or with love. For why do you hasten to remove things that hurt your eyes, but if anything gnaws your mind, defer the time of curing it from year to year? He has half the deed done, who has made a beginning. Boldly undertake the study of true wisdom: begin it forthwith. He who postpones the hour of living well, like the hind [in the fable], waits till [all the water in] the river be run off: whereas it flows, and will flow, ever rolling on.

Money is sought, and a wife fruitful in bearing children, and wild woodlands are reclaimed by the plough. [To what end all this?] He that has got a competency, let him wish for no more. Not a house and farm, nor a heap of brass and gold, can remove fevers from the body of their sick master, or cares from his mind. The possessor must be well, if he thinks of enjoying the things which he has accumulated. To him that is a slave to desire or to fear, house and estate do just as much good as paintings to a sore-eyed person, fomentations to the gout, music to ears afflicted with collected matter. Unless the vessel be sweet, whatever you pour into it turns sour. Despise pleasures: pleasure bought with pain is hurtful. The covetous man is ever in want: set a certain

limit to your wishes. The envious person wastes at the thriving condition of another: Sicilian tyrants never invented a greater torment than envy. He who will not curb his passion, will wish that undone which his grief and resentment suggested, while he violently plies his revenge with unsated rancour. Rage is a short madness. Rule your passion, which commands, if it do not obey; do you restrain it with a bridle, and with fetters. The groom forms the docile horse, while his neck is yet tender, to go the way which his rider directs him: the young hound, from the time that he barked at the deer's skin in the hall, campaigns it in the woods. Now, while you are young, with an untainted mind imbibe instruction: now apply yourself to the best [masters of morality]. A cask will long preserve the flavour, with which when new it was once impregnated. But if you lag behind, or vigorously push on before, I neither wait for the loiterer, nor strive to overtake those that precede me.

EPISTLE III

TO JULIUS FLORUS

After inquiring about Claudius Tiberius Nero, and some of his friends, he exhorts Florus to the study of philosophy.

I LONG to know, Julius Florus, in what regions of the earth Claudius, the step-son of Augustus, is waging war. Do Thrace and Hebrus, bound with icy chains, or the narrow sea running between the neighbouring towers, or Asia's fertile plains and hills detain you? What works is the studious cohort planning? In this too I am anxious—who takes upon himself to write the military achievements of Augustus? Who diffuses into distant ages his deeds in war and peace? What is Titius about, who shortly will be celebrated by every Roman tongue; who dreaded not to drink of the Pindaric spring, daring to disdain common waters and open streams: how does he do? How mindful is he of me? Does he employ himself to adapt Theban measures to the

Latin lyre, under the direction of his muse? Or does he storm and swell in the pompous style of tragic art? What is my Celsus doing? He has been advised, and the advice is still often to be repeated, to acquire stock of his own, and forbear to touch whatever writings the Palatine Apollo has received: lest, if it chance that the flock of birds should some time or other come to demand their feathers, he, like the daw stripped of his stolen colours, be exposed to ridicule. What do you yourself undertake? What thyme are you busy hovering about? Your genius is not small, is not uncultivated nor inelegantly rough. Whether you edge your tongue for [pleading] causes, or whether you prepare to give counsel in the civil law, or whether you compose some lovely poem; you will bear off the first prize of the victorious ivy. If now you could quit the cold fomentations of care; whithersoever heavenly wisdom would lead you, you would go. Let us, both small and great, push forward in this work, in this pursuit: if to our country, if to ourselves we would live dear.

You must also write me word of this, whether Munatius is of as much concern to you as he ought to be? Or whether the ill-patched reconciliation in vain closes, and is rent asunder again? But, whether hot blood, or inexperience in things exasperates you, wild as coursers with unsubdued neck, in whatever place you live, too worthy to break the fraternal bond, a devoted heifer is feeding against your return.

EPISTLE IV

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS

He declares his accomplishments; and, after proposing the thought of death, converts it into an occasion of pleasantry.

ALBIUS, thou candid critic of my discourses, what shall I say you are now doing in the country about Pedum? Writing what may excel the works of Cassius Parmensis; or sauntering silently among the healthful groves, concerning yourself about everything worthy a wise and good man? You were not a body without a mind The gods have given you a

beautiful form, the gods [have given] you wealth, and the faculty of enjoying it.

What greater blessing could a nurse solicit for her beloved child, than that he might be wise, and able to express his sentiments; and that respect, reputation, health might happen to him in abundance, and a decent living, with a never failing purse?

In the midst of hope and care, in the midst of fears and disquietudes, think every day that shines upon you is the last. [Thus] the hour, which shall not be expected, will come upon you an agreeable addition.

When you have a mind to laugh, you shall see me fat and sleek with good keeping, a hog of Epicurus' herd.

EPISTLE V

TO TORQUATUS

He invites him to a frugal entertainment, but a cleanly and cheerful one.

If you can repose yourself as my guest upon Archias' couches, and are not afraid to make a whole meal on all sorts of herbs from a moderate dish; I will expect you, Torquatus, at my house about sun-set. You shall drink wine poured into the vessel in the second consulship of Taurus, produced between the fenny Minturnae and Petrinum of Sinuessa. If you have anything better, send for it; or bring your commands. Bright shines my hearth, and my furniture is clean for you already. Dismiss airy hopes, and contests about riches, and Moschus' cause. To-morrow, a festal day on account of Caesar's birth, admits of indulgence and repose. We shall have free liberty to prolong the summer evening with friendly conversation. To what purpose have I fortune, if I may not use it? He that is sparing out of regard to his heir, and too niggardly, is next neighbour to a madman. I will begin to drink and scatter flowers, and I will endure even to be accounted foolish. What does not wine freely drunken enterprise? It discloses secrets; commands our hopes to

be ratified; pushes the dastard on to the fight; removes the pressure from troubled minds; teaches the arts. Whom have not plentiful cups made eloquent? Whom have they not [made] free and easy under pinching poverty?

I, who am both the proper person and not unwilling, am charged to take care of these matters; that no dirty covering on the couch, no foul napkin contract your nose into wrinkles; and that the cup and the dish may show you to yourself; that there be no one to carry abroad what is said among faithful friends ; that equals may meet and be joined with equals. I will add to you Butra, and Septicius, and Sabinus, unless a better entertainment and a mistress more agreeable detain him. There is room also for many introductions: but goaty ramminess is offensive in over-crowded companies.

Do you write word, what number you would be; and setting aside business, through the back-door give the slip to your client who keeps guard in your court.

EPISTLE VI

TO NUMICIUS

That a wise man is in love with nothing but virtue.

To admire nothing is almost the one and only thing, Numicius, which can make and keep a man happy. There are who view this sun, and the stars, and the seasons retiring at certain periods, untainted with any fear. What do you think of the gifts of the earth? What of the sea, that enriches the remote Arabians and Indians? What of scenical shows, the applause and favours of the kind Roman? In what manner do you think they are to be looked upon, with what apprehensions and countenance? He that dreads the reverse of these, admires them almost in the same way as he that desires them; fear alike disturbs both ways: an unforeseen turn of things equally terrifies each of them: let a man rejoice or grieve, desire or fear; what matters it—if, whatever he perceives better or worse than his expectations, with downcast

look he be stupified in mind and body? Let the wise man bear the name of fool, the just of unjust; if he pursue virtue itself beyond proper bounds.

Go now, look with transport upon silver, and antique marble, and brazen statues, and the arts: admire gems, and Tyrian dyes: rejoice, that a thousand eyes are fixed upon you while you speak: industrious repair early to the forum, late to your house, that Mutus may not reap more grain [than you] from his lands gained in dowry, and (unbecoming, since he sprung from meaner parents) that he may not be an object of admiration to you, rather than you to him. Whatever is in the earth, time will bring forth into open day-light; will bury and hide things, that now shine brightest. When Agrippa's portico, and the Appian Way, shall have beheld you well known; still it remains for you to go where Numa and Ancus are arrived. If your side or your reins are afflicted with an acute disease, seek a remedy from the disease. Would you live happily? Who would not? If virtue alone can confer this, discarding pleasures, strenuously pursue it. Do you think virtue mere words, as a grove is trees? Be it your care that no other enter the port before you; that you lose not your traffic with Cibyra, with Bithynia. Let the round sum of a thousand talents be completed; as many more; further, let a third thousand succeed, and the part which may square the heap. For why, sovereign money gives a wife with a [large] portion, and credit, and friends, and family, and beauty; and [the goddesses], Persuasion and Venus, grace the well-monied man. The king of the Cappadocians, rich in slaves, is in want of coin; be not you like him. Lucullus, as they say, being asked if he could lend a hundred cloaks for the stage, "How can I so many?" said he: "yet I will see, and send as many as I have:" a little after he writes, that he had five thousand cloaks in his house; they might take part of them, or all. It is a scanty house, where there are not many things superfluous, and which escape the owner's notice, and are the gain of pilfering slaves. If then wealth alone can make and keep a man happy, be first in beginning this work, be last in leaving it off. If appearances and popularity make a man fortunate, let us purchase a slave to dictate [to us] the names [of the citizens],

to jog us on the left-side, and to make us stretch our hand over obstacles: "This man has much interest in the Fabian, that in the Veline tribe; this will give the fasces to any one, and, indefatigably active, snatch the curule ivory from whom he pleases; add [the names of] father, brother: according as the age of each is, so courteously adopt him. If he who feasts well, lives well; it is day, let us go whither our appetite leads us: let us fish, let us hunt, as did some time Gargilius: who ordered his toils, hunting-spears, slaves, early in the morning to pass through the crowded forum and the people: that one mule among many, in the sight of the people, might return loaded with a boar purchased with money. Let us bathe with an indigested and full-swollen stomach, forgetting what is becoming, what not; deserving to be enrolled among the citizens of Caere; like the depraved crew of Ulysses of Ithaca, to whom forbidden pleasure was dearer than their country. If, as Mimnermus thinks, nothing is pleasant without love and mirth, live in love and mirth.

Live: be happy. If you know of anything preferable to these maxims, candidly communicate it: if not, with me make use of these.

EPISTLE VII

TO MAECENAS

He apologises to Maecenas for his long absence from Rome; and acknowledges his favours to him in such a manner, as to declare liberty preferable to all other blessings.

HAVING promised you that I would be in the country but five days, false to my word, I am absent the whole of August. But, if you would have me live sound and in perfect health, the indulgence which you grant me, Maecenas, when I am ill, you will grant me [also] when I afraid of being ill: while [the time of] the first figs, and the [autumnal] heat graces the undertaker with his black attendants; while every father and mother turn pale with fear for their children; and while over-acted diligence, and attendance at the forum, bring on

fevers and unseal wills. But, if the winter shall scatter snow upon the Alban fields, your poet will go down to the sea-side, and be careful of himself, and read bundled up; you, dear friend, he will revisit with the zephyrs, if you will give him leave, and with the first swallow.

You have made me rich, not in the manner in which the Calabrian host bids [his guest] eat of his pears. "Eat, pray, sir." "I have had enough." "But take away with you what quantity you will." "You are very kind." "You will carry them no disagreeable presents to your little children." "I am as much obliged by your offer, as if I were sent away loaded." "As you please: you leave them to be devoured to-day by the hogs." The prodigal and fool gives away what he despises and hates; the reaping of favours like these has produced, and ever will produce, ungrateful men. A good and wise man professes himself ready to do kindness to the deserving; and yet is not ignorant, how true coins differ from lupines. I will also show myself deserving of the honour of being grateful. But if you would not have me depart any whither, you must restore my vigorous constitution, the black locks [that grew] on my narrow forehead: you must restore to me the power of talking pleasantly: you must restore to me the art of laughing with becoming ease, and whining over my liquor at the jilting of the wanton Cynara.

A thin field-mouse had by chance crept through a narrow cranny into a chest of grain; and, having feasted itself, in vain attempted to come out again, with its body now stuffed full. To which a weasel at a distance cries, "If you would escape thence, repair lean to the narrow hole which you entered lean." If I be addressed with this similitude, I resign all; neither do I, sated with delicacies, cry up the calm repose of the vulgar, nor would I change my liberty and ease for the riches of the Arabians. You have often commended me for being modest; when present you heard [from me the appellations of] king and father, nor am I a word more sparing in your absence. Try whether I can cheerfully restore what you have given me. Not amiss [answered] Telemachus, son of the patient Ulysses: "The country of Ithaca is not proper for horses, as being neither extended into champaign fields, nor abounding with much grass: Atrides, I will leave behind

me your gifts, [which are] more proper for yourself." Small things best suit the small. No longer does imperial Rome please me, but unfrequented Tibur, and unwarlike Tarentum.

Philip, active and strong, and famed for pleading causes, while returning from his employment about the eighth hour, and now of a great age, complaining that the Carinae were too far distant from the forum; spied, as they say, a person clean shaven in a barber's empty shed, composedly paring his own nails with a knife. "Demetrius," [says he,] (this slave dexterously received his master's orders,) "go inquire, and bring me word from what house, who he is, of what fortune, who is his father, or who is his patron." He goes, returns, and relates, that "he is by name Vulteius Maena, an auctioneer, of small fortune, of a character perfectly unexceptionable, that he could upon occasion ply busily, and take his ease, and get, and spend; delighting in humble companions and a settled dwelling, and (after business ended) in the shows, and the Campus Martius."

"I would inquire of him himself all this, which you report; bid him come to sup with me." Maena cannot believe it: he wonders silently within himself. Why many words? He answers, "It is kind." "Can he deny me?" "The rascal denies, and disregards or dreads you." In the morning Philip comes unawares upon Vulteius, as he is selling brokery-goods to the tunic'd populace, and salutes him first. He pleads to Philip his employment, and the confinement of his business, in excuse for not having waited upon him in the morning; and afterwards, for not seeing him first. "Expect that I will excuse you on this condition, that you sup with me to-day." "As you please." "Then you will come after the ninth hour: now go, strenuously increase your stock." When they were come to supper, having discoursed of things of a public and private nature, at length he is dismissed to go to sleep. When he had often been seen to repair like a fish to the concealed hook, in the morning a client, and now as a constant guest; he is desired to accompany [Philip] to his country-seat near the city, at the proclaiming of the Latin festivals. Mounted on horseback, he ceases not to cry up the Sabine fields and air. Philip sees it, and smiles: and, while he is seeking amusement and diversion for himself out of

everything, while he makes him a present of seven thousand sesterces, and promises to lend him seven thousand more: he persuades him to purchase a farm: he purchases one. That I may not detain you with a long story beyond what is necessary, from a smart cit he becomes a downright rustic, and prates of nothing but furrows and vineyards; prepares his elms; is ready to die with eager diligence, and grows old through a passionate desire of possessing. But when his sheep were lost by theft, his goats by a distemper, his harvest deceived his hopes, his ox was killed with ploughing; fretted with these losses, at midnight he snatches his nag, and in a passion makes his way to Philip's house. Whom as soon as Philip beheld, rough and unshaven, "Vulteius," said he, "you seem to me to be too laborious and earnest." "In truth, patron," replied he, "you would call me a wretch, if you would apply to me my true name. I beseech and conjure you then, by your genius and your right hand and your household gods, restore me to my former life." As soon as a man perceives how much the things he has discarded excel those which he pursues, let him return in time, and resume those which he relinquished.

It is a truth, that every one ought to measure himself by his own proper foot and standard.

EPISTLE VIII

TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS

That he was neither well in body, nor in mind; that Celsus should bear his prosperity with moderation.

My muse at my request, give joy and wish success to Celsus Albinovanus, the attendant and the secretary of Nero. If he shall inquire, what I am doing, say that I, though promising many and fine things, yet live neither well [according to the rules of strict philosophy], nor agreeably; not because the hail has crushed my vines, and the heat has nipped my olives; nor because my herds are distempered in distant pastures; but because, less sound in my mind than in my whole body, I

will hear nothing, learn nothing which may relieve me, diseased as I am; that I am displeased with my faithful physicians, am angry with my friends for being industrious to rouse me from a fatal lethargy; that I pursue things which have done me hurt, avoid things which I am persuaded would be of service, inconstant as the wind, at Rome am in love with Tibur, at Tibur with Rome. After this, inquire how he does; how he manages his business and himself; how he pleases the young prince, and his attendants. If he shall say, well; first congratulate him, then remember to whisper this admonition in his ears: As you, Celsus, bear your fortune, so will we bear you.

EPISTLE IX

TO CLAUDIUS TIBERIUS NERO

He recommends Septimius to him.

Of all the men in the world Septimius surely, O Claudius, knows how much regard you have for me. For when he requests, and by his entreaties in a manner compels me, to undertake to recommend and introduce him to you, as one worthy of the confidence and the household of Nero, who is wont to choose deserving objects, thinking I discharge the office of an intimate friend; he sees and knows better than myself what I can do. I said a great deal, indeed, in order that I might come off excused: but I was afraid, lest I should be suspected to pretend my interest was less than it is, to be a dissembler of my own power, and ready to serve myself alone. So, avoiding the reproach of a greater fault, I have put in for the prize of town-bred confidence. If then you approve of modesty being superseded at the pressing entreaties of a friend, enrol this person among your retinue, and believe him to be brave and good.

EPISTLE X

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS

He praises a country before a city life, as more agreeable to nature, and more friendly to liberty.

We, who love the country, salute Fuscus that loves the town; in this point alone [being] much unlike, but in other things almost twins, of brotherly sentiments: whatever one denies, the other too [denies]: we assent together: like old and constant doves, you keep the nest; I praise the rivulets, the rocks overgrown with moss, and the groves of the delightful country. Do you ask why? I live and reign, as soon as I have quitted those things which you extol to the skies with joyful applause. And, like a priest's fugitive slave, I reject luscious wafers; I desire plain bread, which is more agreeable now than honied cakes.

If we must live suitably to nature, and a plot of ground is to be first sought to raise a house upon, do you know any place preferable to the blissful country? Is there any spot where the winters are more temperate? where a more agreeable breeze moderates the rage of the Dog-star, and the season of the Lion, when once that furious sign has received the scorching sun? Is there a place where envious care less disturbs our slumbers? Is the grass inferior in smell or beauty to the Libyan pebbles? Is the water, which strives to burst the lead in the streets, purer than that which trembles in murmurs down its sloping channel? Why, trees are nursed along the variegated columns [of the city]; and that house is commended, which has a prospect of distant fields. You may drive out nature with a fork, yet still she will return, and, insensibly victorious, will break through [men's] improper disgusts.

Not he who is unable to compare the fleeces that drink up the dye of Aquinum with the Sidonian purple, will receive a more certain damage and nearer to his marrow, than he who shall not be able to distinguish false from true. He who has

been overjoyed by prosperity, will be shocked by a change of circumstances. If you admire anything [greatly], you will be unwilling to resign it. Avoid great things; under a mean roof one may outstrip kings, and the favourites of kings, in one's life.

The stag, superior in fight, drove the horse from the common pastures, till the latter, worsted in the long contest, implored the aid of man and received the bridle; but after he had parted an exulting conqueror from his enemy, he could not shake the rider from his back, nor the bit from his mouth. So he who, afraid of poverty, forfeits his liberty, more valuable than mines, avaricious wretch, shall carry a master, and shall eternally be a slave, for not knowing how to use a little. When a man's condition does not suit him, it will be as a shoe at any time; which, if too big for his foot, will throw him down; if too little, will pinch him. [If you are] cheerful under your lot, Aristius, you will live wisely; nor shall you let me go uncorrected, if I appear to scrape together more than enough, and not have done. Accumulated money is the master or slave of each owner, and ought rather to follow than to lead the twisted rope.

These I dictated to thee behind the mouldering temple of Vacuna; in all other things happy, except that thou wast not with me.

EPISTLE XI

TO BULLATIUS

Endeavouring to recall him back to Rome from Asia, whither he had retreated through his weariness of the civil wars, he advises him to ease the disquietude of his mind not by the length of his journey, but by forming his mind into a right disposition.

What, Bullatius, do you think of Chios, and of celebrated Lesbos? What of neat Samos? What of Sardis, the royal residence of Croesus? What of Smyrna, and Colophon? Are they greater or less than their fame? Are they all contemptible in comparison of the Campus Martius and the river Tiber? Does one of Attalus' cities enter into your wish?

Or do you admire Lebedus, through a surfeit of the sea and of travelling? You know what Lebedus is; it is a more unfrequented town than Gabii and Fidenae; yet there would I be willing to live; and, forgetful of my friends and forgotten by them, view from land Neptune raging at a distance. But neither he who comes to Rome from Capua, bespattered with rain and mire, would wish to live in an inn; nor does he, who has contracted a cold, cry up stoves and bagnios as completely furnishing a happy life: nor, if the violent south wind has tossed you in the deep, will you therefore sell your ship on the other side of the Aegean Sea. On a man sound in mind Rhodes and beautiful Mitylene have such an effect, as a thick cloak at the summer solstice, thin drawers in snowy weather, [bathing in] the Tiber in winter, a fire in the month of August. While it is permitted, and fortune preserves a benign aspect, let absent Samos, and Chios, and Rhodes, be commended by you here at Rome. Whatever prosperous hour Providence bestows upon you, receive it with a thankful hand: and defer not [the enjoyment of] the comforts of life, till a year be at an end; that, in whatever place you are, you may say you have lived with satisfaction. For if reason and discretion, not a place that commands a prospect of the wide-extended sea, remove our cares; they change their climate, not their disposition, who run beyond the sea: a busy idleness harasses us: by ships and by chariots we seek to live happily. What you seek is here [at home], is at Ulubrae, if a just temper of mind is not wanting to you.

EPISTLE XII

TO ICCIUS

Under the appearance of praising the man's parsimony, he archly ridicules it; introduces Grosphus to him, and concludes with a few articles of news concerning the Roman affairs.

O Iccius, if you rightly enjoy the Sicilian products, which you collect for Agrippa, it is not possible that greater affluence can be given you by Jove. Away with complaints! for that man is by no means poor, who has the use of everything

he wants. If it is well with your belly, your back, and your feet, regal wealth can add nothing greater. If perchance abstemious amidst profusion you live upon salad and shellfish, you will continue to live in such a manner, even if presently fortune shall flow upon you in a river of gold: either because money cannot change the natural disposition, or because it is your opinion that all things are inferior to virtue alone. Can we wonder, that cattle feed upon the meadows and corn-fields of Democritus, while his active soul is abroad travelling] without his body? When you, amidst such great impurity and infection of profit, have no taste for anything trivial, but still mind [only] sublime things; what causes restrain the sea, what rules the year, whether the stars spontaneously or by direction wander about and are erratic, what throws obscurity on the moon, and what brings out her orb, what is the intention and power of the jarring harmony of things, whether Empedocles or the clever Stertinius be in the wrong?

However, whether you murder fishes, or onions and garlic, receive Pompeius Grosphus; and, if he asks any favour, grant it him frankly: Grosphus will desire nothing but what is right and just. The proceeds of friendship are cheap, when good men want anything.

But that you may not be ignorant in what situation the Roman affairs are; the Cantabrians have fallen by the valour of Agrippa, the Armenians by that of Claudius Nero: Phraates has, suppliant on his knees, admitted the laws and power of Caesar. Golden plenty has poured out the fruits of Italy from a full horn.

EPISTLE XIII

TO VINNIUS ASINA

Horace cautions him to present his poems to Augustus at a proper opportunity, and with due decorum.

As on your setting out I frequently and fully gave you instructions, Vinnius, that you would present these volumes to Augustus sealed up if he shall be in health, if in spirits, finally, if he shall ask for them: do not offend out of zeal to

me, and industriously bring an odium upon my books [by being] an agent of violent officiousness. If haply the heavy load of my paper should gall you, cast it from you rather than throw down your pack in a rough manner where you are directed to carry it, and turn your paternal name of Asina into a jest, and make yourself a common story. Make use of your vigour over the hills, the rivers, and the fens. As soon as you have achieved your enterprise, and arrived there, you must keep your burden in this position; lest you happen to carry my bundle of books under your arm, as a clown does a lamb, or as drunken Pyrrhia [in the play does] the balls of pilfered wool, or as a tribe-guest his slippers with his fuddling-cap. You must not tell publicly how you sweated with carrying those verses, which may detain the eyes and ears of Caesar. Solicited with much entreaty, do your best. Finally, get you gone, farewell; take care you do not stumble, and break my orders.

EPISTLE XIV

TO HIS STEWARD

He upbraids his levity for contemning a country life, which had been his choice, and being eager to return to Rome.

STEWARD of my woodlands and little farm that restores me to myself, which you despise, [though formerly] inhabited by five families, and wont to send five good senators to Varia: let us try, whether I with more fortitude pluck the thorns out of my mind, or you out of my ground: and whether Horace or his estate be in a better condition.

Though my affection and solicitude for Lamia, mourning for his brother, lamenting inconsolably for his brother's loss, detain me; nevertheless my heart and soul carry me thither, and long to break through those barriers that obstruct my way. I pronounce him the happy man who dwells in the country, you him [who lives] in the city. He to whom his neighbour's lot is agreeable, must of consequence dislike his

own. Each of us is a fool for unjustly blaming the innocent place. The mind is in fault, which never escapes from itself. When you were a drudge at every one's beck, you tacitly prayed for the country: and now, [being appointed] my steward, you wish for the city, the shows, and the baths. You know I am consistent with myself, and loth to go, whenever disagreeable business drags me to Rome. We are not admirers of the same things: hence you and I disagree. For what you reckon desert and inhospitable wilds, he who is of my way of thinking calls delightful places; and dislikes what you esteem pleasant. The bagnio, I perceive, and the greasy tavern raise your inclination for the city: and this, because my little spot will sooner yield frankincense and pepper than grapes; nor is there a tavern near, which can supply you with wine; nor a minstrel harlot, to whose thrumming you may dance, cumbersome to the ground: and yet you exercise with plough-shares the fallows that have been a long while untouched, you take due care of the ox when unyoked, and give him his fill with leaves stripped [from the boughs]. The sluice gives an additional trouble to an idle fellow, which, if a shower fall, must be taught by many a mound to spare the sunny meadow.

Come now, attend to what hinders our agreeing. [Me,] whom fine garments and dressed locks adorned, whom you know to have pleased venal Cynara without a present, whom [you have seen] quaff flowing Falernian from noon—a short supper [now] delights, and a nap upon the green turf by the stream side: nor is it a shame to have been gay, but not to break off that gaiety. There there is no one who reduces my possessions with envious eye, nor poisons them with obscure malice and biting slander; the neighbours smile at me removing clods and stones. You had rather be munching your daily allowance with the slaves in town; you earnestly pray to be of the number of these: [while my] cunning foot-boy envies you the use of the firing, the flocks, and the garden. The lazy ox wishes for the horse's trappings: the horse wishes to go to plough. But I shall be of opinion, that each of them ought contentedly to exercise that art which he understands.

EPISTLE XV

TO C. NUMONIUS VALA

Preparing to go to the baths either at Velia or Salernum, he inquires after the healthfulness and agreeableness of the places.

It is your part, Vala, to write to me (and mine to give credit to your information) what sort of a winter it is at Velia, what the air at Salernum, what kind of inhabitants the country consists of, and how the road is (for Antonius Musa [pronounces] Baiae to be of no service to me; yet makes me obnoxious to the place, when I am bathed in cold water even in the midst of the frost [by his prescription]. In truth, the village murmurs at their myrtle-groves being deserted, and the sulphureous waters, said to expel lingering disorders from the nerves, despised; envying those invalids, who have the courage to expose their head and breast to the Clusian springs, and retire to Gabii and [such] cold countries. My course must be altered, and my horse driven beyond his accustomed stages. Whither are you going? will the angry rider say, pulling in the left-hand rein, I am not bound for Cumae or Baiae:—but the horse's ear is in the bit). [You must inform me likewise,] which of the two people is supported by the greatest abundance of corn; whether they drink rain-water collected [in reservoirs], or from perennial wells of never-failing water (for as to the wine of that part, I give myself no trouble; at my country-seat I can dispense and bear with anything: but when I have arrived at a sea-port, I insist upon that which is generous and mellow, such as may drive away my cares, such as may flow into my veins and animal spirits with a rich supply of hope, such as may supply me with words, such as may make me appear young to my Lucanian mistress). Which tract of land produces most hares, which boars: which seas harbour the most fishes and sea-urchins, that I may be able to return home thence in good case, and like a Phaeacian.

When Maenius, having bravely made away with his paternal and maternal estates, began to be accounted a merry

fellow—a vagabond droll, who had no certain place of living; who, when dinnerless, could not distinguish a fellow-citizen from an enemy; unmerciful in forging any scandal against any person; the pest, and hurricane, and gulf of the market; whatever he could get, he gave to his greedy gut. This fellow, when he had extorted little or nothing from the favourers of his iniquity, or those that dreaded it, would eat up whole dishes of coarse tripe and lamb's entrails; as much as would have sufficed three bears; then truly, [like] reformer Bestius, would he say, that the bellies of extravagant fellows ought to be branded with a red-hot iron. The same man [however], when he had reduced to smoke and ashes whatever more considerable booty he had gotten; 'Faith, said he, I do not wonder if some persons eat up their estates; since nothing is better than a fat thrush, nothing finer than a large sow's paunch. In fact, I am just such another myself; for, when matters are a little deficient, I commend the snug and homely fare, of sufficient resolution amidst mean provisions; but, if anything be offered better and more delicate, I, the same individual, cry out, that ye are wise and alone live well, whose wealth and estate are conspicuous from the elegance of your villas.

EPISTLE XVI

TO QUINCTIUS

He describes to Quinctius the form, situation, and advantages of his country-house: then declares that probity consists in the consciousness of good works; liberty, in probity.

Ask me not, my best Quinctius, whether my farm maintains its master with corn-fields, or enriches him with olives, or with fruits, or meadow-land, or the elm-tree clothed with vines: the shape and situation of my ground shall be described to you at large.

There is a continued range of mountains, except where they are separated by a shadowy vale; but in such a manner, that the approaching sun views it on the right side, and

departing in his flying car warms the left. You would commend its temperature. What? If my [very] briers produce in abundance the ruddy cornels and damsens? If my oak and holm-tree accommodate my cattle with plenty of acorns, and their master with a copious shade? You would say that Tarentum, brought nearer [to Rome], shone in its verdant beauty. A fountain too, deserving to give name to a river, insomuch that Hebrus does not surround Thrace more cool or more limpid, flows salubrious to the infirm head, salubrious to the bowels. These sweet, yea now (if you will credit me) these delightful retreats preserve me to you in a state of health [even] in the September season.

You live well, if you take care to support the character which you bear. Long ago, all Rome has proclaimed you happy: but I am apprehensive, lest you should give more credit concerning yourself to any one than yourself; and lest you should imagine a man happy, who differs from the wise and good; or, because the people pronounces you sound and perfectly well, lest you dissemble the lurking fever at mealtimes, until a trembling seize your greased hands. The false modesty of fools conceals ulcers, [rather than have them cured]. If any one should mention battles which you had fought by land and sea, and in such expressions as these should soothe your listening ears; "May Jupiter, who consults the safety both of you and of the city, keep it in doubt, whether the people be more solicitous for your welfare, or you for the people's;" you might perceive these encomiums to belong [only] to Augustus: when you suffer yourself to be termed a philosopher, and one of a refined life; say, pr'ythee, would you answer [to these appellations] in your own name? To be sure—I like to be called a wise and good man, as well as you. He who gave this character to-day, if he will, can take it away to-morrow: as the same people, if they have conferred the consulship on an unworthy person, may take it away from him: "Resign; it is ours," they cry: I do resign it accordingly, and chagrined withdraw. Thus if they should call me rogue, deny me to be temperate, assert that I had strangled my own father with a halter; shall I be stung, and change colour at these false reproaches? Whom does false honour delight, or lying calumny terrify, except the vicious

and sickly-minded? Who then is a good man? He who observes the decrees of the senate, the laws and rules of justice; by whose arbitration many and important disputes are decided; by whose surety private property, and by whose testimony causes are safe. Yet [perhaps] his own family and all the neighbourhood observe this man, specious in a fair outside, [to be] polluted within. If a slave should say to me, "I have not committed a robbery, nor run away:" "You have your reward; you are not galled with the lash," I reply. "I have not killed any man:" "You shall not [therefore] feed the carrion crows on the cross." I am a good man, and thrifty:—your Sabine friend denies, and contradicts the fact. For the wary wolf dreads the pitfall, and the hawk the suspected snares, and the kite the concealed hook. The good, [on the contrary,] hate to sin from the love of virtue; you will commit no crime merely for the fear of punishment. Let there be a prospect of escaping, you will confound sacred and profane things together. For, when from a thousand bushels of beans you filch one, the loss in that case to me is less, but not your villainy. The honest man, whom every forum and every court of justice looks upon with reverence, whenever he makes an atonement to the gods with a swine or an ox; after he has pronounced in a clear distinguishable voice, "O father Janus, O Apollo;" moves his lips as one afraid of being heard; "O fair Laverna, put it in my power to deceive; grant me the appearance of a just and upright man: throw a cloud of night over my frauds." I do not see how a covetous man can be better, how more free than a slave, when he stoops down for the sake of a penny, stuck in the road. For he who will be covetous, will also be anxious: but he that lives in a state of anxiety, will never in my estimation be free. He who is always in a hurry, and immersed in the study of augmenting his fortune, has lost the arms, and deserted the post of virtue. Do not kill your captive, if you can sell him: he will serve you advantageously: let him, being inured to drudgery, feed [your cattle], and plough; let him go to sea, and winter in the midst of the waves; let him be of use to the market, and import corn and provisions. A good and wise man will have courage to say, "Pentheus, king of Thebes, what indignities will you compel me to suffer and

endure. 'I will take away your goods:' my cattle, I suppose, my land, my movables and money: you may take them. 'I will confine you with hand-cuffs and fetters under a merciless gaoler.' The deity himself will discharge me, whenever I please." In my opinion, this is his meaning; I will die. Death is the ultimate boundary of human matters.

EPISTLE XVII

TO SCAEVA

That a life of business is preferable to a private and inactive one; the friendship of great men is a laudable acquisition, yet their favours are ever to be solicited with modesty and caution.

THOUGH, Scaeva, you have sufficient prudence of your own, and well know how to demean yourself towards your superiors; [yet] hear what are the sentiments of your old crony, who himself still requires teaching, just as if a blind man should undertake to show the way: however see, if even I can advance anything, which you may think worth your while to adopt as your own.

If pleasant rest, and sleep till seven o'clock, delight you; if dust and the rumbling of wheels, if the tavern offend you; I shall order you off for Ferentinum. For joys are not the property of the rich alone: nor has he lived ill, who at his birth and at his death has passed unnoticed. If you are disposed to be of service to your friends, and to treat yourself with somewhat more indulgence, you, being poor, must pay your respects to the great. Aristippus, if he could dine to his satisfaction on herbs, would never frequent [the tables] of the great. If he who blames me, [replies Aristippus,] knew how to live with the great, he would scorn his vegetables. Tell me, which maxim and conduct of the two you approve; or, since you are my junior, hear the reason why Aristippus' opinion is preferable; for thus, as they report, he baffled the snarling cynic: "I play the buffoon for my own advantage, you [to please] the populace. This [conduct of mine] is better and far more honourable; that a horse may carry, and

a great man feed me, pay court to the great: you beg for refuse, an inferior to the [poor] giver; though you pretend you are in want of nothing." As for Aristippus, every complexion of life, every station and circumstance sat gracefully upon him, aspiring in general to greater things, yet equal to the present: on the other hand, I shall be much surprised, if a contrary way of life should become [this cynic], whom obstinacy clothes with a double rag. The one will not wait for his purple robe; but dressed in anything, will go through the most frequented places, and without awkwardness support either character: the other will shun the cloak wrought at Miletus with greater aversion than [the bite of] dog or viper: he will die with cold, unless you restore him his ragged garment: restore it, and let him live like a fool as he is. To perform exploits, and show the citizens their foes in chains, reaches the throne of Jupiter, and aims at celestial honours. To have been acceptable to the great, is not the last of praises. It is not every man's lot to gain Corinth. He [prudently] sat still, who was afraid lest he should not succeed: be it so; what then? Was it not bravely done by him, who carried his point? Either here therefore, or nowhere, is what we are investigating. The one dreads the burden, as too much for a pusillanimous soul and a weak constitution; the other undertakes, and carries it through. Either virtue is an empty name, or the man who makes the experiment deservedly claims the honour and the reward.

Those who mention nothing of their poverty before their lord, will gain more than the importunate. There is a great difference between modestly accepting, or seizing by violence. But this was the principle and source of everything, [which I alleged]. He who says, "My sister is without a portion, my mother poor, and my estate neither saleable nor sufficient for my support," cries out [in effect], "Give me a morsel of bread:" another whines, "And let the platter be carved out for me with half a share of the bounty." But if the crow could have fed in silence, he would have had better fare, and much less of quarrelling and of envy.

A companion taken [by his lord] to Brundusium, or the pleasant Surrentum, who complains of the ruggedness of the roads and the bitter cold and rains, or laments that his chest

is broken open and his provisions stolen; resembles the well-known tricks of an harlot, weeping frequently for her necklace, frequently for a garter forcibly taken from her; so that at length no credit is given to her real griefs and losses. Nor does he, who has been once ridiculed in the streets, care to lift up a vagrant with a [pretended] broken leg; though abundant tears should flow from him; though, swearing by holy Osiris, he says, "Believe me, I do not impose upon you; O cruel, take up the lame." "Seek out for a stranger," cries the hoarse neighbourhood.

EPISTLE XVIII

TO LOLLIUS

He treats at large upon the cultivation of the favour of great men; and concludes with a few words concerning the acquirement of peace of mind.

If I rightly know your temper, most ingenuous Lollius, you will beware of imitating a flatterer, while you profess yourself a friend. As a matron is unlike and of a different aspect from a strumpet, so will a true friend differ from the toad-eater. There is an opposite vice to this, rather the greater [of the two]; a clownish, inelegant, and disagreeable bluntness, which would recommend itself by an unshaven face and black teeth; while it desires to be termed pure freedom and true sincerity. Virtue is the medium of the two vices; and equally remote from either. The one is over-prone to complaisance, and a jester of the lowest couch, he so reverences the rich man's nod, so repeats his speeches, and catches up his falling words; that you would take him for a school-boy saying his lesson to a rigid master, or a player acting an under-part: another often wrangles about a goat's hair, and armed engages for any trifle: "That I, truly, should not have the first credit; and that I should not boldly speak aloud, what is my real sentiment—[upon such terms,] another life would be of no value." But what is the subject of this controversy? Why, whether [the gladiator] Castor or Dolichos be the

cleverer fellow; whether the Minucian, or the Appian, be the better road to Brundusium?

Him whom pernicious lust, whom quick-despatching dice strips, whom vanity dresses out and perfumes beyond his abilities, whom insatiable hunger and thirst after money, whom a shame and aversion to poverty possess, his rich friend (though furnished with a half-score more vices) hates and abhors; or if he does not hate, governs him; and, like a pious mother, would have him more wise and virtuous than himself; and says what is nearly true: "My riches (think not to emulate me) admit of extravagance; your income is but small: a scanty gown becomes a prudent dependant: cease to vie with me." Whomsoever Eutrapelus had a mind to punish, he presented with costly garments. For now [said he] happy in his fine clothes, he will assume new schemes and hopes; he will sleep till daylight; prefer a harlot to his honest calling; run into debt; and at last become a gladiator, or drive a gardener's hack for hire.

Do not you at any time pry into his secrets; and keep close what is intrusted to you, though put to the torture, by wine or passion. Neither commend your own inclinations, nor find fault with those of others; nor, when he is disposed to hunt, do you make verses. For by such means the amity of the twins, Zethus and Amphion, broke off; till the lyre, disliked by the austere brother, was silent. Amphion is thought to have given way to his brother's humours; so do you yield to the gentle dictates of your friend in power: as often as he leads forth his dogs into the fields and his cattle laden with Aetolian nets, arise and lay aside the peevishness of your unmannerly muse, that you may sup together on the delicious fare purchased by your labour; and exercise habitual to the manly Romans, of service to their fame and life and limbs: especially when you are in health, and are able either to excel the dog in swiftness, or the boar in strength. Add [to this], that there is no one who handles martial weapons more gracefully. You well know, with what acclamations of the spectators you sustain the combats in the Campus Martius: in fine, as yet a boy, you endured a bloody campaign and the Cantabrian wars, beneath a commander, who is now replacing the standards [recovered] from the Parthian temples: and,

if anything is wanting, assigns it to the Roman arms. And that you may not withdraw yourself, and inexcusably be absent; though you are careful to do nothing out of measure and moderation, yet you sometimes amuse yourself at your country-seat. The [mock] fleet divides the little boats [into two squadrons]: the Actian sea-fight is represented by boys under your direction in a hostile form: your brother is the foe, your lake the Adriatic; till rapid victory crowns the one or the other with her bays. Your patron, who will perceive that you come into his taste, will applaud your sports with both his hands.

Moreover, that I may advise you, (if in aught you stand in need of an adviser,) take great circumspection what you say to any man, and to whom. Avoid an inquisitive impertinent, for such a one is also a tattler, nor do open ears faithfully retain what is intrusted to them; and a word, once sent abroad, flies irrevocably.

Let no slave within the marble threshold of your honoured friend inflame your heart; lest the owner of the beloved damsel gratify you with so trifling a present, or, mortifying [to your wishes], torment you [with a refusal].

Look over and over again [into the merits of] such a one, as you recommend; lest afterwards the faults of others strike you with shame. We are sometimes imposed upon, and now and then introduce an unworthy person. Wherefore, once deceived, forbear to defend one who suffers by his own bad conduct; but protect one whom you entirely know, and with confidence guard him with your patronage, if false accusations attack him: who being bitten with the tooth of calumny, do you not perceive that the same danger is threatening you? For it is your own concern, when the adjoining wall is on fire: and flames neglected are wont to gain strength.

The attending of the levee of a friend in power seems delightful to the inexperienced; the experienced dreads it. Do you, while your vessel is in the main, ply your business, lest a changing gale bear you back again.

The melancholy hate the merry, and the jocose the melancholy; the volatile [dislike] the sedate, the indolent the stirring and vivacious: the quaffers of pure Falernian from midnight hate one who shirks his turn; notwithstanding

you swear you are afraid of the fumes of wine by night. Dispel gloominess from your forehead: the modest man generally carries the look of a sullen one; the reserved, of a churl.

In everything you must read and consult the learned, by what means you may be enabled to pass your life in an agreeable manner: that insatiable desire may not agitate and torment you, nor the fear and hope of things that are but of little account: whether learning acquires virtue, or nature bestows it? What lessens cares, what may endear you to yourself? What perfectly renders the temper calm; honour, or enticing lucre, or a secret passage and the path of an unnoticed life?

For my part, as often as the cooling rivulet Digentia refreshes me (Digentia, of which Mandela drinks, a village wrinkled with cold); what, my friend, do you think are my sentiments, what do you imagine I pray for? Why, that my fortune may remain as it is now; or even [if it be something] less: and that I may live to myself, what remains of my time, if the gods will that aught do remain: that I may have a good store of books, and corn provided for the year; lest I fluctuate in suspense of each uncertain hour. But it is sufficient to sue to Jove [for these externals], which he gives and takes away [at pleasure]; let him grant life, let him grant wealth: I myself will provide equanimity of temper.

EPISTLE XIX

TO MAECENAS

He shows the folly of some persons, who would imitate; and the envy of others, who would censure him.

O LEARNED Maecenas, if you believe old Cratinus, no verses which are written by water-drinkers can please, or be long-lived. Ever since Bacchus enlisted the brain-sick poets among the Satyrs and the Fauns, the sweet muses have usually smelt of wine in the morning. Homer, by his excessive praises of wine, is convicted as a booser: father

Ennius himself never sallied forth to sing of arms, unless in drink. "I will condemn the sober to the bar and the praetor's bench, and deprive the abstemious of the power of singing."

As soon as he gave out this edict, the poets did not cease to contend in midnight cups, and to smell of them by day. What! If any savage, by a stern countenance and bare feet, and the texture of a scanty gown, should imitate Cato; will he represent the virtue and morals of Cato? The tongue that imitated Timagenes was the destruction of the Moor, while he affected to be humorous, and attempted to seem eloquent. The example that is imitable in its faults, deceives [the ignorant]. Soh! if I was to grow pale by accident, [these poetasters] would drink the blood-thinning cumin. O ye imitators, ye servile herd, how often your bustlings have stirred my bile, how often my mirth;

I was the original, who set my free footsteps upon the vacant sod; I trod not in the steps of others. He who depends upon himself, as leader, commands the swarm. I first showed to Italy the Parian iambics: following the numbers and spirit of Archilochus, but not his subject and style, which afflicted Lycambes. You must not, however, crown me with a more sparing wreath, because I was afraid to alter the measure and structure of his verse: for the manly Sappho governs her muse by the measures of Archilochus, so does Alcaeus; but differing from him in the materials and disposition [of his lines], neither does he seek for a father-in-law whom he may defame with his fatal lampoons, nor does he tie a rope for his betrothed spouse in scandalous verse. Him too, never celebrated by any other tongue, I the Roman lyrist first made known. It delights me, as I bring out new productions, to be perused by the eyes, and held in the hands, of the ingenuous.

Would you know why the ungrateful reader extols and is fond of my works at home, unjustly decries them without doors? I hunt not after the applause of the inconstant vulgar, at the expense of entertainments, and for the bribe of a worn-out coat: I am not an auditor of noble writers, nor a vindictive reciter, nor condescend to court the tribes and desks of the grammarians. Hence are these tears. If I say that "I am ashamed to repeat my worthless writings to

crowded theatres, and give an air of consequence to trifles: " " You ridicule us," says [one of them], " and you reserve those pieces for the ears of Jove: you are confident that it is you alone who can distil the poetic honey, beautiful in your own eyes." At these words I am afraid to turn up my nose; and lest I should be torn by the acute nails of my adversary, " This place is disagreeable," I cry out, " and I demand a prorogation of the contest." For contest is wont to beget trembling emulation and strife, and strife cruel enmities and funereal war.

EPISTLE XX

TO HIS BOOK

In vain he endeavours to restrain his book, desirous of getting abroad; tells it what trouble it is to undergo, and imparts some things to be said of him to posterity.

You seem, my book, to look wistfully at Janus and Vertumnus; to the end that you may be set out for sale, neatly polished by the pumice-stone of the Sosii. You hate keys and seals, which are agreeable to a modest [volume]; you grieve that you are shown but to a few, and extol public places; though educated in another manner. Away with you whither you are so solicitous of going down: there will be no returning for you, when you are once sent out. " Wretch that I am, what have I done? What did I want? "—you will say: when any one gives you ill treatment, and you know that you will be squeezed into small compass, as soon as the eager reader is satiated. But, if the augur be not prejudiced by resentment of your error, you shall be caressed at Rome [only] till your youth be passed. When, thumbed by the hands of the vulgar, you begin to grow dirty; either you shall in silence feed the grovelling book-worms, or you shall make your escape to Utica, or shall be sent bound to Ilerda. Your disregarded adviser shall then laugh [at you]: as he, who in a passion pushed his refractory ass over the precipice. For who would save [an ass] against his will? This too

awaits you, that faltering dotage shall seize on you, to teach boys their rudiments in the skirts of the city. But when the abating warmth of the sun shall attract more ears, you shall tell them that I was the son of a freedman, and extended my wings beyond my nest; so that, as much as you take away from my family, you may add to my merit: that I was in favour with the first men in the state, both in war and peace; of a short stature, grey before my time, calculated for sustaining heat, prone to passion, yet so as to be soon appeased. If any one should chance to inquire my age; let him know that I had completed four times eleven Decembers, in the year in which Lollius admitted Lepidus as his colleague.

THE EPISTLES—BOOK II

EPISTLE I

TO AUGUSTUS

He honours him with the highest compliments; then treats copiously of poetry, its origin, character, and excellence.

SINCE you alone support so many and such weighty concerns, defend Italy with your arms, adorn it by your virtues, reform it by your laws; I should offend, O Caesar, against the public interests, if I were to trespass upon your time with a long discourse.

Romulus, and father Bacchus, and Castor and Pollux, after great achievements, received into the temples of the gods, while they were improving the world and human nature, composing fierce dissensions, settling property, building cities, lamented that the esteem which they expected was not paid in proportion to their merits. He who crushed the dire Hydra, and subdued the renowned monsters by his fore-fated labour, found envy was to be tamed by death [alone]. For he burns by his very splendour, whose superiority is oppressive to the arts beneath him: after his decease, he shall be had in honour. On you, while present amongst us, we confer mature honours, and rear altars where your name is to be sworn by; confessing that nothing equal to you has hitherto risen, or will hereafter rise. But this your people, wise and just in one point, (for preferring you to our own, you to the Grecian heroes), by no means estimate other things with like proportion and measure: and disdain and detest everything, but what they see removed from earth and already gone by; such favourers are they of antiquity, as to assert that the Muses [themselves] upon Mount Alba dictated the twelve tables, forbidding to transgress, which the decem-viri ratified; the leagues of our kings concluded with the

Gabii, or the rigid Sabines; the records of the pontifices, and the ancient volumes of the augurs.

If, because the most ancient writings of the Greeks are also the best, Roman authors are to be weighed in the same scale, there is no need we should say much: there is nothing hard in the inside of an olive, nothing [hard] in the outside of a nut. We are arrived at the highest pitch of success [in arts]: we paint, and sing, and wrestle more skilfully than the anointed Greeks. If length of time makes poems better, as it does wine, I would fain know how many years will stamp a value upon writings. A writer who died a hundred years ago, is he to be reckoned among the perfect and ancient, or among the mean and modern authors? Let some fixed period exclude all dispute. He is an old and good writer who completes a hundred years. What! one that died a month or a year later, among whom is he to be ranked? Among the old poets, or among those whom both the present age and posterity will disdainfully reject? He may fairly be placed among the ancients, who is younger either by a short month only, for even by a whole year. I take the advantage of this concession, and pull away by little and little, as [if they were] the hairs of a horse's tail: and I take away a single one, and then again another single one; till, like a tumbling heap, [my adversary,] who has recourse to annals and estimates excellence by the year, and admires nothing but what Libitina has made sacred, falls to the ground.

Ennius the wise, the nervous, and (as our critics say) a second Homer, seems lightly to regard what becomes of his promises and Pythagorean dreams. Is not Naevius in people's hands, and sticking almost fresh in their memory? So sacred is every ancient poem. As often as a debate arises, whether this poet or the other be preferable; Pacuvius bears away the character of a learned, Accius, of a lofty writer; Afranius' gown is said to have fitted Menander; Plautus, to hurry after the pattern of the Sicilian Epicharmus; Caecilius, to excel in gravity, Terence in contrivance. These mighty Rome learns by heart, and these she views crowded in her narrow theatre! these she esteems and accounts her poets from Livy the writer's age down to our time. Sometimes the populace see right; sometimes they are wrong. If they

admire and extol the ancient poets so as to prefer nothing before, to compare nothing with them, they err; if they think and allow that they express some things in an obsolete, most in a stiff, many in a careless manner; they both think sensibly and agree with me, and determine with the assent of Jove himself. Not that I bear an ill-will against Livy's epics, and would doom them to destruction, which I remember the severe Orbilius taught me when a boy; but they should seem correct, beautiful, and very little short of perfect, this I wonder at: among which if by chance a bright expression shines forth, and if one line or two [happen to be] somewhat terse and musical, this unreasonably carries off and sells the whole poem. I am disgusted that anything should be found fault with, not because it is a lumpish composition or inelegant, but because it is modern; and that not a favourable allowance, but honour and rewards are demanded for the old writers. Should I scruple, whether or not Atta's drama trod the saffron and flowers in a proper manner, almost all the fathers would cry out, that modesty was lost; since I attempted to find fault with those pieces which the pathetic Eesopus, which the skilful Roscius acted: either because they esteem nothing right, but what has pleased themselves; or because they think it disgraceful to submit to their juniors, and to confess, now they are old, that what they learned when young is deserving only to be destroyed. Now he who extols Numa's Salian hymn, and would alone seem to understand that which, as well as me, he is ignorant of, does not favour and applaud the buried geniuses, but attacks ours, enviously hating us moderns and everything of ours. Whereas if novelty had been detested by the Greeks as much as by us, what at this time would there have been ancient? Or what would there have been for common use to read, and thumb common to every body?

When first Greece, her wars being over, began to trifle, and through prosperity to glide into folly; she glowed with the love one while of wrestlers, another while of horses; was fond of artificers in marble, or in ivory, or in brass; hung her looks and attention upon a picture; was delighted now with musicians, now with tragedians; as if an infant girl, she sported under the nurse; soon cloyed, she abandoned what

[before] she earnestly desired. What is there that pleases, or is odious, which you may not think mutable? This effect had happy times of peace, and favourable gales [of fortune].

At Rome it was long pleasing and customary to be up early with open doors, to expound the laws to clients; to lay out money cautiously upon good securities; to hear the elder, and to tell the younger by what means their fortunes might increase, and pernicious luxury be diminished. The inconstant people have changed their mind, and glow with a universal ardour for learning: young men and grave fathers sup crowned with leaves, and dictate poetry. I myself, who affirm that I write no verses, am found more false than the Parthians: and, awake before the sun is risen, I call for my pen and papers and desk. He that is ignorant of a ship, is afraid to work a ship; none but he who has learned, dares administer [even] southernwood to the sick; physicians undertake what belongs to physicians; mechanics handle tools; but we, unlearned and learned, promiscuously write poems.

Yet how great advantages this error and this slight madness has, thus compute: the poet's mind is not easily covetous; fond of verses, he studies this alone; he laughs at losses, flights of slaves, fires; he contrives no fraud against his partner, or his young ward; he lives on husks, and brown bread; though dastardly and unfit for war, he is useful at home, if you allow this, that great things may derive assistance from small ones. The poet fashions the child's tender and lisping mouth, and turns his ear even at this time from obscene language; afterwards also he forms his heart with friendly precepts, the corrector of his rudeness and envy and passion; he records virtuous actions, he instructs the rising age with approved examples, he comforts the indigent and the sick. Whence should the virgin, stranger to a husband, with the chaste boys, learn the solemn prayer, had not the muse given a poet? The chorus entreats the divine aid, and finds the gods propitious; sweet in learned prayer, they implore the waters of the heavens; avert diseases, drive off impending dangers, obtain both peace and years enriched with fruits. With song the gods above are appeased, with song the gods below.

Our ancient swains, stout and happy with a little, after the grain was laid up, regaling in a festival season their bodies and even their minds, patient of hardships through the hope of their ending, with their slaves and faithful wife, the partners of their labours, atoned with a hog [the goddess] Earth, with milk Silvanus, with flowers and wine the genius that reminds us of our short life. Invented by this custom, the Fescennine licentiousness poured forth its rustic taunts in alternate stanzas; and this liberty, received down through revolving years, sported pleasingly; till at length the bitter raillery began to be turned into open rage, and threatening with impunity to stalk through reputable families. They, who suffered from its bloody tooth, smarted with the pain; the unhurt likewise were concerned for the common condition: further also, a law and a penalty were enacted which forbade that any one should be stigmatised in lampoon. Through fear of the bastinado, they were reduced to the necessity of changing their manner, and of praising and delighting.

Captive Greece took captive her fierce conqueror, and introduced her arts into rude Latium. Thus flowed off the rough Saturnian numbers, and delicacy expelled the rank venom: but for a long time there remained, and at this day remain, traces of rusticity. For late [the Roman writer] applied his genius to the Grecian pages; and enjoying rest after the Punic wars, began to search what useful matter Sophocles, and Thespis, and Aeschylus afforded: he tried, too, if he could with dignity translate their works; and succeeded in pleasing himself, being by nature [of a genius] sublime and strong: for he breathes a spirit tragic enough, and dares successfully; but fears a blot, and thinks it disgraceful in his writings.

Comedy is believed to require the least pains, because it fetches its subjects from common life; but the less indulgence it meets with, the more labour it requires. See how Plautus supports the character of a lover under age, how that of a covetous father, how those of a cheating pimp: how Dossennus exceeds all measure in his voracious parasites; with how loose a sock he runs over the stage: for he is glad to put the money in his pocket, after this regardless whether his play stand or fall.

Him, whom glory in her airy car has brought upon the stage, the careless spectator dispirits, the attentive renders more diligent: so slight, so small a matter it is, which overturns or raises a mind covetous of praise! Adieu the ludicrous business [of dramatic writing], if applause denied brings me back meagre, bestowed [makes me] full of flesh and spirits.

This too frequently drives away and deters even an adventurous poet? that they who are in number more, in worth and rank inferior, unlearned and foolish, and (if the equestrian order dissents) ready to fall to blows, in the midst of the play, call for either a bear or boxers; for in these the mob delight. Nay, even all the pleasure of our knights is now transferred from the ear to the uncertain eyes, and their vain amusements. The curtains are kept down for four hours or more, while troops of horse and companies of foot flee over the stage: next is dragged forward the fortune of kings, with their hands bound behind them; chariots, litters, carriages, ships hurry on; captive ivory, captive Corinth, is borne along. Democritus, if he were on earth, would laugh; whether a panther a different genus confused with the camel, or a white elephant attracted the eyes of the crowd. He would view the people more attentively than the sports themselves, as affording him more strange sights than the actor: and for the writers, he would think they told their story to a deaf ass. For what voices are able to overbear the din with which our theatres resound? You would think the grove of Garganus, or the Tuscan Sea, was roaring; with so great noise are viewed the shows and contrivances, and foreign riches: with which the actor being daubed over, as soon as he appears upon the stage, each right hand encounters with the left. Has he said anything yet? Nothing at all. What then pleases? The cloth imitating [the colour of] violets, with the dye of Tarentum.

And, that you may not think I enviously praise those kinds of writing, which I decline undertaking, when others handle them well: that poet to me seems able to walk upon an extended rope, who with his fictions grieves my soul, enrages, soothes, fills it with false terrors, as an enchanter; and sets me now in Thebes, now in Athens.

But of those too, who had rather trust themselves with a reader, than bear the disdain of an haughty spectator, use a little care; if you would fill with books [the library you have erected], an offering worthy of Apollo, and add an incentive to the poets, that with greater eagerness they may apply to verdant Helicon.

We poets, it is true, (that I may hew down my own vineyards,) often do ourselves many mischiefs, when we present a work to you while thoughtful, or fatigued; when we are pained, if any friend has dared to find fault with one line; when, unasked, we read over again passages already repeated: when we lament that our labours do not appear, and our poems, spun out in a fine thread: when we hope the thing will come to this, that as soon as you are apprized we are penning verses, you will kindly of yourself send for us, and secure us from want, and oblige us to write. But yet it is worth while to know, who shall be the priests of your virtue signalised in war and at home, which is not to be trusted to an unworthy poet. A favourite of king Alexander the Great was that Choerilus, who to his uncouth and ill-formed verses owed the many pieces he received of Philip's royal coin. But, as ink when touched leaves behind it a mark and a blot, so writers, as it were, stain shining actions by foul poetry. That same king, who prodigally bought so dear so ridiculous a poem, by an edict forbade that any one beside Apelles should paint him, or that any other than Lysippus should mould brass for the likeness of the valiant Alexander. But should you call that faculty of his, so delicate in discerning other arts, to [judge of] books and of these gifts of the muses, you would swear he had been born in the gross air of the Boeotians. Yet neither do Virgil and Varius, your beloved poets, disgrace your judgment of them, and the presents which they have received with great honour to the donor; nor do the features of illustrious men appear more lively when expressed by statues of brass, than their manners and minds expressed by the works of a poet. Nor would I rather compose such tracts as these creeping on the ground, than record deeds of arms, and the situations of countries, and rivers, and forts reared upon mountains, and barbarous kingdoms, and wars brought to a conclusion through the whole world under your

auspices, and the barriers that confine Janus the guardian of peace, and Rome dreaded by the Parthians under your government, if I were but able to do as much as I could wish. But neither does your majesty admit of humble poetry, nor dares my modesty attempt a subject which my strength is unable to support. Yet officiousness foolishly disgusts the person whom it loves; especially when it recommends itself by numbers, and the art [of writing]. For one learns sooner, and more willingly remembers, that which a man derides, than that which he approves and venerates. I value not the zeal that gives me uneasiness; nor do I wish to be set out anywhere in wax, with a face formed for the worse, nor to be celebrated in ill-composed verses; lest I blush, when presented with the gross gift; and, exposed in an open box along with my author, be conveyed into the street that sells frankincense, and spices, and pepper, and whatever is wrapped up in impertinent writings.

EPISTLE II

TO JULIUS FLORUS

In apologising for not having written to him, he shows that the well-ordering of life is of more importance than the composition of verses.

O FLORUS, faithful friend to the good and illustrious Nero, if by chance any one should offer to sell you a boy born at Tibur or Gabii, and should treat with you in this manner; "This [boy who is] both good-natured, and well-favoured from head to foot, shall become and be yours for eight thousand sesterces; a domestic slave, ready in his attendance at his master's nod; initiated in the Greek language, of a capacity for any art: you may shape out anything with [such] moist clay; besides, he will sing in an artless manner, but yet entertaining to one drinking. Lavish promises lessen credit, when any one cries up extravagantly the wares he has for sale, which he wants to put off. No emergency obliges me [to dispose of him]: though poor, I am in nobody's

debt. None of the chapmen would do this for you; nor should everybody readily receive the same favour from me. Once, [indeed,] he loitered [on an errand]; and (as it happens) absconded, being afraid of the lash that hangs in the staircase. Give me your money, if this runaway trick, which I have expected, does not offend you." In my opinion, the man may take his price, and be secure from any punishment: you wittingly purchased a good-for-nothing boy: the condition of the contract was told you. Nevertheless you prosecute this man, and detain him in an unjust suit.

I told you, at your setting out, that I was indolent: I told you I was almost incapable of such offices: that you might not chide me in angry mood, because no letter [from me] came to hand. What then have I profited, if you nevertheless arraign the conditions that make for me? On the same score too you complain, that, being worse than my word, I do not send you the verses you expected.

A soldier of Lucullus, [having run through] a great many hardships, was robbed of his collected stock to a penny, as he lay snoring in the night quite fatigued: after this, like a ravenous wolf, equally exasperated at himself and the enemy, eager, with his hungry fangs, he beat off a royal guard from a post (as they report) very strongly fortified, and well supplied with stores. Famous on account of this exploit, he is adorned with honourable rewards, and receives twenty thousand sesterces into the bargain. It happened about this time that his officer, being inclined to batter down a certain fort, began to encourage the same man, with words that might even have given courage to a coward: "Go, my brave fellow, whither your valour calls you: go with prosperous step, certain to receive ample rewards of your merit. Why do you hesitate? Upon this, he arch, though a rustic: "He who has lost his purse will go whither you wish," says he.

It was my lot to have Rome for my nurse, and to be instructed [from the Iliad] how much the exasperated Achilles prejudiced the Greeks. Good Athens gave me some additional learning: that is to say, to be able to distinguish a right line from a curve, and seek after truth in the groves of Academus. But the troublesome times removed me from that pleasant spot; and the tide of a civil war carried me

away, unexperienced as I was, into arms, [into arms] not likely to be a match for the sinews of Augustus Caesar. Whence, as soon as [the battle of] Philippi dismissed me in an abject condition, with my wings clipped, and destitute both of house and land, daring poverty urged me on to the composition of verses: but now, having more than is wanted, what medicines would be efficacious enough to cure my madness, if I did not think it better to rest than to write verses.

The advancing years rob us of everything: they have taken away my mirth, my gallantry, my revellings, and play: they are now proceeding to force poetry from me. What would you have me do?

In short, all persons do not love and admire the same things. You delight in the ode: one man is pleased with iambics; another with satires written in the manner of Bion, and virulent wit. Three guests scarcely can be found to agree, craving very different dishes with various palate. What shall I give? What shall I not give? You forbid, what another demands: what you desire, that truly is sour and disgustful to the [other] two.

Beside other [difficulties], do you think it practicable for me to write poems at Rome, amidst so many solicitudes and so many fatigues? One calls me as his security, another to hear his works, all business else apart; one lives on the mount of Quirinus, the other in the extremity of the Aventine; both must be waited on. The distances between them, you see, are charmingly commodious. "But the streets are clear, so that there can be no obstacle to the thoughtful."—A builder in heat hurries along with his mules and porters: the crane whirls aloft at one time a stone, at another a great piece of timber: the dismal funerals dispute the way with the unwieldy carriages: here runs a mad dog, there rushes a sow begrimed with mire.—Go now, and meditate with yourself your harmonious verses. All the whole choir of poets love the grove, and avoid cities, due votaries to Bacchus delighting in repose and shade. Would you have me, amidst so great noise both by night and day, [attempt] to sing, and trace the difficult footsteps of the poets? A genius who has chosen quiet Athens for his residence, and has devoted seven years to study, and has grown old in books and study,

frequently walks forth more dumb than a statue, and shakes the people's sides with laughter: here, in the midst of the billows and tempests of the city, can I be thought capable of connecting words likely to wake the sound of the lyre?

At Rome there was a rhetorician, brother to a lawyer; [so fond of each other were they,] that they would hear nothing but the mere praises of each other: insomuch, that the latter appeared a Gracchus to the former, the former a Mucius to the latter. Why should this frenzy affect the obstreperous poets in a less degree? I write odes, another elegies: a work wonderful to behold, and burnished by the nine muses! Observe first, with what a fastidious air, with what importance we survey the temple [of Apollo] vacant for the Roman poets. In the next place you may follow (if you are at leisure) and hear what each produces, and wherefore each weaves for himself the crown. Like Samnite gladiators in slow duel, till candle-light, we are beaten and waste out the enemy with equal blows: I come off Alcaeus, in his suffrage; he in mine, who? Why who but Callimachus? Or, if he seems to make a greater demand, he becomes Mimnermus, and grows in fame by the chosen appellation. Much do I endure in order to pacify this passionate race of poets, when I am writing; and submissive court the applause of the people; [but,] having finished my studies and recovered my senses, I the same man can now boldly stop my open ears against reciters.

Those who make bad verses are laughed at: but they are pleased in writing, and reverence themselves; and if you are silent, they, happy, fall to praising of their own accord whatever they have written. But he who desires to execute a genuine poem, will with his papers assume the spirit of an honest critic: whatever words shall have but little clearness and elegance, or shall be without weight and held unworthy of estimation, he will dare to displace: though they may recede with reluctance, and still remain in the sanctuary of Vesta: those that have been long hidden from the people he kindly will drag forth, and bring to light those expressive denominations of things that were used by the Catos and Cethegi of ancient times, though now deformed dust and neglected age presses upon them: he will adopt new words,

which use, the parent [of language], shall produce: forcible and perspicuous, and bearing the utmost similitude to a limpid stream, he will pour out his treasures, and enrich Latium with a comprehensive language. The luxuriant he will lop, the too harsh he will soften with a sensible cultivation: those void of expression he will discard: he will exhibit the appearance of one at play; and will be [in his invention] on the rack, like [a dancer on the stage], who one while affects the motions of a satyr, at another of a clumsy cyclops.

I had rather be esteemed a foolish and dull writer, while my faults please myself, or at least escape my notice, than be wise and smart for it. There lived at Argos a man of no mean rank, who imagined that he was hearing some admirable tragedians, a joyful sitter and applauder in an empty theatre: who [nevertheless] could support the other duties of life in a just manner; a truly honest neighbour, an amiable host, kind toward his wife, one who could pardon his slaves, nor would rave at the breaking of a bottle-seal: one who [had sense enough] to avoid a precipice, or an open well. This man, being cured at the expense and by the care of his relations, when he had expelled by the means of pure hellebore the disorder and melancholy humour, and returned to himself; "By Pollux, my friends, (said he,) you have destroyed, not saved me; from whom my pleasure is thus taken away, and a most agreeable delusion of mind removed by force."

In a word, it is of the first consequence to be wise in the rejection of trifles, and leave childish play to boys for whom it is in season, and not to scan words to be set to music for the Roman harps, but [rather] to be perfectly an adept in the numbers and proportions of real life. Thus therefore I commune with myself, and ponder these things in silence: "If no quantity of water would put an end to your thirst, you would tell it to your physicians. And is there none to whom you dare confess, that the more you get, the more you crave? If you had a wound, which was not relieved by a plant or root prescribed to you, you would refuse being doctored with a root or plant that did no good. You have heard that vicious folly left the man, on whom the gods conferred wealth;

and though you are nothing wiser, since you became richer, will you nevertheless use the same monitors as before? But could riches make you wise, could they make you less covetous and mean-spirited, you well might blush, if there lived on earth one more avaricious than yourself."

If that be any man's property which he has bought by the pound and penny, [and] there be some things to which (if you give credit to the lawyers) possession gives a claim, [then] the field that feeds you is your own; and Orbius' steward, when he harrows the corn which is soon to give you flour, finds you are [in effect] the proper master. You give your money; you receive grapes, pullets, eggs, a hogshead of strong wine: certainly in this manner you by little and little purchase that farm, for which perhaps the owner paid three hundred thousand sesterces, or more. What does it signify, whether you live on what was paid for the other day, or a long while ago? He who purchased the Aricinian and Veientine fields some time since, sups on bought vegetables, however he may think otherwise; boils his pot with bought wood at the approach of the chill evening. But he calls all that his own, as far as where the planted poplar prevents quarrels among neighbours by a determinate limitation: as if anything were a man's property, which in a moment of the fleeting hour, now by solicitations, now by sale, now by violence, and now by the supreme lot [of all men], may change masters, and come into another's jurisdiction. Thus since the perpetual possession is given to none, and one man's heir urges on another's, as wave impels wave, of what importance are houses, or granaries; or what the Lucanian pastures joined to the Calabrian; if Hades, inexorable to gold, mows down the great together with the small?

Gems, marble, ivory, Tuscan statues, pictures, silver-plate, robes dyed with Getulian purple, there are who cannot acquire; and there are others, who are not solicitous of acquiring. Of two brothers, why one prefers lounging, play, and perfume, to Herod's rich palm-tree groves; why the other, rich and uneasy, from the rising of the light to the evening shade, subdues his woodland with fire and steel: our attendant genius knows, who governs the planet of our nativity, the divinity [that presides] over human nature, who

dies with each individual, of various complexion, white and black.

I will use, and take out from my moderate stock, as much as my exigence demands: nor will I be under any apprehensions what opinion my heir shall hold concerning me, when he shall find [I have left him] no more than I had given me. And yet I, the same man, shall be inclined to know how far an open and cheerful person differs from a debauchee, and how greatly the economist differs from the miser. For there is some distinction whether you throw away your money in a prodigal manner, or make an entertainment without grudging, nor toil to accumulate more; or rather, as formerly in Minerva's holidays, when a school-boy, enjoy by starts the short and pleasant vacation.

Let sordid poverty be far away. I, whether borne in a large or small vessel, let me be borne uniform and the same. I am not wafted with swelling sail before the north wind blowing fair: yet I do not bear my course of life against the adverse south. In force, genius, figure, virtue, station, estate, the last of the first-rate, [yet] still before those of the last.

You are not covetous, [you say]:—go to.—What then? Have the rest of your vices fled from you, together with this? Is your breast free from vain ambition? Is it free from the fear of death, and from anger? Can you laugh at dreams, magic terrors, wonders, witches, nocturnal goblins, and Thessalian prodigies? Do you number your birthdays with a grateful mind? Are you forgiving to your friends? Do you grow milder and better as old age approaches? What profits you only one thorn eradicated out of many? If you do not know how to live in a right manner, make way for those that do. You have played enough, eaten and drunk enough, it is time for you to walk off: lest having tippled too plentifully, that age which plays the wanton with more propriety, should ridicule and drive you [off the stage].

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EVERYMAN.
I WILL GO WITH
THEE.
& BE THY GVIDE
IN THY MOST NEED
TO GO BY THY SIDE